

# Leatherneck

OCT. 1957

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

30c

Post of the Corps

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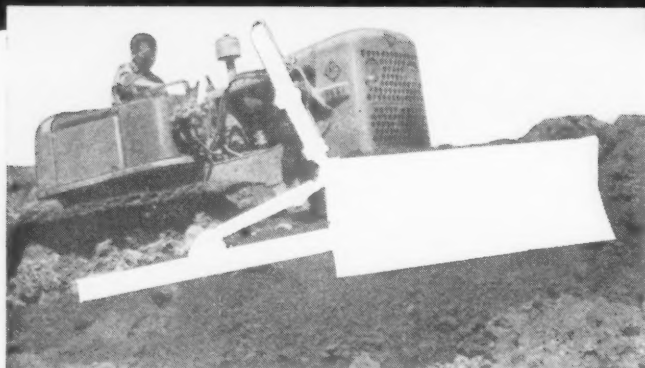
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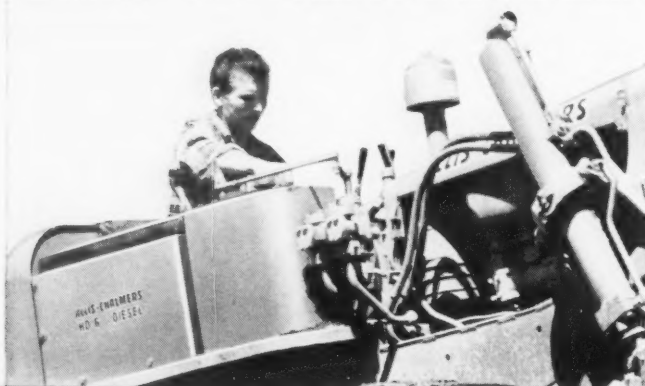
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## NEXT MONTH . . .

In November, while the Corps is observing its 182nd anniversary, *Leatherneck* will be celebrating its 40th birthday.

Our special 128-page book, the largest in the peacetime history of the magazine, will reflect tradition, pride and esprit de corps as 40 years pass in review.

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## THIS MONTH'S COVER

To the thousands of MCRD San Diego graduates, the parade ground and arcade scene is typical and familiar. MSgt. H. B. Wells, *Leatherneck* staff photographer who shot the Ektachrome, thought it would make a good cover. A movie company was filming the same scene as part of a movie short about the Marines and San Diego.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send your new address at least **FIVE WEEKS** before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address **LEATHERNECK Magazine** P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

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Edited by TSgt. Paul C. Curtis



#### OLD PLANE IDENTIFIED

Dear Sir:

This afternoon while looking at the May 1957, issue of *Leatherneck*, I noticed that the caption under the picture filling the lower portion of pages 52 and 53, contained the statement that the aircraft in the center of the picture was unidentified.

The aircraft is a Keystone-Loening amphibian type, variously fitted with Pratt & Whitney "Hornet" or Wright "Cyclone" engines. This is an advanced version of a more publicized type used by the Army which was fitted with an inverted Liberty engine.

I do not know what designation was assigned to this aircraft by the Navy and Marine Corps. A similar model, fitted with a passenger cabin behind the pilot's compartment, was also used in commercial service.

MSgt. W. A. Kelly, U.S.A.  
HQ, KMAG, APO 102

San Francisco, Calif.

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

Can it be that there are so few of the Old Corps airplane drivers left that nobody could be found to identify the "plane in the center" of the bottom picture, pp 52-53, *Leatherneck*, May, 1957? It is a Loening Biplane, venerable ancestor of the J2F.

If memory serves, there is, I believe, a Loening in the Smithsonian. This airplane has the distinction of being the only amphibian to land aboard ship. There are some films in the BuAer files to testify to this.

I expect that this particular airplane served as Search and Rescue for V.O.9 M.

Capt. J. M. Verdi, USMCR  
MARTU, MARTC  
U. S. Naval Air Station

Glenview, Ill.

● Many thanks to Leatherneck readers Kelly and Verdi. The captain is right, there are only a few of the Old Corps pilots left.—Ed.

#### CAREER NCO PROGRAM

Dear Editor:

I would like some information pertaining to flight training and OCS. I was released from active duty as a sergeant in July, 1953, after three years of active duty. My question is this: "With my prior service and one year of college, am I eligible for OCS?" I am in the Active Reserve now and plan to go back on regular duty in December. My GCT is 115.

If I did go through OCS, would I be eligible for pilot training upon graduation? I would appreciate any information you can give me as no one around here seems to know much about it.

Sgt. Ken Yancey  
3516 South 1st Street

Jacksonville, Fla.

● In response to Sgt. Yancey's letter, the Officer Procurement Branch, HQMC, furnished us with this information:

"The only programs being conducted by the Marine Corps for persons who are not on active duty and which lead to commissioned rank and designation as a Naval Aviator require that they possess a four-year baccalaureate de-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)



"I will walk my post in a military manner . . .  
I will palk my wost in a military manner . . .  
I dill malk my most winna military tanner . . .  
I fill talk mika tilly-tally tanna . . .!"

*Leatherneck Magazine*



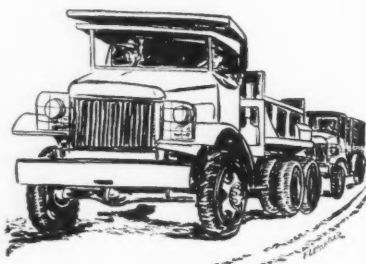
# The Old Gunny Says ...

**"YOU VEHICLE DRIVERS** and motor transport men gather around here a minute. I wanna put out some dope on military vehicle operations and procedures you should know about. I been noticing lately that in some of our outfits the standards of vehicle maintenance and appearances ain't as good as they should be. Also some of these companies don't operate or employ their tactical vehicles as they was intended to.

"When I first come in the Corps we didn't have many vehicles. We was strictly a walkin' outfit. Especially in the infantry regiments. I think we had only one old station wagon for the colonel. Even during World War II the FMF units was pretty short on motor transport. Eventually, during the Korean campaigns, we began to get more wheels. Today, in both the 'L' and 'M' series TE's we're really in the motor transport business but a lotta Marines have never learned about the operation, maintenance and tactical employment of the fine equipment. For example, we got some good weapons companies that can march for miles carrying their heavy weapons, but they don't know how to employ their company vehicles as weapons carriers. We got battalions which can operate a good motor pool but can't displace the CP efficiently by motor with neat prescribed loads. We got officers and NCOs who can inspect rifles or barracks but who never look under the hood of their vehicles. We got drivers who wash their necks and polish their shoes but neglect to wash and polish their vehicles. One reason for all this seems to be that we have turned responsibility for our motor transport over to motor transport men when it's really a command responsibility and all officers and NCOs who have vehicles in their units should know about their operation and care, and they should supervise and inspect them.

"In spite of our desire to be a light, fast-marching, cross-country or heli-

copter outfit, experience has shown us in recent years that the Corps needs plenty of motor transport to give us ground mobility and to get us there with the gear we need to do the job right. We still can't move all our gear on our backs or by air in all weather, day or night. We need wheels and we gotta use them well. Today, in our 'M' series type vehicles we got the finest military vehicles in the world. They're very expensive and it's the duty of all hands to care for them. I can tell, by looking at these vehicles, whether they belong to a good outfit that knows how to maintain and operate their motor transport. The appearance of a military vehicle, like the appearance of a Marine, tells a lot about the kind of outfits it's in.



"Now, I said that a unit's vehicles are the commander's responsibility, but you drivers and motor transport men are the ones directly concerned. You are the guys who maintain and operate the vehicles. What are some things you should remember?

"Don't overload your vehicles with gear or passengers. You drivers should always supervise the loading of your truck to ensure proper loading. Secure the tailgate. See that passengers do not hang gear or legs over the side.

"Military driving is no place for hot-rodding. Always stay within speed

limits, prevent reckless driving, don't gun the motor, use a speedometer multiplier of at least '2' in convoy driving. Remember, you are responsible for an expensive truck and the lives of your passengers.

"In field and combat driving, tactical vehicles should have tops down to enable passengers to disembark quickly and to permit anti-air observation. Drivers should ensure that they have full fuel cans, tow lines, chains, tool sets, fire extinguishers, camouflage nets and other prescribed equipment for field service. All this gear must be stowed and lashed in a military manner. In addition, the prescribed equipment and supplies that each vehicle will carry into combat should be neatly loaded. This should all be unit SOP and the driver should know and understand it. Remember, when you go into combat, the vehicles become as much a part of our combat power as do our weapons and ammunition.

"These vehicles gotta be cared for just like our weapons. This is the job of you motor transport agents. Daily and periodic checks and inspections is the only way to keep this gear in shape. If in doubt, deadline a vehicle until it is put in proper condition. You NCOs must supervise, teach and ensure that proper maintenance is being done at each echelon. Make these drivers take an interest and pride in their vehicles. That's part of your leadership duties.

"There is only one standard for the appearance of Marine Corps vehicles and that must be the highest. Even in the field we gotta insist on clean vehicles—even if it means washing them in an icy mountain stream as was done in Korea. Dirty vehicles indicate a crummy unit and are a disgrace to the Corps. Every driver should clean his vehicle at every opportunity. Mud should be cleaned off all undersides too. Vehicles gotta be painted regularly and neatly.

"Keep all lines and straps secured. No 'Irish pennants.' We can't tolerate rust or sloppy, worn and torn canvas. Also, I've seen too much careless stenciling on our vehicles. When you men paint and mark the trucks, do it in a neat and uniform manner.

"As I said, we can tell a lot about a unit by the appearance of its vehicles and the way they are used. Mobility is an important characteristic of the Corps and our vehicles, like our aircraft and our strong legs, are part of our mobility. We're gonna continue to have a lotta wheels throughout the Corps. Also we're getting some new types in the FMF. If we are as good as we say we are, we gotta use this equipment in a professional manner—and you are the men who will do it."

**END**



## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

gree from an accredited college. Since Sgt. Yancey has had only one year of college, he is ineligible for these programs.

"However, if Sgt. Yancey enlists in the Regular Marine Corps, it is possible that he may be able to qualify for the Career NCO program. This program is conducted annually for regular non-commissioned officers, sergeants or above. Other requirements for this program are:

a. Must be physically qualified for appointment to commissioned rank in the Regular Marine Corps.

b. Must be a high school graduate and attain a passing score on an Officer Selection Test or have satisfactorily completed a four-year course at an accredited college or university as evidenced by receipt of a baccalaureate degree.

c. Must attain a passing score on a Military Proficiency Examination.

d. Must have a GCT score of 110 or higher.

e. Must have completed not less than three (3) years or more than eight (8) years active service in the U. S. Marine Corps or Marine Corps Reserve.

f. Must be at least twenty (20) and less than twenty-nine (29) years of age as of 1 July of the calendar year in which he is scheduled for commission.

g. Be not eligible as a "Sole Surviving Son" for exemption from assignment to duty in a combat area.

"Complete details of the Career program may be found in Marine Corps Order 1401.3.

"Further, if Sgt. Yancey is appointed to commissioned rank through the Career NCO program, it is possible that he may be able to qualify for flight training and be assigned after completion of the Basic School, provided he is less than twenty-six (26) years of age when he submits his flight training application and he is otherwise qualified."—Ed.

## COLT MACHINE GUN

Gentlemen:

A friend of mine and I were having a discussion on various weapons and their capabilities. The subject was brought up about a Colt machine gun. I stated that I had never heard of a machine gun manufactured by Colt. After arguing this point with a few other people, we now have five who never heard of a Colt machine gun and two who did.

TURN PAGE

## PERSIAN CAT ON A HOT TIN CHARIOT— 490 B.C.



For this hero of Marathon, the roughest part of the battle was the jolting journey home. How he wished he'd taken a speedy flying carpet! Don't put up with tiresome ways of travel on *your* next leave, pass or delay enroute. Enjoy today's flying carpets—the fast, dependable Scheduled Airlines listed here. They cut your travel time as much as 80%!

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TRANS-TEXAS AIRWAYS  
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES  
UNITED AIR LINES  
WEST COAST AIRLINES  
WESTERN AIR LINES



# Corps Quiz

The following quiz was prepared by TSgt. George J. Kreipel, H&S Co., Hq. Bn., HQMC.

1. Enlisted men are not authorized members of a:
  - (a) General Court-martial
  - (b) Summary Court-martial
  - (c) Special Court-martial
2. The only place where a man can be confined to the brig by his commanding officer without a court-martial is:
  - (a) U.S. Naval vessel
  - (b) U.S. Naval Disciplinary Barracks
  - (c) When on independent type duty
3. The T/O for a 60-mm. mortar section is:
  - (a) Two officers and 16 enlisted
  - (b) One Staff NCO and nine crewmen
  - (c) One officer and 19 enlisted
4. The sight for the 60-mm. mortar is known as:
  - (a) M2 Sight
  - (b) M4 Sight
  - (c) M8 Sight
5. The T/E of a unit is:
  - (a) The actual property on hand
  - (b) The authorized amount of property
  - (c) The property required to accomplish a mission
6. Advance leave is:
  - (a) Leave taken before being accrued
  - (b) Leave already accrued
  - (c) Leave taken in excess
7. The three types of atomic bursts are:
  - (a) Air burst, surface burst, sub-surface burst
  - (b) Water burst, delayed burst, power burst
  - (c) Power burst, electric burst, nuclear burst
8. The best protection during an atomic blast is:
  - (a) Deep covered fox hole, pill box, bunker
  - (b) Open fox hole but deep, trenches, culverts
  - (c) Hills, walls, lying flat on ground
9. An enlisted Marine may make savings deposits with his disbursing officer by:
  - (a) Letting his pay ride on the books
  - (b) Requesting the disbursing officer to open a deposit record in his name
  - (c) Making an allotment to the disbursing officer
10. In savings deposits with the disbursing officer, all deposits to your credit for six months or longer, draw interest at the rate of:
  - (a) Six percent
  - (b) Three percent
  - (c) Four percent

See answers on page 93. Score 10 points for each correct answer; 10 to 30 Fair; 40 to 60 Good; 70 to 80 Excellent; 90 to 100 Outstanding.

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

I would appreciate it if you could straighten us all out concerning this question.

W. F. Mills  
72-12 67th Street

Glendale, N.Y.

● Ordnance Branch, G-4, Headquarters, Marine Corps, informs us that a limited number of Browning Machine Guns were manufactured by the Colt Manufacturing Company and are stamped with the Colt trade name.  
—Ed.



### RIGHT SHOULDER . . . ARMS!

Dear Sir:

I am writing in regard to the proper commands for the manual of arms while on the march.

As a Drill Instructor, I taught recruits to execute the manual in accordance with FM 22-5, 1953 Edition, Chapter 4, Pages 38-41, which states that while marching at quick time with the rifle at right shoulder arms, the command of execution to change to left shoulder arms will be given as the left foot strikes the deck. It also states that when going back to right shoulder arms, the command of execution will be given as the right foot strikes the deck, or words to that effect.

I am now serving with the First Marine Division and it is taught here that all commands of execution for the manual are given as the right foot strikes the deck, therefore causing confusion during close order drill instruction.

Can you tell me of any publication throughout the Marine Corps for the standardization of the execution of the manual of arms while on the march?

SSgt. "J" "C" Tinney  
Co. "C", 1st Bn., 7th Marines  
First Marine Division (Reinf), FMF  
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● Your letter was forwarded to the Training Section, G-3, Headquarters, Marine Corps and the following information was given to us: "The Marine Corps Drill Manual does not cover this specific point. However, all commands of execution for the manual of arms on the march should be given as the right foot strikes the deck."—Ed.



## QUIZ ERROR

Dear Sir:

While going through the Corps Quiz in the July, 1957, issue of *Leatherneck*, it was noticed that the answer given for Question No. 4, is incorrect. Your question reads, "When the flag is used to cover a coffin, the blue field should be: (b) at the head and over the right shoulder."

In accordance with the Marine Corps Drill Manual, Section VIII, Para 3350.7, the answer to that question should be: (a) At the head and over the left shoulder.

Having the Corps Quiz in *Leatherneck* is a great idea and it is one of the main interests of the Marines who read this fine magazine. I have clipped out every Corps Quiz that your magazine has printed and have them filed for future reference. They have proved useful on several occasions. Keep up the Corps Quiz and "The Old Gunny Says . . ."

SSgt. Richard F. Pickett  
MARTD, MARTC

Denver, Colo.

●You are correct. *Leatherneck* sincerely regrets the error.—Ed.



## TRAILER ALLOWANCE

Dear Sir:

Upon my return from overseas, I plan on claiming the trailer allowance from one point in the United States to my next duty station. Is it possible for me to ship (on the same orders) personal gear or professional books from the Far East to my duty station?

MSgt. Robert J. Dunn  
MABS-16, MAG(HR)-L-16

1st MAW, c/o Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, Calif.

● Transportation Branch, Supply Department, Headquarters, Marine Corps furnished us with the following information concerning your query:

"Shipment of personal effects is authorized from the member's last overseas duty station, when the orders direct a temporary duty station at the port of debarkation or en route to his new permanent duty station in the United States, and the member is authorized a temporary change of station

TURN PAGE

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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

weight allowance. This shipment in no way nullifies the member's right of electing to receive trailer allowance on his permanent change of station orders."—Ed.

### COLOR CEREMONY

Dear Sirs:

We had Memorial Day services in our church . . . and a group from the American Legion performed the color ceremony. At the proper time, they marched into the church with their rifles at "Trail Arms" and with covers on. They placed the flags in the front of the church and then took seats. They did not remove their covers during the service.

Even though they had "duty belts" on throughout the entire proceedings, I maintain that they were wrong. They contend that they were correct in not removing their covers. Does not a person in uniform, no matter what the occasion, remove his cover when he

enters a church? Please straighten us out on this.

William Blosser  
(Former Sgt., USMC)  
800 West Rudsill Blvd.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

● Your question was something of a poser, Mr. Blosser, since we were unable to locate any written regulations pertaining to such ceremonies. We referred your letter to the Office of the Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Navy Department, and we received the following information:

"The question of carrying personal arms or weapons into a church is a matter for the church to decide. It is not governed by military regulations and, except for sidearms, it is generally considered inappropriate.

"In the case of color guards and bearers, having placed the colors in the chancel or on the platform and taking places in the congregation, they should, if covered, uncover as members of the congregation. If they resume their duties during the service, or at its conclusion, they would replace their covers and proceed with their duties.

"It may be of interest to note that at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., color bearers and color escorts uncover upon entering the chapel and remain uncovered during the placing of the colors in the chancel."—Ed.



### DRESS BLUES AND . . .

Dear Sir:

Could you help me settle a small argument? The Marine Corps Manual (para 49075) says that the swagger stick may be carried by officers and staff NCOs as part of the "service" uniform. As far as I know, or can find out, the Marine Corps has only two service uniforms: Winter service and Summer service.

According to my interpretation of the manual, the use of the swagger stick with blues and utilities is not authorized. I may be wrong, since most of the people with whom I have discussed this point, do not agree with me.

SSgt. Burrel J. Whitworth  
Marine Recruiting Sub-Station  
Old Post Office Building  
St. Louis, Mo.

● SSgt. Whitworth is correct in his interpretation of the manual. As it is written, the manual does not authorize the use of the swagger stick with the dress uniform or the utility uniform. However, a forthcoming change to the manual will authorize the swagger stick to be carried when the dress uniform is worn.—Ed.

### HASHMARKS AND CHEVRONS

Dear Sir:

I have a couple of questions that I would appreciate having answered . . .

First, I have a "dog tag" which I picked up on Guam soon after VJ Day in 1945. It bears the name "Harry Arthur Crawford — 289474 — USMC." I would like to know if this man was one of the original Marine garrison stationed on Guam before it fell to the Japanese or if he served there later. I would also like to know if he is living or dead.

Second, I have an old Marine Corps enlisted blue blouse with epaulets



Leatherneck Magazine



which was issued during or just prior to the Spanish American War. QM date of make and issue in the shoulder is 1897. The name stamped in the blouse is: "William Rupe." Could you possibly tell me anything about this man's service and if he was in the old Philippine campaign, and if so, with what outfit?

I also have in my collection of old Marine uniforms, a Spanish American War dress blue blouse with seam-to-seam First Sergeant's Chevrons, a dress blue blouse as issued in 1908-1910 with the old seam-to-seam Gunnery Sergeants' chevrons and a dress blouse as issued after 1913 with Sergeant Major chevrons but I lack the hashmarks for all three which would make them look a little more authentic for the ranks held. I would like for you to publish this letter in Sound Off in the hope that someone might be able to help me locate these hashmarks.

I have duplicate seam-to-seam dress blue chevrons if any "old timers" are interested in a pair.

Scott D. Allen, Jr.  
8 Clinton Street

Mt. Morris, N.Y.

● Sound Off could not help Mr. Allen

with his questions concerning Harry Arthur Crawford or William Rupe, but perhaps some reader who knows of these men might provide the answer. He would also be happy to hear from anyone who knows where he can obtain the hashmarks he describes.—Ed.



#### PIPES FOR TANKERS

Dear Sir:

The 1st Tank Company, USMCR, Tallahassee, Fla., is interested in organizing a bagpipe band. If anyone knows of the location of any bagpipes not in use would they please contact us?

We would appreciate getting these bagpipes at no expense to our unit, if possible.

1st Lt. Lee S. Burns  
1st Tank Co., USMCR  
Tallahassee, Fla.

● Pass the pipes to Tallahassee.—Ed.

#### IN THE OLD CORPS . . .

Sir:

I am sending in two photos—one taken in 1907 at Olongopo, P. I., of the Second Regiment Band . . . We used to masquerade on holidays and serenade the Officer's Club and play in front of each set of enlisted quarters. They would treat us to a few bottles of beer which was really welcomed in those days.

The other photo is a snapshot of Sergeant John H. Clifford, who left the service in 1902, after putting in a five-year enlistment. We both served at the Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, N. H., in 1897. John was transferred to the 1st Battalion, which went to Cuba in 1898. I was transferred to the old frigate, *Lancaster*. We met for the first time in 60 years at Eustis, Fla.,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

## BASEBALL'S SECRET LANGUAGE

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Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

Mrs. Shirley Griffith, 20 Carson St., Speers, Pa., to hear from anyone who knew or served with her nephew, the late Sgt. Lee J. Curl, whose last address was V.M.B. 413, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif. She especially would like to hear from anyone who served with him in the South Pacific during WWII.

\* \* \*

Former Marine Jasper "Sleepy" Stephens, P.O. Box 216, Green Cove Springs, Fla., to hear from anyone who served with him in 1946.

\* \* \*

Pfc Jesse C. Carter, Supply Co., Ser. Bn., MCS, Quantico, Va., to hear from Ira JOHNSON, whose last known address was NAS, Jacksonville, Fla., and Thomas TAGUE, who is believed to be a 2d Lt. at HQMC, Wash., D.C. Also, any other men who were in Plt. 122, 4th Bn., Parris Island, S. C.

\* \* \*

Ronald C. Greene, Box 61, Covington, Va., to hear from Cpl. John COLINS, whose last known address was Korea, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

\* \* \*

Cpl. John P. Ellis, HqBn, MCB, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from TSgt. William W. CARTER, Sgts. Morris D. MONROE, and James L. PILAND, Jr., and anyone else who served in Schools Co., H&S Bn., MCRD, Parris Island, S. C., in 1954-55.

\* \* \*

Cecelia Blackmon, c/o Paw Creek Post Office, Paw Creek, N. C., to hear from Melvin CHAPMAN.

\* \* \*

SSgt. Edward J. Kresty, Hq., 4th MCRD, 1100 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, 46, Pa., to hear from Capt. Jack

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(ORTHOPEDIC WORK DONE)



SMITH, formerly of "E" Co., 2nd Bn., First Marine Division.

\* \* \*

SSgt. John J. Thomas, USAF, 456th FIS, Castle Air Force Base, Atwater, Calif., to hear from Sgt. James L. MURPHY, whose last known address was NCO School, Camp Pendleton, Calif.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Coleman, 609 Gum St., Lynchburg, Va., to hear from Sgt. and Mrs. Wolfgang "Harry" FLECK, whose last known address was Parris Island, S.C.

\* \* \*

Miss Florence Freeburg, 5721 Stratford, Los Angeles 42, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Roy TRUMBLE.

\* \* \*

Pvt. Kenneth H. Kraefft, Veterans Administration Research Hospital, 333 East Huron St., Chicago 11, Ill., to hear from Marines who served with him in "K" Co., 3rd Bn., Twenty-second Marines, Sixth Marine Division, on Okinawa or in China.

\* \* \*

SSgt. Robert A. Courtney, MCRSS, Post Office Bldg., North Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y., to hear from Sgt. Peter J. O'NEIL, whose last known address was Edenton, N. C.

\* \* \*

Sgt. John E. Smith, USMC, American Consulate General, Box 2, APO 69, New York, N. Y., to hear from Pfc Donald L. WATSON, who was stationed with him in Japan.

\* \* \*

Former Marine Harold R. Taylor, PO Box 474, Canaan, Conn., to hear from SSgt. Roual ROURAK, whose last known address was Quantico, Va.

SSgt. William C. White, USMC Recruiting Station, Main St. & Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y., to hear from Capt. Ross M. GAMBLE, who served with him in Korea.

\* \* \*

Sgt. Robert T. Haraway, ORS MCAS, Cherry Point, N. C., to hear from 1st Lt. Richard R. BLAIR, whose last known address was A-1-5, Camp Pendleton, Calif.

\* \* \*

Former Marine John T. Covington, c/o Clerk's Box P. O., Louisville 1, Ky., to hear from any of his buddies who served with him in the 51st Def. Bn., at Montford Point, N. C., or at Eniwetok during World War II.

\* \* \*

Pfc Michael Machupa, Jr., "B" Co., 8th Engr. Bn., Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from Anthony HALISNIK, or from anyone who knows his whereabouts.

\* \* \*

TSgt. Gordon O. Collins, 98th Fighter Interceptor Sqdrn., Dover Air Force Base, Delaware, Box #78, to hear from Richard W. GOUGH.

\* \* \*

Former Marine L. N. Flatten, 648 Northeast Ave., Tallmadge, Ohio, to hear from Mike CORBETT, whom he knew at Parris Island as a captain.

\* \* \*

Duane C. Kirkman, 2130 Sixth St., Monterey, Calif., to hear from Pfc Johnnie D. BROWN, whose last known address was MCRD, San Diego, Calif.

\* \* \*

Former Woman Marine Margaret Erne Hutt, P. O. Box 8, Portage, Mich., to hear from any W.R.'s who served at Edenton, N. C. during 1943-44.

END

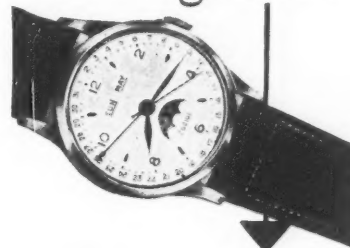


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## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

recently. And did we ever hash over old times!

Hope that you can publish this letter. Maybe there is at least one more old-timer, who gets the *Leatherneck*, who will recognize us and send us a card. . .

I retired on 30 years service in September, 1923, but, I'm still young in years . . .

Sgt. Major Christian Steffens,  
USMC(Ret.)  
701 Lake View

Eustis, Fla.

● We could not reproduce Sgt. Major Steffens' photos but maybe some yesteryear Marine will recognize the names and renew acquaintances.—Ed.

### NROTC SCHOLARSHIP

Dear Sir:

Could you resolve an argument between a friend and myself? This friend obtained his commission in the Marine Corps through the NROTC Scholarship Program. He attended an engineering college for four and a half years, the first year of which he was in the NROTC Contract Program (no scholarship). The next three years he was a regular student in the NROTC Scholarship Program (Holloway Bill).

The last half year he was put on leave status and not paid his scholarship during the extra semester required to obtain his degree and commission.

I claim that he was entitled to the pay, tuition, and books of the scholarship during that last semester as he had used only three years of the scholarship, which by law entitles the student to four years. If I am right, could you tell us how he could go about getting reimbursed the amount due him for that semester?

2d Lt. Don D. Smith  
"C" Co., 3d SP Bn.,  
Third Marine Division  
c/o Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, Calif.

● The Regular Candidate Section, Officer Procurement Branch, Headquarters, Marine Corps, furnished the following information concerning the preceding letter:

"Second Lieutenant Don D. Smith presents a problem concerning the validity of his associate's claim for one-half year of college under the NROTC program.

"As the name of the specific officer concerned is not known, no definitive answer can be given to the letter. However, the following is pertinent. If the four and a half years of college were required because of the normal length of the course being pursued or because of an overload due to Naval Science subjects, the officer is reasonably entitled to the benefits of the NROTC program for the one-half year in question. If the extra half year is the result of prior academic deficiencies or of a change in academic major which resulted in a postponement of his original commission, he normally would not be entitled to reimbursement.

"Two courses of action are open to the officer concerned to resolve the problem:

"He may write directly to the Commandant of the Marine Corps (Code DIA), identifying himself and requesting resolution, in which case his record will be reviewed and a determination made. If he is entitled to reimbursement, he will be so informed and given directions as to the procedure for making claim. If preliminary examination indicates that he is not entitled to reimbursement, he will be so informed and the matter will end there unless he wishes to contest the decision, in which case he may submit a claim to the General Accounting office via the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

"He may initiate a claim for immediate reimbursement through the General Accounting office via the Commandant of the Marine Corps on DD Form 827.

"The second course of action becomes



Leatherneck Magazine



rather involved and may be a waste of effort if the answer can be provided beforehand. Therefore, it is recommended that he pursue the first course of action and receive a determination on this case before he goes to the bother of submitting an official claim."

—Ed.



Who's the man on the right?

#### O'BRIAN AND FRIEND

Dear Sir:

If the other man in this picture (*Leatherneck*, p. 64, July, 1957) is "Joe Smith," Hugh O'Brian can find him working in Cambridge, Mass. Address: New England Gas and Electric System, 10 Temple Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Joe has been married almost 10 years and has (at last hearing) one child. I worked for the above company many years and I never knew that Joe had been a Marine, but I am sure that he is the other man in the picture.

Eleanor C. Sylvia  
48 East Summit Street  
Lakewood, N.Y.

#### TATTOO

Dear Sir:

While the Marines may well have been the first American servicemen to participate in a British military tattoo in the Western Hemisphere, U. S. Army and Air Force units have been taking part in such ceremonies in London for several years. (*Leatherneck*, Aug., 1957).

In 1954, the 32d Army Band, of the 32 AAA Brigade, took part in the Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo and the following year a drill team from the brigade appeared in addition to the band. As far as is known, the Army antiaircraft artillery troops still provide a part of this long-established Royal Artillery exhibition.

In 1955, the 751st Air Force Band, the official band of the Third Air Force, also appeared at the Woolwich Tattoo and also at the even better known

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)

## A 2-to-1 hit— and a miss!

An amorous sailor named Lee  
Tried to woo a young lady named Dee.  
All in vain did he chase 'er  
'Til he splashed on SKIN BRACER...  
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SIXTH REVISED EDITION



# Behind the Lines ...

**W**E'RE NOT particularly noseey by nature, but when we get wind of a Marine who's wrapped up in an unusual hobby, we have trouble restraining our curiosity. That, in brief, explains why *Leatherneck* staff writer, Master Sergeant Robert E. Johnson, and photographer, Technical Sergeant Charles B. Tyler, turned up a few weeks ago at the Marine Corps Supply Center, Barstow, Calif. As a writer-photographer team, they must have presented a strange appearance. In addition to their full T/E of cameras, flash bulbs, note pads and pencils, they were carrying a Geiger counter, divining rod and some spare parts for a pickaxe. Their mission was to track down some interesting rumors we had heard about Marines hunting uranium in their spare time at Barstow.



Tyler (R) tested Johnson for radioactivity while prospecting

"Never mind the story," we told Johnson and Tyler. "Just send uranium."

In two weeks, we had a wire from Johnson. It read: "Uranium does not grow on trees. Story follows."

It appears on pages 58 through 61, under the title, "Rock Hounds."

By the time you read the article, we hope to be independently wealthy. We're leading our own safari to Barstow. . . .

Last year the Corps' "Big Team" won all five National Rifle and Pistol Trophy Matches at Camp Perry, and it fared well this year too. The proudest Marines, outside of the shooters, were the master gunsmiths who conditioned their weapons. The Marine Corps has about a baker's dozen master gunsmiths and the majority of them work for Captain Thomas Mitchell in the Rifle Team Equipment Shop at Albany, Ga. Technical Sergeant Allen G. Mainard and Sergeant Earl Dodd, of our staff, visited the Albany shop for a first-hand look at gunsmithing as it's accomplished by the masters. Their report begins on page 36.

\* \* \*

If "life begins at 40"—as it's supposed to, then *Leatherneck* is standing on the very threshold of a new career. As we revealed in a previous column, *Leatherneck* was born on November 17, 1917, at Quantico, Va. We know this to be true because we've counted our hashmarks. But there's one embarrassing aspect; we can't find a copy of our first edition, Vol. I, Number 1.

We've looked everywhere, but the best we can do is to come up with the second issue. This makes us unhappy because we'd like to have at least one copy of the original to hang on our wall. We'll pay \$100 to the first person who discovers Volume I, Number 1, and sends it to us.

If it will help in the search, we can tell you what *Leatherneck* looked like 40 years ago. It was a seven-column, four-page, weekly newspaper but now, we're happy to say, it has "grown up" to be a Marine-sized, 96-page magazine.

We've seen a lot during the past four decades. And, like any other 40-year-old, we're prone to reminisce now and then. When you pick up the November issue—which will be the biggest peacetime *Leatherneck* ever published—you'll see what we mean.

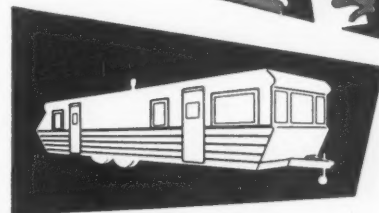
We'd like to have you join us as we watch "40 Years Pass In Review."

*R. D. Lyons*

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

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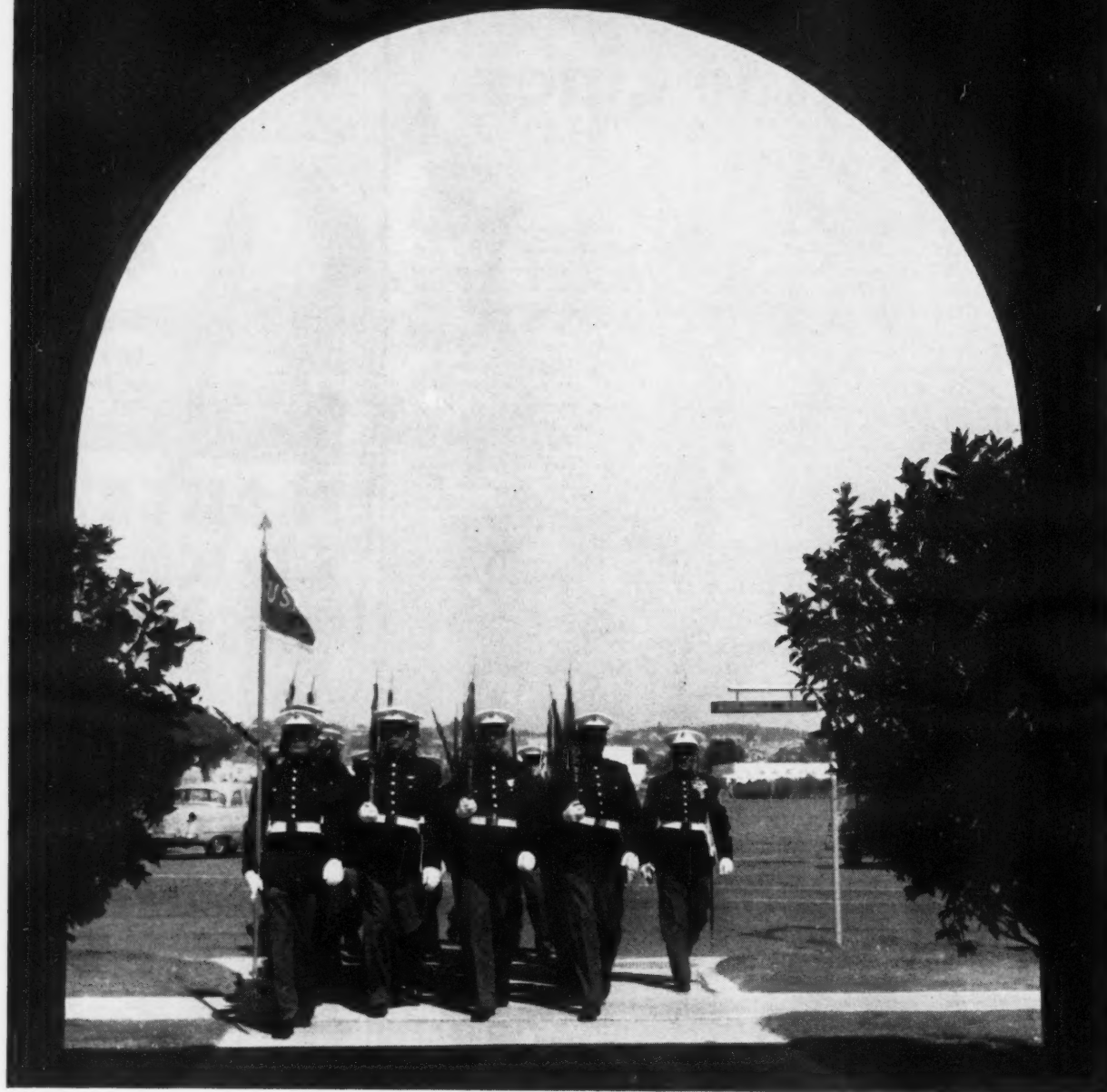
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**POST OF THE CORPS**

Photos by  
MSgt. H. B. Wells  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

# *San Diego*



by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

**B**YOND THE HALF-MILE stretch of parade ground, the first rays of sunlight creep over the hill crests of San Diego, Calif., backlight the city's pastel houses and skim across the red Spanish tile

roofs of the Marine Corps Recruit Depot. The night's silence, broken now and then by men returning from a late liberty run and finally by the early-rising recruits, is washed away for the remainder of the day. Duty at one of the Corps' most famous posts is underway.

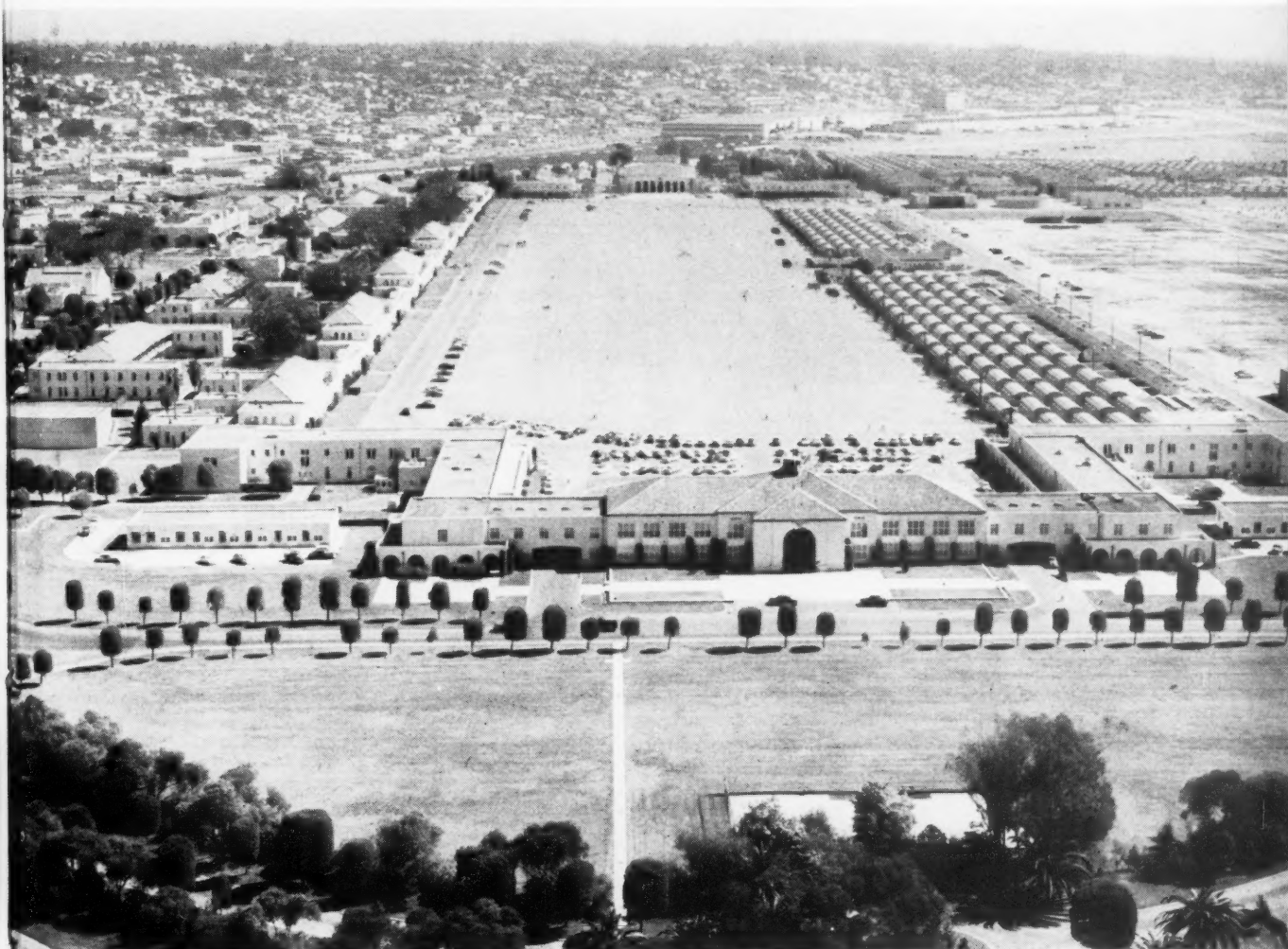
Sometimes, a coastal haze from the Pacific dulls the warm scene but sunshine or not, the weather is of no consequence to the neat, cream-colored buildings which absorb the daily activity of the base. Buildings, it has been noted too many times, do not speak. They merely listen. Those which stand

on the area once known as Dutch Flats certainly harbor countless sea stories, for the Marine base has been many things to the thousands of men who have passed through its gates for the last 38 years. The normal course of military service during peace and war has scattered those who have served there like bits of tobacco from a cigarette field-stripped on the parade field. Probably no other post is filled with the nostalgia which permeates the San Diego base.

More than a quarter of a million young men have gone through the

**TURN PAGE**

## More than a quarter of a million young men have gone through the Corps' West Coast recruit depot

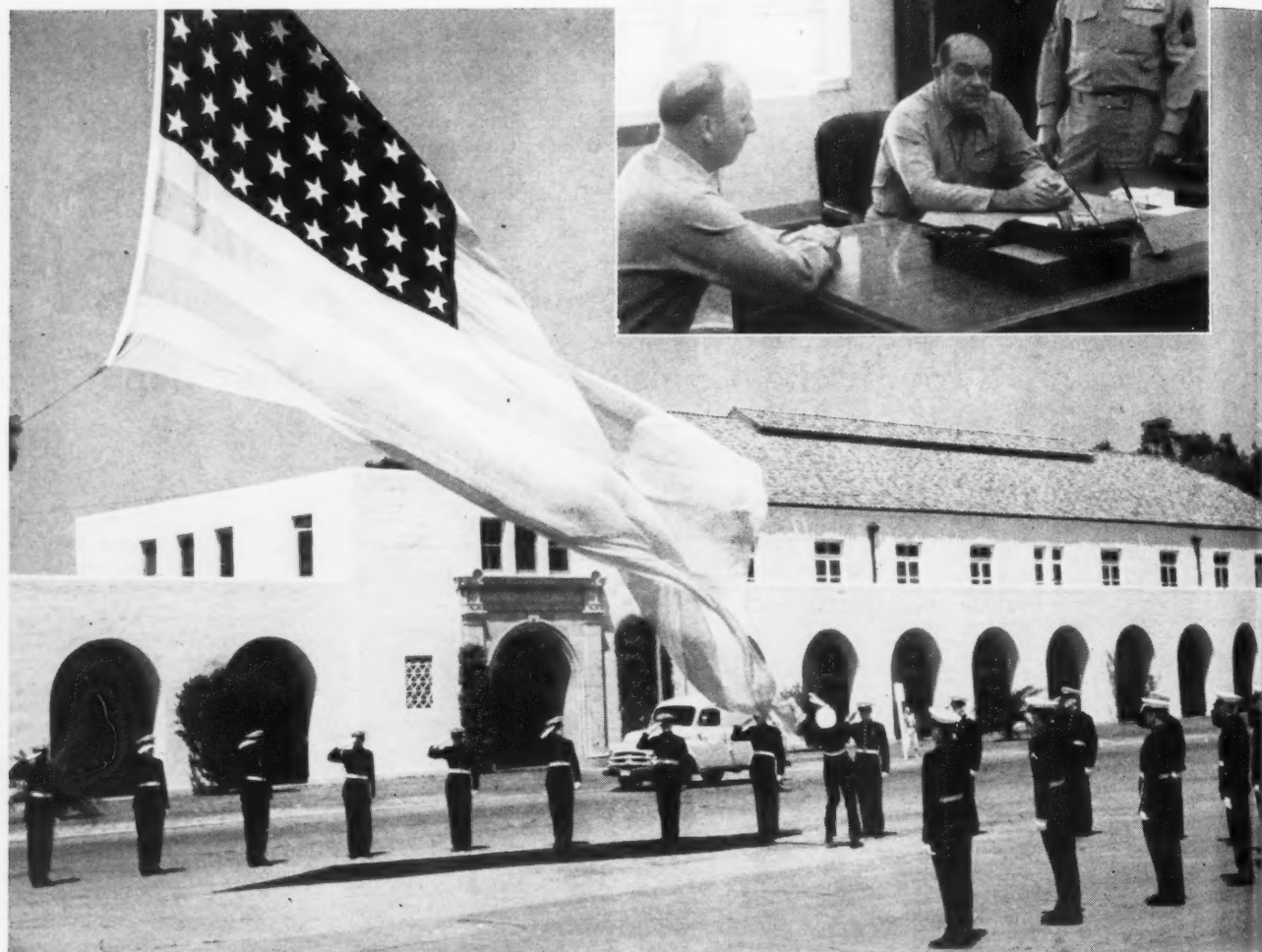


This aerial photograph clearly shows the Spanish architectural motif carried out in the design of the

San Diego Recruit Depot buildings. Recruits live in the Quonset huts adjoining the parade ground



Brig. Gen. Bowser, Maj. Gen. Wornham and Sgt. Maj. Shaffer (L to R) discussed recruit training program ➔



The raising or lowering of the colors is always an impressive sight at the Depot, especially when

the 20'x38' holiday colors are used. Twenty Sea School students were needed to handle the flag

## SAN DIEGO (cont.)

rigors of boot camp there, to emerge with bodies toned by drill and physical conditioning, and minds proud in the knowledge that they are the finest—Marines!

Marines fresh out of boot, rank among the saltiest men anywhere and according to a standing observation, they are convinced that no one ever had it as tough as they. Actually, it has never been a picnic and the recollections of San Diego's alumni are varied, indelible and distinctly different from those of the battle-primed Marines who passed through San Diego in large numbers en route to the island

assaults of the Pacific during War II. Across the ocean it was almost impossible to find an FMFer who hadn't been there at least once when San Diego was at its peak. And many of those who had missed it when shipping out, landed there on the way back with curiosities whetted by tall and sundry tales. In those days, the Marine Corps base was a training center, supply depot and embarkation point. Almost all the divisions, defense and replacement battalions boarded transports in San Diego harbor for duty in the Pacific and following V-J day, more than 100,000 returning Marines were processed by the Reclassification and Redistribution Center at the Marine base. Five years after the end of that war,

the First Marine Division embarked from San Diego's piers for the Korean conflict and returned when their job was finished.

In its earlier history, the base was headquarters for the Fourth Marines and when postal sacks became too tempting for assorted badmen in 1926, Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler formed the Western Mail Guard there to squash the pilfering.

Certainly the huge number of Marines who have been associated with San Diego has contributed to the reverie which is often injected into bull sessions about duty there—after boot camp. Recruit training is still the primary mission of the base today and most of the 2500 permanent personnel



on the station are involved directly or indirectly in the job of "molding Marines." The recruit population is flexible, with busy seasons in June and January when the Nation's high schools graduate. During the past Summer, nearly 10,000 boots were "on schedule." Another thousand Marines attend schools conducted for drill instructors, field musics, sea-going Marines and communication and electronics specialists. Yet the establishment of a Marine base in San Diego was practically a one-man enterprise.

The late Major General Joseph H. Pendleton was a colonel when he was invited to be guest speaker at a meeting at San Diego's U.S. Grant Hotel on September 6, 1914. "Uncle Joe"

Pendleton had been in town since July of that year when he disembarked the Marine detachments from the *USS Dakota*, *Jupiter* and *West Virginia* following the incident at Vera Cruz. He set up a temporary camp for the Fourth Marines on North Island prior to the opening of the 1915 Exposition in Balboa Park. North Island, however, was unsatisfactory in the eyes of Col. Pendleton and his staff and Uncle Joe began surveying the harbor for a more suitable site. Evidently he found what he had in mind, for the topic of his oration at the Grant was, "San Diego: An Ideal Location For A Permanent Marine Corps Base."

Col. Pendleton did more than talk about his project. In a letter to the

Major General Commandant, he submitted detailed information and suggestions concerning the development of the area immediately south of Barnett Avenue. To him, the strategic value of a Marine base in that city with its excellent harbor and docking facilities was obvious in its nearness to the Panama Canal, Hawaii and the Orient!

Summoned to a conference in Washington a few months later, he pushed his plan with friends in the Marine Corps and the Navy. The following Summer, Undersecretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, inspected the 32 acres of tidelands Col. Pendleton had recommended and relayed the city of San Diego's offer of an adjoining 500 acres to Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. Congressman William Kettner, a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, introduced the necessary bill in Congress to appropriate \$250,000 for the land. World War I delayed construction but on March 16, 1919, Col. Pendleton turned the first spadeful of earth at the colorful installation.

Bertram Goodhue, who had gained a national reputation as the greatest authority on Spanish architecture in the United States, was consulting engineer when work began in October. His ideas, incorporated in the buildings so reminiscent of old Spain itself, made the base one of the most beautiful military establishments in the country.

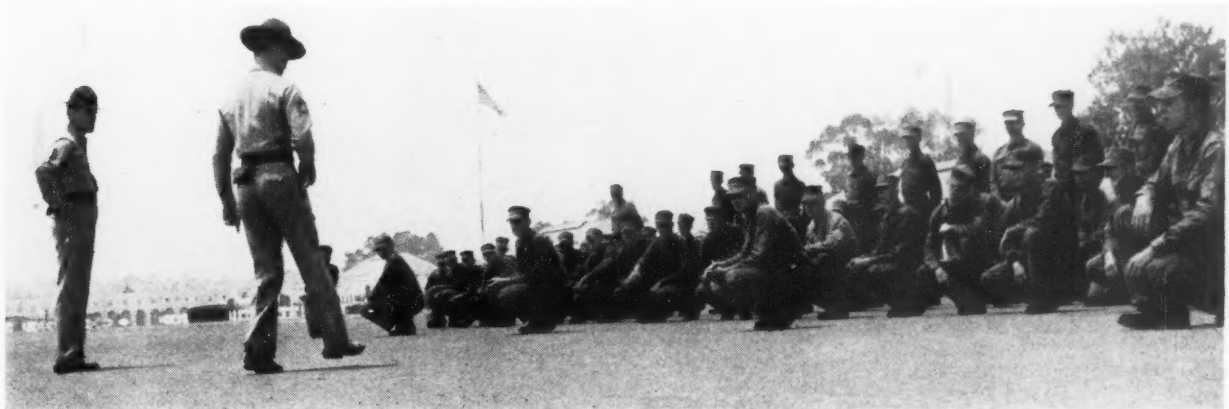
Col. Pendleton placed the post in commission on December 1, 1921, and on March 1, 1924, the official designation was changed to the Marine Corps Base. Old-timers have a habit of referring to the post that way although the current title is Recruit Depot.

Despite the many facets of the post today, it is a boot camp, geared "to provide for the reception and training of enlisted men upon their entry in the Marine Corps." Exactly how, when or

**TURN PAGE**



The evening shadows creeping across the parade ground found this platoon of recruits still trooping and stomping in precise formation



Technical Sergeant Richard J. Byington, Senior Drill Instructor of Platoon 180, demonstrated the

oblique marching movements for his platoon. DIs represent the epitome of what a Marine should be





Drill Instructor Byington leaves no room for doubt when he's teaching a recruit how to perform close order drill



It was a very important day for Private Jess Rutherford when he graduated from boot camp

### SAN DIEGO (cont.)

where the overworked argument about the relative merits of Marines turned out by San Diego and its East Coast counterpart at Parris Island, S. C., began is a nebulous point. The products of both have distinguished themselves with equal honor in battles and skirmishes to which the Corps has been committed in the past few decades.

Recruit training at both bases follows a schedule promulgated by Headquarters, Marine Corps and is tailored to the demands of a modern and highly mobile striking force. Today's recruit must absorb more knowledge about his new trade than the members of the two platoons of boots

shifted from Mare Island to San Diego in 1923 might have dreamed of. It is an imposition wrought by the advances of military techniques just as the numerical growth of the recruit load had made the task of training more complex. In the process, none of the fundamentals has been scrapped. Boot camp has changed but the change has been for the better.

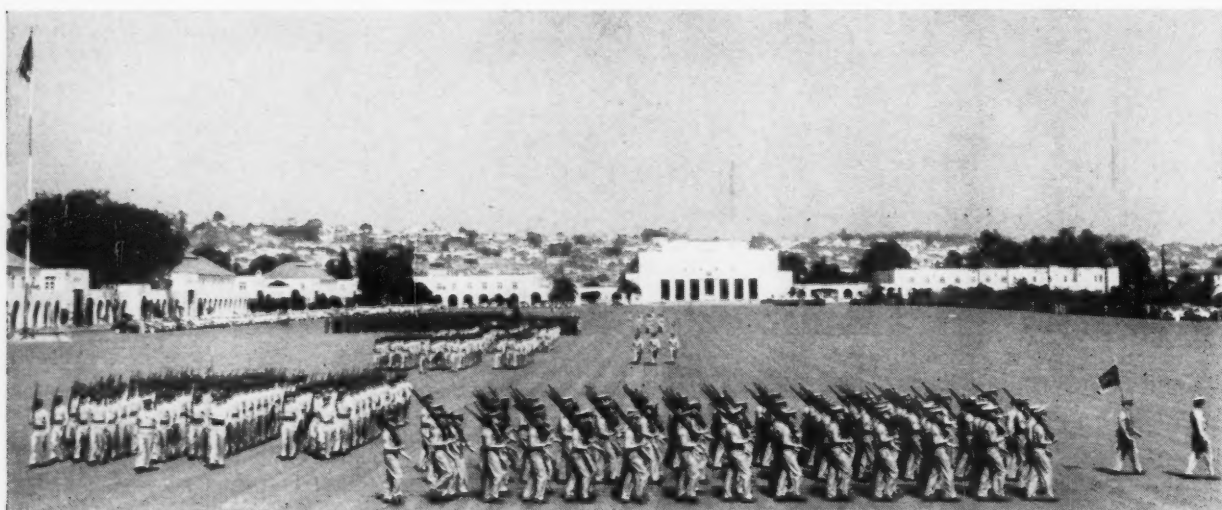
The transition which makes a young man fresh from civilian life into a highly-trained Marine is a task without levity to those responsible for the results. It begins in the offices of Major General Thomas A. Wornham, commanding general of the recruit depot at San Diego.

"The only reason any of us are assigned to duty here is to insure that

we turn out recruits of whom the Marine Corps can be proud," the general has said emphatically. "Our work comes first and it cannot and will not be otherwise."

It is a statement which pulsates the entire base, from the general's second-deck headquarters in Building 31 to the opposite end of the parade ground where the headquarters of Brigadier General Alpha M. Bowser's Recruit Training Command is located. In between and around the two flag offices, those activities which do not function in support of the main mission of the depot ride the back seat.

It is a feeling which engulfs the Recruit Training Command and flows strongly through the three recruit battalions and through the companies of



The public has a standing invitation to watch the Friday afternoon dress parade in which all Depot

units participate. Usually, Major General T. A. Wornham, Depot CG, reviews the massed troops



the battalions until it comes to rest on the square shoulders of perhaps the most dedicated men in the Corps—the Drill Instructors.

To a recruit, a Drill Instructor is a strict taskmaster, temporary father, mother, guardian angel and the epitome of what a good Marine should be like. DIs—in the course of an often thankless job—leave a lasting impression on their charges. No matter how many years may pass, seldom if ever, will a Marine forget his DIs' names. Drill Instructors would rather the recruits remember what they are taught in boot camp.

Yesteryear's squad tents have been replaced by Quonset huts set in perfect rows along the southern flank of the parade ground and in the neighborhood beyond Recruit Training Command headquarters, but the boots still move about as of yore—on the double. And while the DIs still drill their platoons the length and breadth of the parade field—once known as the largest patch of black top in the country—there is considerably more classroom work on the recruit curriculum, well-mixed with practical application.

Teaching, in the jet age, is not an easy task, however, according to DIs and the special instructors who lecture the boots on basic military subjects. When supersonic F-102 jet fighters built by Convair—the recruit depot's next-door-neighbor—take off on a test flight, conversation aboard the base ceases until the roar abates.

And there is still plenty of physical toughening-up in the boot program,

most of it accomplished on the physical conditioning course—a gamut designed to wring more muscles to the inch than the obsolete obstacle course it has replaced. Log-lifting by squads strains sinews while instilling the value and importance of each individual in teamwork. Daily exercises and two or more 10-mile hikes supplement the toughening up.

During their three weeks at the Camp Calvin B. Matthews rifle range, approximately 12 miles north of the recruit depot on busy Highway 101, boots fire the three basic weapons of Marine infantrymen—the .45 caliber pistol, the Browning Automatic Rifle and the M-1, the latter for record. Camp Matthews began as a “snow job”—Captain James E. Snow selected the site in 1917 on the city-owned Pueblo Lands. A strip of ground 600 yards long running north and south seemed most suitable and a team of mules dragging a scraper cleared room for eight targets where “A” range is now located. Capt. Snow commanded the range detachment in 1924-25; by then the range had expanded to 12 targets. It has grown since that time, too. There are now five rifle ranges in addition to those for the .22 caliber rifle, the .45, BAR and hand grenades.

Members of the Weapons Training Battalion currently landlording the 577

acres of hills and gullies of Camp Matthews, like to point out that they consistently produce a high percentage of qualified shooters. All hands, from Colonel John H. Brower, the commanding officer, down to the newest rifle coach, feel that any shooter who fails to fire a qualifying score on record day is casting bum dope on what is possibly the finest range in the Marine Corps, and on a system of marksmanship instruction aimed at one target—teaching each individual to shoot his weapon accurately. It rarely misses.

It's a long trek to the last four weeks of boot training—roughly 12 miles, the distance from the rifle range to the recruit depot. Boots maneuver the distance on foot, then knuckle to the job of acquiring the polish they'll be displaying proudly on graduation day. Graduation has become a genuine goal in present day recruit training, which may be one reason why it's done in style at San Diego. “Commencement” is held in McDougal Hall, the huge 2482-seat depot theater, with relatives and friends welcome. The theater was named in honor of Major General Douglas C. McDougal, retired, who commanded the San Diego Marine Corps Base from 1935 to 1937. One of the two oldest living retired general officers of the Corps, Gen. McDougal is a frequent visitor to the post.

TURN PAGE

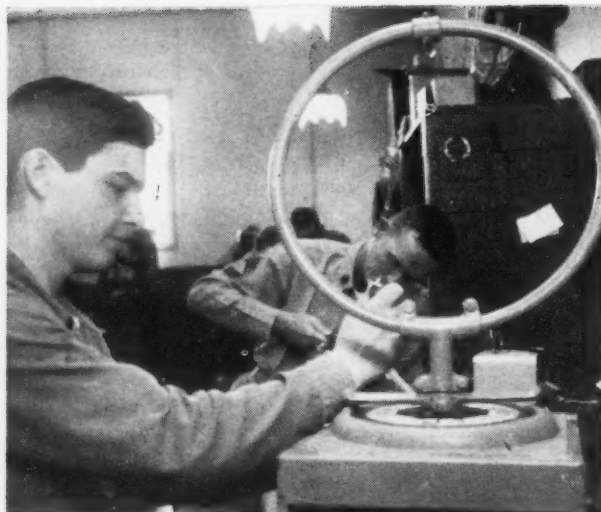


Gen. Shepherd was honored by the Depot saluting battery

◀ An assignment to Sea School means hard and intensive drill







Communication-electronics equipment was repaired by technicians, Sgt. E. Bivens and MSgt. D. Lake



A student at the Communications and Electronics School learns how to maintain radar equipment

## SAN DIEGO (cont.)

When the ceremonies are over, there's a great amount of handshaking among the new Marines in front of the theater before they bee-line for the depot telephone center. With the exception of those assigned to special technical schools, they'll meet again for a course in advanced infantry training at Camp Pendleton, before going on leave.

And while boot camp ends at that moment for the graduates, it's only a new beginning for the Drill Instructors who are reassigned a fresh platoon of young men to be fashioned into good Marines in the ensuing 11 weeks.

In a sense, that is the essence of recruit depot duty and those activities which support it seem to have acquired a behind-the-scenes atmosphere despite their importance. Except for the volume created by the number of recruits, there is little difference—on the surface—in duty at San Diego and duty aboard other major Marine installations. *Because* of the recruit trade, the workload is heavy in some units but even that has been whipped. "We do our work, *then* we relax," one officer said. Whenever possible, ways to accomplish the work better, faster and more efficiently are tried. One mess hall, feeding 2000 recruits, experimented with a salad bar to ease the pressure on the serving line. Successful, it was quickly inaugurated in the other recruit messes.

Volume is no problem when handled systematically and at San Diego, the routine is pat whether it involves recruit clothing issues, service record books, medical shots or identification

## The boot camp's mission is to provide for the reception and training of enlisted men when they enter the Corps

photographs. Last year, the depot photo lab clicked off 50,000 of the latter for recruits, permanent and retired personnel, and dependents. The last three categories expose the other side of the recruit depot's existence.

To the 2500 permanent personnel stationed there, it is a duty station, perhaps better than most posts, but a duty station nevertheless, where they report each morning at 0730, turn in a full day's work, and shove off at 1600—unless there's more work.

And like other posts, the depot boasts a full ration of the normal base facilities which make it self-sufficient. "Housekeeping" chores handled by Headquarters and Service Battalion, commanded by Colonel Paul W. Russell, include the usual administration, personnel, supply, messing, motor transport, and band, but any similarity elsewhere stops with the battalion's Schools Company, a unique unit composed of Sea School, Drill Instructor's School and Field Music School.

Ability to serve "with advantage at sea" was about the only prerequisite of the Continental Marine in 1775 but today it takes four weeks of stiff schooling to equip a Marine for the exacting spit-and-polish routine aboard

a modern warship. San Diego's Sea School is restricted to sergeants and below. Ninety-nine percent of the sea-going candidates are fresh from recruit training via the Second Infantry Training Regiment at Pendleton. Those who thought boot camp was stringent begin to wonder when they embark on a seemingly endless procession of close order drill periods and frequent inspections. Nautical nomenclature, boat etiquette and three-inch .50 caliber ship-board guns are all part of the course. By the time a 25-man platoon has navigated the course, its members have become experts on how to wear dress blues, march without cadence and walk as though ramrods were taped to their backs. They're ready for sea duty. Usually, they go aboard as replacements in an established detachment. When the carrier *USS Franklin D. Roosevelt* was de-mothballed a while back, San Diego's Sea School placed an entire Marine detachment aboard.

Two sailors serve as Naval ordnance instructors, augmenting the six Marine instructors under Captain Leland W. Tucker, officer-in-charge of Sea School. The sailors also time the shots fired by sea students whenever the depot's saluting battery is in action. The guns



are aimed across the lagoon behind the depot—in the direction of the San Diego Naval Training Center, the Navy's equivalent of the recruit depot. Seems the Naval boot base also has a saluting battery—aimed toward the depot. There have been times when both establishments opened fire about the same time. The resulting dins meet and rebound across the water with the fury of a small war.

Sea School, however, is not the final

word in military smartness and bearing aboard the recruit depot. That honor, not easily come by, belongs to the Drill Instructor's School where the men who will teach boots are trained. A DI's job is meticulous. He must know it thoroughly to be able to do it the only way it can be done—the correct way. There's more to it than drill and a large portion of the course dwells on up-to-date techniques of instruction. Still, each move a future DI makes is

observed in the school where men work harder to earn a campaign hat than their recruits once they are graduated to the grinder. Psychology undoubtedly helps. In case it doesn't, the school, conducted by Captain William O. Butler, — the officer-in-charge — is situated in Building 8—next door to the depot chapel.

The loudest school anywhere is probably the Field Music School, tucked away in a couple of Quonsets in a far corner of the depot. For 16 weeks, embryo buglers blast out sweet—and sour—notes without interruption from anyone—least of all the jets which wind up their engines at the edge of the strip a few feet beyond the school. With progress, however, the better pupils are incorporated into the depot's drum and bugle corps. The results are more harmonious.

One uncomplaining neighbor of the practicing buglers is the 1st Tank Battalion, Organized Marine Corps Reserve. Members of Lieutenant Colonel Jack R. Munday's inspector-instructor staff can get away from the horns by cranking up their three iron monsters and running them across the sandy stretches of the depot's "boondocks."

During the Summer months, dozens of Organized Reserve units from points West of the Mississippi River undergo two weeks of annual field training at the depot. From June through August, Reserve infantry and artillery units and groups of Women Marine administrative specialists pay a fortnight's visit and depart but the Reserve Liaison Training Group which hosts the citizen-Marine outfits, functions all year.

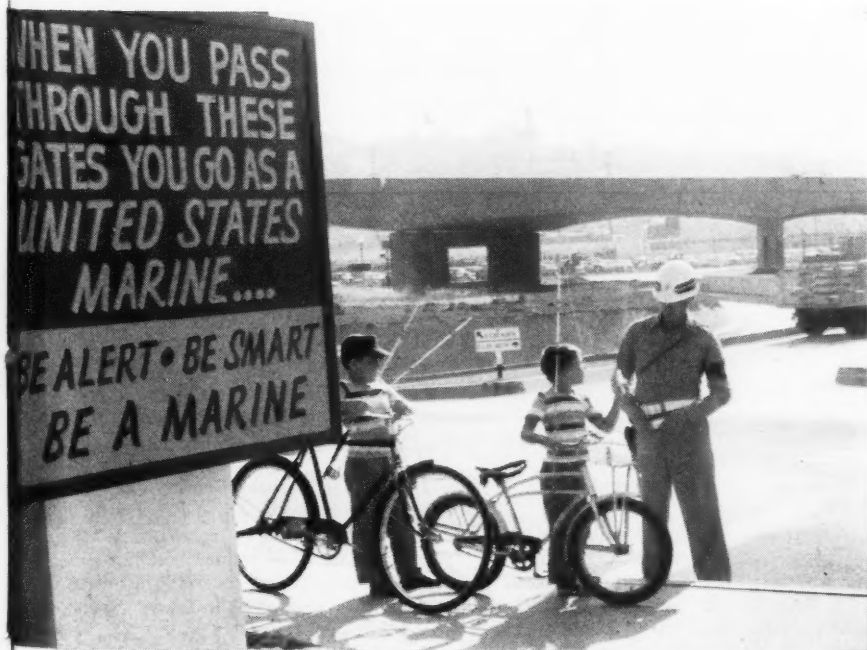
Those schools engrossed in the high-speed intricacies of electronics and communications have been grouped in a battalion all their own—the Communication-Electronics School Battalion, commanded by Colonel Albert J. Keller. A modern military organization depends on a highly complex communication network. To meet this need, San Diego's "C&E Battalion" operates schools in nearly all phases of the field, including basic radio and radar, radio and radar technician, radio telegraph operator, telephone repair and aviation radio and radar repair. Two advance courses offered for students already qualified in one or more fields are the operational communication chief course and the 27-weeks guided missile course.

Only those Marines with high intelligence ratings and an aptitude for electronics draw assignments to one of the battalion's schools. Recruits from both San Diego and Parris Island, who meet these standards, stand a good chance of attending one of the courses which graduate an aggregate of 1200 communications specialists a year.

When it (continued on page 82)



Retired Marine Ted Sasiadek, custodian of the Administration Building, lives in a squared-away room which is decorated with his mementos



During a traffic break, a Marine sentry stationed at the main gate of the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, paused to check two young cyclists





# BATTLE of



**Quantico's Highway Patrol  
is conducting a personal  
war against traffic accidents**

Photos by

by MSgt. A. L. Petry

TSgt. R. H. Mosier

**A**S MASTER SERGEANT K. D. Bossard eased his patrol car into the northbound traffic lane at Triangle, Va., the MP beside him, Master Sergeant C. R. "Pete" Ulin, picked up the cruiser's microphone and opened the switch for transmission.

"Mo-Bravo. This is Mo-Bravo Four. Over."

In front of them the blues, greens and reds of Triangle's neons melted in the mist and splashed across the highway in crazy-quilt patterns.

Three miles to the east, at the Marine Corps Schools' Provost Marshal's office in Quantico, Staff Sergeant Robert Alley, the Sergeant of the Guard, heard the transmission.

"Mo-Bravo Four," he acknowledged, "this is Mo-Bravo. Over."

"Mo-Bravo. This is Mo-Bravo Four. Ten-eight northbound at Triangle. Over."

"Ten-four," SSgt. Alley answered and the transmission was completed.

What MSgt. Ulin was telling the Sergeant of the Guard in brief, but concise language, was that he and MSgt. Bossard were driving Patrol Car Number Four of the Quantico Highway Patrol and that they were on the job, and northbound out of Triangle on U. S. Highway 1.

When Ulin hung up the mike, Triangle was fading behind them. It was 9 p. m., and traffic was thin, even for a Friday.

"Looks like a quiet night," Bossard mused.

"Yeah, but we've said that before," Ulin answered. "You never know what's going to happen on this stretch."

The "stretch" he referred to is the 29-mile strip of danger-laden hills and curves from Fredericksburg to Lorton, Va.

Before Lieutenant Colonel D. D. Pomerleau, Provost Marshal at Quantico, started the first patrol on October 15, 1955, that particular section of highway already had become a scourge to Quantico and other military bases up and down the East Coast.

Despite its innocent appearance, its four lanes for traffic, its smooth surfaces and scientific engineering, U. S. 1



had been the scene of many sudden and tragic motor vehicle accidents involving servicemen.

Col. Pomerleau and his staff were determined to reduce those accidents and they worked without let-up to compile statistics, draw charts and pinpoint accidents, deaths and injuries along the "Impact Area," as many Marines called the stretch. They asked such questions as: Where did the accident happen? When? Under what conditions? On what day? How?

From this maze of information they devised what has proved to be an economic and effective means for patrolling the area.

How well they have succeeded is shown by this before-and-after comparison:

In the 20 months before the patrol began operating, 155 accidents in the zone of operation killed 15 Marines from Quantico and injured 85 more.

In the 18 months since the patrol has been on the road, only two Marines from Quantico have lost their lives and the number of injured has dropped to 28 in 41 accidents.

"We're still not satisfied," Col. Pomerleau said. "It's not realistic to think you can eliminate all accidents, fender-bumping and the like. But we

are striving to cut all deaths and injuries in our area."

Another encouraging fact is that the patrol's action has meant more than a half million dollars in savings to the government as a result of lives and man hours saved. And the patrol has operated at a tiny fraction of that amount.

**B**ACK on the highway, traffic in the northbound lanes had increased. Bossard and Ulin had traded places behind the wheel and were beginning their second trip north from the Triangle light.

"Almost eleven," Bossard observed. "We ought to start getting the Lejeune, Cherry Point and Fort Bragg traffic pretty soon."

Suddenly he snapped to.

"Speeder," he said tersely. "From Lejeune."

Only a trained eye could have caught the bumper decal identifying the Camp Lejeune-stationed car. And only a trained eye would have detected the speeding tendency Bossard noted as the car moved up through the traffic.

Ulin settled himself to the job ahead. Then began the cat-and-mouse, the wait-and-see, the what's-he-really-up-to game.

An untrained observer might think the patrol should immediately pull over a car which is apparently violating a regulation. But that's not the case.

"After all, we're not out to nail people," Bossard explained. "We're here in the interest of traffic safety and to see that people don't involve themselves in accidents foolishly."

Meanwhile, the Lejeune car's tail light faded in the distance. Still Ulin made no move.

"Looks like he's going to run," he observed calmly.

"We'd better take him," Bossard said. "He's making better than 65."

Ulin pushed the speedometer needle toward the 70 mark and soon the patrol car fell in behind the speeder. Then the clocking began.

"There's more than just pulling a man off to the side of the road," Ulin said. "You have to find out absolutely how fast he's going. You can only do that by matching his speed; then you have to have the proper place to pull him over without creating a traffic hazard."

Ulin and Bossard compared notes. When they were in absolute agreement on the car's speed, and at the first proper place, Bossard turned on the flashing red astra-dome light and touched the siren just enough to bring out a low growl.

The car pulled over. Bossard got out and brought the driver back to the patrol car. This was done to give the arresting Military Policeman a chance to observe the man, to see whether he'd been drinking or was overtired, or otherwise unfit to drive.

Drivers suspected of drinking are taken immediately to the dispensary at Quantico where they're given a Bogan's

**TURN PAGE**



The Patrol's main purpose is to act as a deterrent to servicemen who might be inclined to violate traffic rules

Lt. Col. Pomerleau (R), the Provost Marshal, and SSgt. F. Cirricione heard an "offender" explain a ticket





## BATTLE OF U. S. 1 (cont.)

test to determine how much, if any, alcohol is in their systems.

After he'd checked the driver's identification, liberty pass, and driver's license, Bossard told him:

"You are charged with driving 65 miles an hour in a 55-mile-an-hour zone. A copy of this citation will be forwarded to your commanding officer for action."

Satisfied the Marine was fit to drive, Bossard continued: "You're cautioned to observe the speed and all other traffic laws. We'd rather see you avoid a possible accident than have to give you a citation or send you to the hospital. That's all. You're free to go."

Bossard was firm, but courteous and impersonal throughout.

"I hope we've helped to keep that kid from killing himself tonight," Ulin said, shaking his head. "But some of them just never learn until it's too late."

It might be well to point out here

that the patrol operates on U. S. 1 with the complete sanction of the Virginia State Police.

"I'd like to emphasize," Col. Pomerleau said, "that we in no way supplant State Police officers or vehicles. We are solely interested, for law enforcement purposes, in the servicemen who use the section of the highway we patrol."

However, the patrol does by no means ignore civilian motorists in distress.

"We've changed tires, helped stranded motorists out of ditches, summoned wreckers for disabled vehicles, and called service stations for people out of gas," Master Sergeant Howard Fitzhugh of the PMO's Investigation Section and a long-time member of the patrol, pointed out.

Their help to civilians was graphically illustrated later that same Friday night by Sgts. Bossard and Ulin.

It happened an hour after they'd issued the speeding ticket and were southbound from Lorton toward Fredericksburg.

As they approached the crest of a hill approximately five and a half miles south of Woodbridge, they heard the familiar screech of skidding tires, the initial deafening thud of colliding automobiles, and the familiar ripping, tearing sound of two cars being turned into material for the junk heap.

Without a word, Bossard turned on the red light, flipped on the siren and stepped on the gas.

At the bottom of the hill they found the wreck. One of the cars was on its side in a ditch; the other rested at right angles to the roadway, its wheels on the shoulder.

Seconds later, as they parked the patrol car, the reeking fumes of burned rubber and leaking gasoline reached them. Escaping steam hissed from a broken radiator. There was no other sound.

Ulin jumped out and ran to the car in the ditch. Bossard hurried to the one which was still upright. Both men carried portable spotlights.

"This one's got a base tag," Ulin yelled. "Two men in it. Both out cold."

"Civilian here," Bossard yelled back. "Four people. All unconscious."

Bossard raced back to the patrol car, reached through the window and picked up the State Police radio mike.

"Car 166, Culpepper."

"Go ahead, 166."

"I have a nine-eye in Valley Camp. Six injuries."

Culpepper acknowledged and called the nearest State Police patrol cars.

Bossard grabbed the Quantico mike.

"Mo-Bravo. This is Mo-Bravo Four. Over."

Mo-Bravo acknowledged.



SSgt. J. V. Mumford recorded the damage and contents of a Marine's auto. The wreck occurred on Highway 1



After a Marine driver was involved in a collision, two patrolmen investigated and measured the tire skid marks





SSgt. G. Land (L) and Sgt. J. Riddel, investigators, used a mock-up to reconstruct a highway accident



SSgt. Sattlethight delivered gas to a motorist. The Patrol offers help to anyone stranded on the road

"Mo-Bravo. I have a nine-eye in Valley Camp. Military-civilian. Request ambulances. Over."

"Ten-four."

The Sergeant of the Guard's desk became a beehive of activity.

SSgt. Alley radioed for the ambulances. Then he alerted the emergency ward at the hospital. Finally, he sent Staff Sergeant R. D. Pelkey, the PMO Investigator, to the scene.

At the accident site, Bossard grabbed a first aid kit, flares and the fire extinguisher. He tossed the kit and extinguisher to Ulin, then raced out to place flares as a warning to oncoming motorists.

Ulin sprayed both car engines and emptied the remaining contents of the extinguisher on the spreading puddle of gasoline.

Then both men gave as much first aid as they could to the unconscious victims. They didn't dare move them. Broken necks and backs can sever spines and kill or paralyze.

Minutes later, two State Police cars arrived. They were followed by Prince William County rescue units, wreckers from Woodbridge and Triangle, and the ambulances from Quantico.

The scene was one of quiet, furious, concentrated, yet orderly and controlled, activity.

Corpsmen and members of the rescue squads attended the accident victims, and soon had them on the way to the U. S. Naval Hospital at Quantico.

"We are permitted to take civilian

accident victims to a military hospital if it is the nearest one to the accident scene," MSgt. Fitzhugh explained back at the Provost Marshal's office.

While medical care was given, the State Police and SSgt. Pelkey were busy examining the positions of the cars, the skid marks, and anything else that would give them a clue as to how the accident happened.

Everything was put down on standard accident report forms.

Pelkey recorded the scene with his press camera. Ulin and Bossard joined State Police to put out additional flares and to help keep traffic moving.

It was an hour before wreckers had hauled away the cars involved in the accident and Bossard and Ulin were back on patrol.

The Marines' work was far from being finished, however. They still had to complete the accident forms, inventory the injured Marine's car, and interview the victims when they were able to talk.

Later, there would be meetings with State Police to determine what had caused the accident and who was at fault.

The night for Bossard and Ulin had not been a "typical" one, thanks to the unrelenting fight the patrol has made against traffic infractions and accidents.

But at the other extreme, it would have been typical before the patrol was put on the road. There would have been a peak of five accidents during the worst part of a Friday night, and six or seven tickets handed out.

"But servicemen have gotten the word," First Lieutenant George W. Geyer, another old-timer on the patrol, said at the Provost Marshal's office. "It used to be that when we first went out we'd issue more than seven citations a night. Might have a couple of accidents, too, especially on a weekend."

"But now we think we're busy if we issue more than one or two. And you can see by our charts that accidents are getting rare," Lt. Geyer concluded.

"I can't remember, without looking it up, the last time I had to give out a ticket," Sergeant Ben Pasquariello, another patrol member said. "It's a real feeling of accomplishment."

There are two officers and 20 NCOs who work the Quantico patrol in addition to their regular jobs. They have driven more than 100,000 miles and have given nearly 5000 hours of their time in the interest of traffic safety.

Speed, the carefully kept records at the Provost Marshal's office reveal, is the most common infraction. But even that is becoming rare among servicemen traversing the patrol area.

"We think we're beginning to accomplish our purpose—which is not to make arrests and issue citations—but to act as a deterrent to servicemen who might otherwise be inclined to violate traffic regulations," Col. Pomerleau said.

"Our ultimate goal," he concluded, "is to have nothing but zeroes in the death and injury columns. . . ." **END**



by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by  
MSgt. H. B. Wells  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



MSgt. N. Kitterer, SSgt. F. Hill and Cpl. Studer help operate the ham radio station at San Diego

◀ Cpl. R. A. Studer scaled W6YDK's unusual rotary antenna to make adjustments for the station's range

**H**IKING AND HOLIDAYS are a double feature most youngsters can't resist. When two cadets from a San Diego, Calif., military school went hiking on a "long week end" with one of their instructors deep into Mexico, the outcome was tense, somewhat doubtful, but never quite out-of-hand—thanks to the Marines and the amateur radio facilities of W6YDK at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego.

The trio of adventurers had left on Thursday for a camping trip in the wild mountainous region more than 200 miles below the border. They were due back on Saturday. When they failed to return by Sunday, a search was begun. And in the drama of a search there is news. The San Diego papers got hot on the story but communications in Mexico are not the most efficient. In the area being fine-combed by the search parties, news was nil. Reporters asked Wesley Lees, the communications officer of San Diego's Civil Defense organization, if there was any way of establishing contact with the hunters.

Lees, a retired Marine master sergeant, allowed there was one possibility

# THE HELPING HAM

**San Diego's W6YDK stayed on  
the air for three days during the search for  
a group of hikers lost in Mexico**

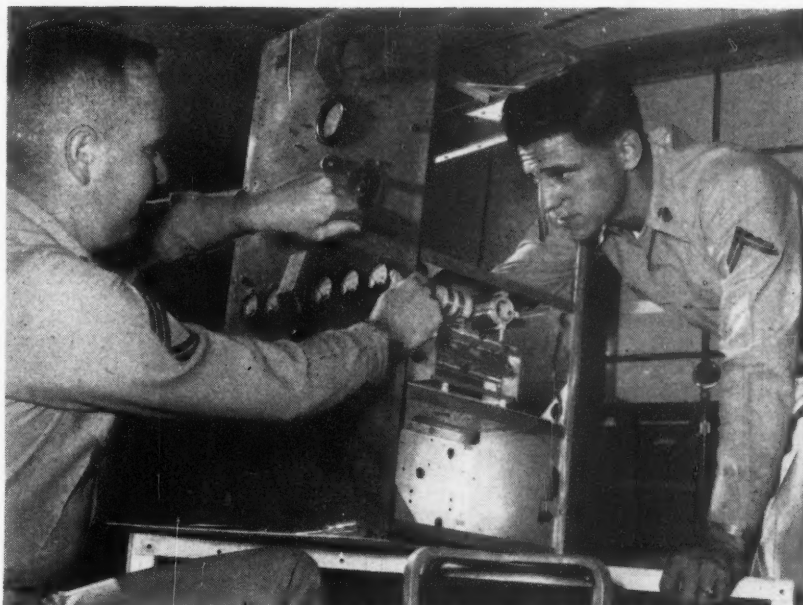


—the powerful ham radio station at the recruit depot. W6YDK, with its six-element rotary antenna—the only one of its type in Southern California, could reach deep into Mexico.

Tuesday, Corporal Ronald A. "Buck" Studer, of Erlanger, Ky., went on the air. Two hours past midnight, first contact was made with Mexico. Buck shut down operations at 0800 on Friday morning. During that time he never left the station. Technical Sergeant Donn O'Neil, of Seattle, Wash., a student in the Communication-Electronics School Battalion's radio technicians course, spelled Buck now and then as the story came in to the Marine station from a ham operator who had gone south with the search party. O'Neil has been a ham little more than a year and he has his own station, K6SNI.

All the news accounts of the search—conducted under the supervision of the Mexican army through the coordination of the American Consul in Tijuana—were taken from messages the Marines transcribed to a roll of paper which, at times, stretched across the room. Food was brought in for the hams, and according to Studer, the long watch was accomplished with the aid of "much, much coffee."

One newsman covering the rescue at the station reported, "Hour after hour, the Marine hams hung in there, piecing the story together and somehow making sense out of a broadcast that



TSgt. Donn O'Neil and Cpl. R. Studer worked on the equipment at W6YDK. O'Neil is a radio student. Studer is the full-time operator

was barely intelligible to a layman's ears."

Buck belittled the hours he stuck by the set during the search. "After you are a ham a while, you stay up all night hunting 'DX' in foreign countries, just to see how far you can reach."

"DX" is ham talk for distant stations.

First good news came Wednesday night when one of the boys was discovered. The second lad was found Thursday morning. Their leader was located Thursday afternoon. The Marines stayed by their radio until 0800, Friday morning, when the party crossed the border into California, and the ham buzzed the Marines.

When the search was secured and the ordeal of survival ended, the campers told how they had lost the trail and had decided to separate. The boys were to stay put while the instructor set out across the desert for help but they, too, were parted when one of them went for water and couldn't get back up a steep cliff to rejoin his companion.

Not all the "traffic" handled by W6YDK is as tense as the aforementioned episode—which netted the two Marines a meritorious mast. Usually, it's a message from a Marine wanting to talk to his wife or family on the ham's "phone patch," a device which lets one of the parties talk over the air from a telephone at the home. On other occasions, the hams copy the messages and then deliver them by telephone.

There is a sailor in Japan who keeps calling W6YDK for the latest baseball scores—in season, and a Marine in Hawaii who left his suitcase at the Marines' Memorial Club in San Francisco. He asked the San Diego hams to pass the word. As long as it's unofficial business of a legitimate nature, the station will cooperate. When a recruit depot Marine is up for transfer, he often

(continued on page 84)



MSgt. Kitterer stood by as Cpl. Studer went on the air. Kitterer, of the 1st Tank Battalion I-I staff, operates his own radio station, K6BVV





Speed is essential and the duty section is usually in the air in less than two minutes. HM3 D. A. Manuel,

SSgt. C. E. Randolph, 1st Lt. B. D. Alexander and MSgt. Aeschliman, double-timed at the alert

# AIR • SEA RESCUE

by MSgt. Robert E. Johnson  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by  
TSgt. Charles B. Tyler  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



**During the past year, El Toro's fast-moving  
Air-Sea Rescue unit has saved more than 40 persons  
from grounded aircraft and the Pacific Ocean**

**N**OT LONG AGO, a small airplane, piloted by a student on a routine solo hop near Los Angeles, crashed at the 5000-foot level near Cucamonga Peak. His distress calls were picked up by the airport control towers at Long Beach and Ontario. The plane's position was determined by a radio fix and Long Beach called the Marine Corps Air Station at El Toro. Within minutes, a stand-by Air-Sea Rescue team took off in a Piasecki HUP-2 helicopter.

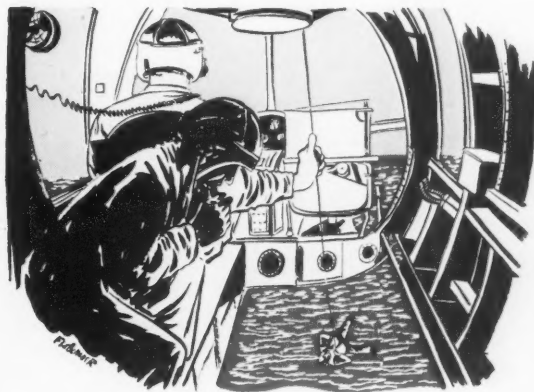
Directed by Long Beach radar, First Lieutenant Joseph C. Long and his crew chief, Master Sergeant Kenneth M. Aeschliman, spotted the plane, hanging by its nose, dangerously near a 3000-foot drop-off. Circling the position, they discovered there was no place to land because of the tall bushes and thick undergrowth. The sun was setting and only a few minutes of light remained.

When Lt. Long saw that the pilot wasn't badly hurt, he decided to use the helicopter's hydraulically operated hoist in the rescue attempt. MSgt. Aeschliman, who was then observing through the rescue hatch, used hand signals to help bring the helicopter pilot directly over the wrecked plane. While the 'copter hovered, the crash victim climbed into the sling and was lifted safely aboard.

**TURN PAGE**



All crewmen and crew chiefs have been dunked and picked up in practice drills. Each must be able to handle the hoist



MSgt. Aeschliman helped crew chief, Pfc T. Curtis, aboard a 'copter. Curtis has been dunked many times



The quick rescue was the result of many hours of rehearsing emergency tactics, plus the skill and nerve of the helicopter pilot and his crew chief.

The Air-Sea Rescue section is a unit of the Marine Corps Air Station's Operation and Engineering Squadron (SOES), and it is composed of four officer pilots, one enlisted pilot and six crew chiefs. Their mission is to provide assistance to anyone who is in distress. In the past year they have rescued more than 40 persons from grounded aircraft and the Pacific Ocean.

Captain Jesse G. Folmar is the officer-in-charge of Air-Sea Rescue and the 97-man Crash Crew section. Most of his 18½ years service has been in aviation units and he has logged more than 3600 hours in the air. He "cut his teeth" on Marine Corsairs in the Pacific during World War II. For the past 15 months, he's been jockeying helicopters.

In 1952, while on a troop concentration mission in Korea, Capt. Folmar added a new page in "aviation firsts" by shooting down an enemy supersonic, jet aircraft while piloting a propeller-driven plane. He and his wingman were flying a "thatch weave" maneuver (slow, wide crossovers) at 11,000 feet, when they were jumped by four MIGs. The captain anticipated the lead plane's pull-out, reversed his direction at the exact moment and squeezed off a five-second burst. The jet went

down, but the captain's plane was immediately jumped by four additional MIGs. Trying to evade his seven pursuers in a vertical dive, he was forced to make a highspeed bailout when one

of the MIGs overtook his Corsair and chewed off a large portion of its left wing. He landed in the Yellow Sea and was picked up by an Air Force amphibian plane. Capt. Folmar received the Silver Star Medal and Purple Heart for his extraordinary feat.

Air-Sea Rescue became a permanent fixture at MCAS, El Toro, during the Summer of 1954. Originally, it operated from sun-up to sun-down, but within a few months the need for a 24-hour service became apparent. The change was made and Air-Sea Rescue continues to run on a 24-hour stand-by basis.

Because of its constant state of readiness, El Toro's Air-Sea Rescue unit is used not only by the military in times of emergency, but it is also available to the Coast Guard, the Orange County Sheriff's Department, the California State Highway Patrol and Forestry Service. During the past year, Air-Sea Rescue has been called upon to assist in searches for lost children, to aid the Coast Guard in locating small craft and fishermen along the coast of California and to airlift fire-fighting gear and personnel to stricken areas. A portable radio aboard the HUP is in daily contact with the six nearby forest ranger lookout stations.

Recently, a youngster who was



HM3 Manuel, SSgt. H. Tomlin, Capt. B. Beckwith and TSgt. Ray Walters with the variety of gear used by the Air-Sea Rescue teams



The crew chief acts as co-pilot on rescue missions. Pfc Jimmie D. Smith (left), received his ASR cockpit check-out from SSgt. Tomlin



spearfishing in the ocean off Dana Point, Calif., 15 air miles from El Toro, accidentally speared himself. The Orange County Sheriff's Department requested assistance from the Operations Duty Officer at El Toro's control tower. The ODO alerted Air-Sea Rescue then called sickbay to have a doctor and hospitalman stand by for pickup.

Capt. Folmar, who was on duty, "launched out" in less than a minute and received his instructions from the tower while airborne. Within three minutes, he had the Navy doctor and corpsman aboard and was headed toward Dana Point. Ten minutes later,

he made a hazardous landing amid boulders at the bottom of a steep cliff, within 100 feet of the injured swimmer. The doctor and corpsman disembarked and immediately went to the aid of the lad, who was suffering from shock and loss of blood.

The Sheriff's Department had also called the Forestry Service and they arrived shortly after the "chopper" landed. Blankets, a stretcher and an acetylene torch were lowered over the cliff as the doctor administered blood plasma. He used the torch to cut off the spear shaft before loading the injured swimmer aboard the HUP. So that the helicopter wouldn't be over-

loaded, Capt. Folmar instructed his crew chief, Pfc Jimmie D. Smith, and crash crewman, Technical Sergeant Calvin W. MacGregor, to remain behind. Then the 'copter took off for a civilian hospital in Newport Beach, a few miles up the coast. The entire rescue operation took only 54 minutes.

The mercy missions performed by the Air-Sea Rescue unit are far too numerous to list in detail. Fire assistance calls to the mountain ranges near El Toro, the searches for lost children and hunters, and rescuing downed pilots and crewmen from the Pacific, are all part of a day's work for the whirlybirds and their crews.

Unusual calls for help have included a visual check of stampeding horses and searches for cows thought to have fallen over the cliffs along the coast. Once a chopper was used to "fan" a yacht off a submerged reef.

Probably the most unique missions have been those in quest of flying saucers over Los Angeles. Both MSgt. Aeschliman and Staff Sergeant Harry R. Tomlin, Air-Sea Rescue crew chiefs, have been on saucer hunts and claim to have seen strange darting lights which could not be explained.

Air-Sea Rescue is equipped with two helicopters. Two three-bladed rotors, one fore and one aft, distinguish the HUP-2. It has side-by-side pilot seating and it is equipped with dual flight controls.

The main entrance to the HUP is a door located in the center of the plane on the left side of the fuselage. The rescue hatch is beneath the co-pilot's seat and permits the sling to be lowered for rescue purposes while the 'copter hovers. Two hours of fuel is normally carried by the HUP to allow for maximum lifting power, but on search missions, it can stay airborne up to four hours. The Piasecki helicopter can cruise at speeds of 70 to 80 knots. Top speed is "red-lined" at 100 as a safety factor for both the crew and the aircraft. The 'copters usually cruise at 500 feet and hover at 15.

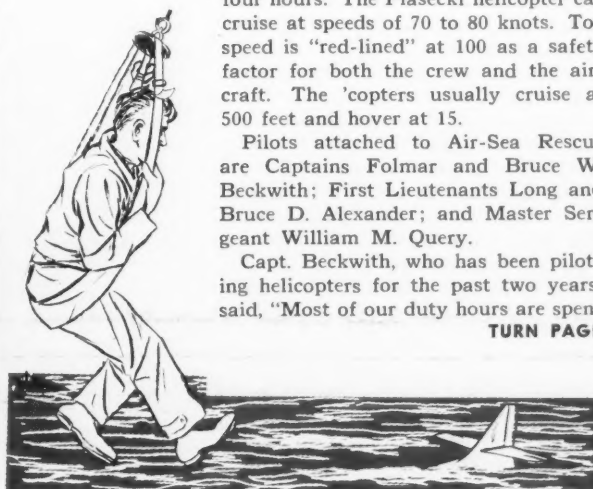
Pilots attached to Air-Sea Rescue are Captains Folmar and Bruce W. Beckwith; First Lieutenants Long and Bruce D. Alexander; and Master Sergeant William M. Query.

Capt. Beckwith, who has been piloting helicopters for the past two years, said, "Most of our duty hours are spent

**TURN PAGE**

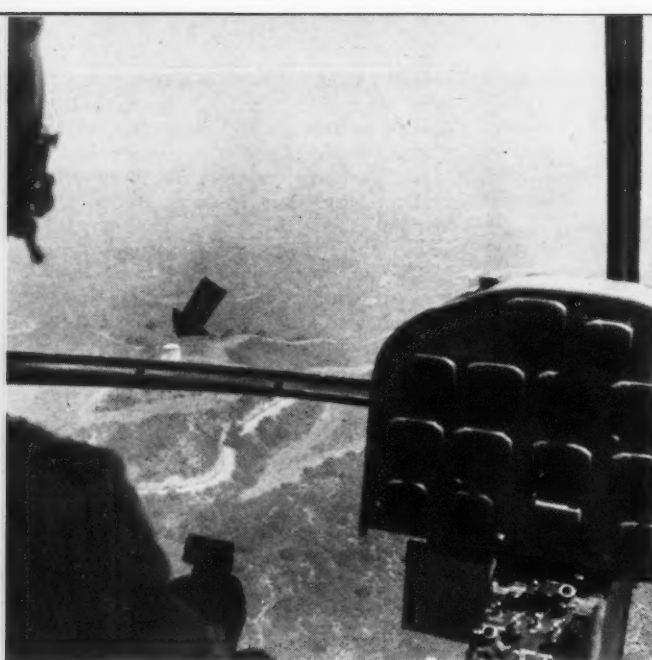


Capt. J. G. Folmar, (R) CO of ASR section and duty pilot for the day, checked a search area with Capt. M. LeBas and Sgt. E. Kirkpatrick



◀ Capt. Beckwith talked with tower while warming up. He was given location of his mission during take-off





Bolero fire lookout station (arrow), near El Toro, has daily radio contact with Air-Sea Rescue units



1st Lt. J. C. Long (L) held conference with Bolero station rangers, R. R. Snyder and Arnold C. Seidler

## AIR • SEA RESCUE (cont.)

waiting for something to happen. When we're alerted over the PA system or telephone, we simply crank up, hover and wait. The majority of our calls are precautionary ones, such as a plane approaching the field with hydraulic failure, a flat tire or engine flame-out," he explained. "No matter how minor, we 'launch out' along with the Crash Crew vehicles to a position on the field where the plane will land. We're prepared for any eventuality.

"The pilot is our first concern," Capt. Beckwith added, "and by hovering near the 'touch-down' site, we have a better chance of getting the pilot out fast if a mishap occurs."

"Old-timer" of the Air-Sea Rescue section is MSgt. Query. He has been a member for the past three years and has flown between 50 and 60 rescue missions. He's one of about 50 enlisted pilots flying Marine Corps aircraft today and he has logged more than 3000 flying hours.

During World War II and in Korea, Query piloted dive bombers and Corsairs. He switched to whirlybirds in 1952, and later took part in mercy missions in Japan when flood waters erased several communities. Since his arrival at El Toro, his flights, which number in the hundreds, have resulted in the safe pickup of several downed flyers, injured forest fire fighters, and persons lost in the mountains.

One mission Query jokes about is the day he investigated a formation of

## The speed with which the Air-Sea Rescue teams can become airborne is almost unbelievable

"flying saucers." He was headed south along Highway 101 when the radar technician at El Toro's control tower reported that the saucers were just ahead and below his "bird." All MSgt. Query could see was a line of heavy traffic moving fast over a rise in the highway. After he had returned to his base he learned that the tower's radar antenna had accidentally depressed and the scope had picked up the vehicles as they cleared the crest.

The six crew chiefs attached to Air-Sea Rescue are the busiest members of the unit. Not only do they spend an equal amount of time in the air with the pilots, but they are responsible for the proper maintenance of the aircraft. When the "egg-beaters" are damaged, or need overhauling, it's not unusual for the crew chiefs to work 'round the clock to get the plane back in commission.

MSgt. Aeschliman is "head honcho." In addition to his regular crew chief responsibilities, he trains newcomers in all phases of helicopter mechanics.

"On the required 30, 60, 90 and 120 hourly checks," Aeschliman explained, "we all work together. Not only is it necessary engine inspection and a safety check, but it's continuous training for all."

The crew chiefs he referred to are Staff Sergeants Tomlin and Harold P. Russell; Sergeant Earl R. Kirkpatrick; and Pfc Tom J. Curtis and Smith. They make an average of three or four flights a day while on duty. All are well versed in operating the hoist and each has been "dunked" several times in the Pacific to simulate the rescue of a downed pilot. During this exercise, a one-man raft is dropped and the crew chief is lowered into the water. He climbs aboard the raft, catches the sling which is lowered to him from the "chopper," and is pulled into the aircraft again as the plane hovers between 30 and 50 feet over the water.

"It's an exciting job," Pfc Curtis said. To those who have watched the operation, that's an understatement.

Like his fellow "plane captains," Curtis volunteered for Air-Sea Rescue work. Prior to reporting to El Toro, he logged approximately 150 hours in 'copters in Japan while doing similar work with MAG-16.

Besides making a number of flights daily as crew chief, the duty man pre-flights the helicopter each morning. Oil systems are checked, proper lube is added to the transmission, engine and rotors, all wires and struts are scrutinized, and the rescue gear (float and



crash) is checked and properly stowed.

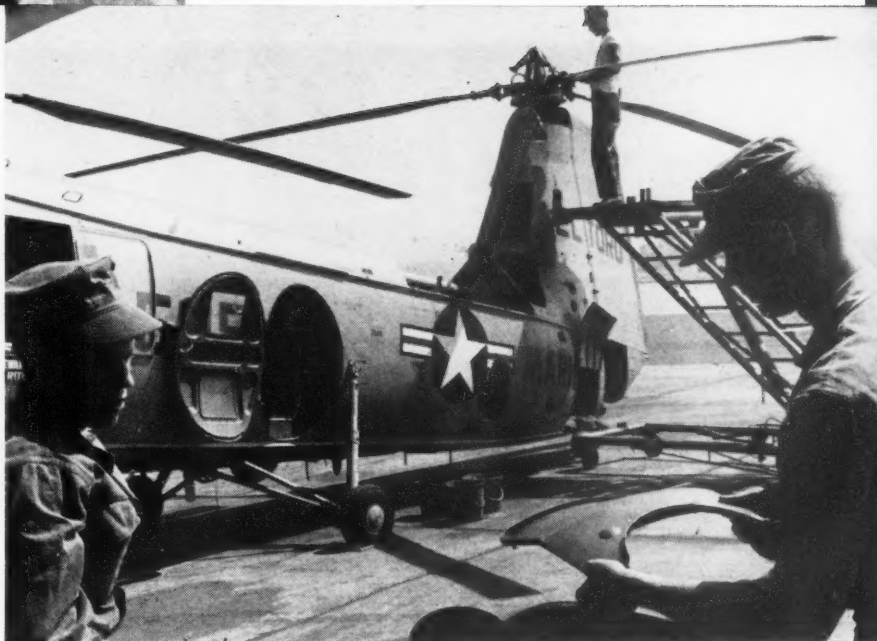
While airborne, the crew chief assists with radio communication, looks for approaching aircraft, operates the searchlight during night missions and gives the pilot needed directions on the inter-com once the 'copter is over a pickup position. The latter is one of his most important tasks, especially when hovering over water or flying in turbulent air.

In addition to the pilot and crew chief, a crash crewman accompanies each flight. These "fire eaters," dressed in asbestos suits and carrying fire extinguishers and tool kits, are experts when it comes to entering the cockpit of a crashed plane.

If the plane is on fire, the crash crewmen hot-foot to the aid of the pilot. The helicopter, meanwhile, hovers close by to blow the flames away from the cockpit.

A fourth member of the Air-Sea Rescue team is a doctor or corpsman. There's one on duty 24 hours a day at the Control Tower and when needed, he boards the helicopter. During a normal search mission, he remains in the vicinity of the stand-by ambulance on the airfield.

The speed with which the HUP-2 can become airborne is almost unbelievable. Within a minute and a half after the loud-speaker blares, "Crash crew, crash crew! This is an emergency



Crewmen work around clock if necessary. SSgt. Russell (L) and Pfc Smith checked cowlings as Sgt. Kirkpatrick worked on rotors

—engine cutting out," the Air-Sea Rescue pilot, his crew chief and crash crewman, have double-timed to the HUP, "launched out," and received their instructions from the tower. The crash crewman has donned his protective fire garb and the 'copter is

hovering over the probable crash site.

This is the kind of split-second timing which lends credence to Capt. Beckwith's story about the pilot who crash-landed—and found himself in sickbay three minutes after the alert was sounded.

**END**



The ASR team: (Front) MSgt. W. Query, Lt. Long, Capt. Folmar, Capt. Beckwith, 1st Lt. B. Alexander.

(Rear) Sgt. Kirkpatrick, Pfc Smith, SSgt. Russell, Pfc Curtis, MSgt. Aeschliman and SSgt. H. Tomlin



# ALBANY GUNSMITHS

by TSgt. Allen G. Mainard  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by  
Sgt. Earl Dodd  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Capt. Thomas R. Mitchell, one of the Corps' all-time great team shots, heads the Rifle Team Equipment

shop. His 'smiths conditioned nearly 3000 weapons last year. Firearm developments are studied also





MSgt. William Alford, NCO-in-Charge of the shop, uses a special board for mounting the .45 sight



Capt. Mitchell test-fired a batch of .45s while SSgt. W. W. Bounds made the necessary sight changes

**When a Marine draws a weapon from MCSC,  
Albany, he can be sure it's perfect.**

**The gunsmiths there are masters at the trade**

**T**HERE IS no substitute for marksmanship in combat. Those who miss are likely to turn up dead. For that reason, the Marine Corps has always stressed rifle training. In the early days it was the Marine armed with the smooth-bore in the fighting tops of the ships of the Continental Navy who helped clear the decks. As the years passed, there were many small expeditions to exotic-sounding places where a man could die just as quickly as if he had been in a big war.

The feeling of a Marine for his weapon was once defined by Colonel John W. Thomason in the introduction to his book *Fix Bayonets*. He wrote authoritatively about the Marines of World War I, dwelling at length on their combats and backgrounds: the ramrod-like bearing and bone-deep sun-tans of the old-timers and he said, "Rifles were high and holy things to them. . ."

The Corps has always encouraged its rifle and pistol shooters, whether they belong to the smallest barracks team or are members of the "Big Team" which

represents the Marine Corps at the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, each year. Team shooting is a highly respected trade in the Corps, for even with the present "big" weapons, the experts still expect the mud-Marine and Army infantryman to walk in fighting.

But, if rifles are high and holy things to the shooter who stakes his life on his ability to use them, there is one group of Marines who go a step further. They are the Corps armorers—the gunsmiths.

To this group, weapons are a way of life. The firearms turned out today are almost the last word in accuracy and performance. "But," as Perry Frazier wrote in his book, *Elementary Gunsmithing*, "do not tell me that there is nothing more that can be done to make them still better."

Gunsmiths feel that nothing equals the satisfaction of finishing a piece of work that is flawless. This is as it should be for gunsmithing is an art. For many years it was also a "mystery" and those intrepid early scientists, such as Friar Roger Bacon, who experimented with forms of gunpowder and metal working, were considered to be

in league with the Devil. As far as the average shooter is concerned, gunsmithing is still pretty much a mystery.

Every Marine has seen an armorer making repairs and adjustments; few have seen the master gunsmiths. In the Corps, there are about a baker's dozen who are considered "masters" and the majority of them are members of the Rifle Team Equipment Section at the Marine Corps Supply Center, Albany, Ga. In their shop they prepare every match weapon used by the Marine Corps. During the past fiscal year they match-conditioned more than 2000 M-1s and 800 .45s.

A "mysterious" Marine Corps gunsmith, now retired, is indirectly responsible for the high quality of the work presently being accomplished in the RTE shop. Master Sergeant C. F. Janocek was armorer to the "Big Team" prior to WW II, and also after the war, until his retirement in 1946. He could do things to the service weapon that mystified the average armorer, and like the artisans of old, he refused to divulge his secrets. Shortly before his retirement, Corporal Charles Mathis was assigned to him as an assistant. The corporal performed the routine work while Janocek went his "mysterious" way.

If anyone approached his work bench, Janocek would cover his work—and leave it covered until the visitor left. The gunsmith was invariably polite, but he showed nothing. To say it irked Mathis would be an understatement. Since Janocek would not volunteer the

**TURN PAGE**



## GUNSMITHS (cont.)

information and special techniques, Mathis was forced to worm it out of him by devious methods. Before leaving the Corps, Mathis was regarded as one of the best gunsmiths the Corps had produced. He now owns a highly successful gunsmithing shop in San Diego, but before he left the Corps, he trained most of the men in the present RTE shop. He also passed on his techniques and specially designed tools and equipment.

A gunsmith, to be successful, needs a good pair of hands. Mathis had a great pair of hands. Marines who were trained by him say he could pick up a faulty .45, squeeze the trigger several times and diagnose most of the weapon's troubles.

Mathis was the first NCO-in-Charge of the RTE shop when it was set up in Philadelphia. In order to see that each Marine Corps team shot has an equal chance, regardless of whether he fires on the "Big Team" or the Bermuda Marine Barracks team, the Corps set up this special section to condition all weapons issued to Marines for match shooting.

In addition to the several thousand service rifles and pistols the 12-man section conditioned during the last fiscal year, they also furnished armorers for various matches and opened their shop to armorers from Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Air Force. The present gunsmiths are not "mysterious."

Captain Thomas R. Mitchell, who set a record with the '03 that has never been broken, is officer-in-charge of the RTE shop. He supervises the work of the master gunsmiths who can perfectly condition any weapon used by Marine Corps teams.

Match weapons are the regulation M-1s and .45 automatics that have been conditioned to the exact specifications allowed in the various matches. They are capable of the very highest level of performance. Basically, the M-1s remain the same although there are more than 25 steps required to condition the average rifle. M-1s used in the Marine Corps Matches differ slightly from those used in the National. New rules now allow the interior of the stocks to be glassed, which is the addition of a liquid glass impregnator to make certain that the receiver group does not change position. It also protects the wood from damage and gives longer life to the stocks.

Match .45s differ from the regular issue. Those fired in any Marine Corps competition have "high sights" and those fired in the National may use adjustable sights.

Trigger pull differs greatly from that of the weapons in the hands of the

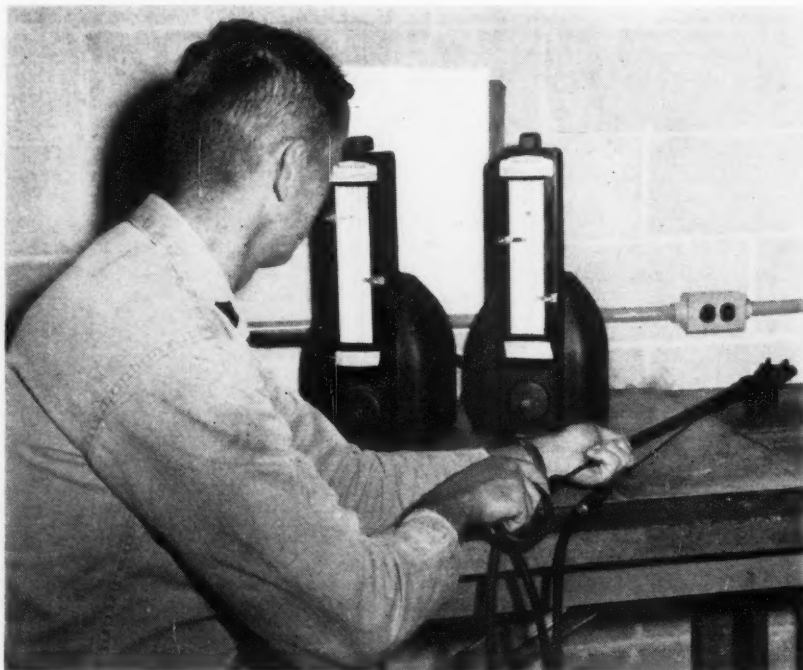
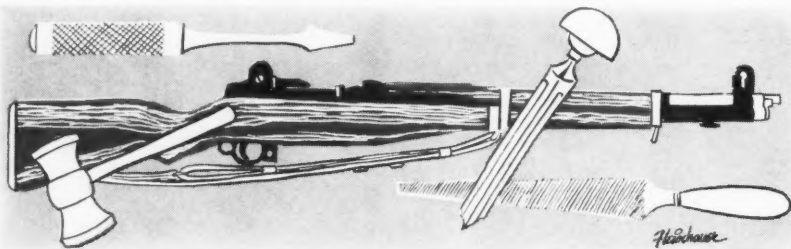
troops. M-1s are allowed a minimum of four pounds, and a maximum of five. Forty-fives for the Marine Corps Matches vary from four pounds to four and a half, while National Match .45s are four pounds to four and a quarter. Adjusting triggers to these weights is a delicate operation and Master Sergeant William Alford, the NCO-in-Charge, will sometimes rework and test a trigger more than 50 times before he is satisfied with its weight and "break."

These are not steps to be taken by barracks armorers or amateur gunsmiths. The Albany RTE shop is specially equipped with machinery and tools designed by Marine gunsmiths over a period of years. The majority of their special tools are manufactured in the machine shops at the Albany Supply Depot and are not available on any market.

Conditioning a .45 begins with a detail strip and degreasing. The first step is installing a trigger in the receiver so

that there is no play or bind. Then a magazine is fitted to the trigger. Each magazine must be individually fitted because it might otherwise bind the trigger while the shooter is firing.

The next operation is the most delicate and time-consuming; fitting the hammer and sear. The Albany unit uses a special sear board, designed by Mathis, which speeds up the process of filing and stoning the sear to the exact angle desired. Triggers will "creep" if the sear and hammer aren't mated properly and will not give the shooter a clean break. Most team shooters can feel the "creep" in a trigger. This is where the gunsmith especially needs good hands for he must be able to "feel" any poor action. Alford's face reflects his intense concentration when he is working on the trigger and sear. He fondles the .45 like a baby, squeezing the trigger time and time again. If he is dissatisfied, he will rework the entire sear and hammer



TSgt. Sam Mervosh uses a Sheffield "Precisionnaire" to check the lands and grooves. If the bore varies as little as .0003, it is rejected



assembly.. Sometimes he rejects the parts completely and starts the process from the beginning.

Once the desired break and weight have been achieved, the receiver group is assembled and the grip safety checked

When the barrel is coupled to the slide it is no longer interchangeable with other .45s. The tang of the barrel is built up and then filed down to a perfect fit. There is no movement or play allowed. Next, the barrel bushing is selected to fit the outside diameter of the barrel, which also requires careful attention with an abrasive cloth until the perfect fit is made. The slide is fitted to the receiver and play is taken out by peening the guideways on the receiver. Once this is done, the firing

pin, firing pin stop and extractor are inserted.

Mounting the sights on the .45 is another painstaking job. For regular Marine Corps Matches, the ordinary high sight is employed, but the National Match .45s may have moveable sights. The Marines normally use the adjustable Smith-Wesson .38 sight. A special board is employed for most of the steps and special tools, mostly designed by Mathis, help speed up each step.

The pistol is completely reassembled and all safety catches are checked. The weight of the trigger is also tested again. After a functional firing test and cleaning, the weapons are stored until they are requested by Marine Corps units in the field.

Usually, only one man will work on each .45. When things go smoothly, the gunsmith can turn out a conditioned pistol in an hour and a half. It sometimes takes a great deal longer.

Watching Alford or Staff Sergeant Paul L. Blazejowski work on the .45s is like observing well-oiled machinery in motion. "Shaking apart," or detail stripping, which would take the average Marine several minutes, is done in seconds by the RTE experts. Due to their experience and methods, the weapons flow from one step to another with little or no break. Both Alford and Blazejowski have attended courses at several civilian arms companies, such as Hi-Standard, Colt, Winchester and Smith and Wesson. While the men tend to specialize in one particular type of weapon, each member of the RTE can condition every type weapon used in the matches.

The gunsmiths are not regular team shooters, but they are all excellent marksmen. Blazejowski holds the NRA rating of expert and collects, conditions and shoots cap and ball revolvers as a hobby. He was a member of the original RTE shop when it moved to Albany from Philadelphia in 1954.

Technical Sergeant Sam Mervosh is Assistant NCO-in-Charge of the section and is normally in charge of conditioning the rifles, although he is equally capable of conditioning pistols.

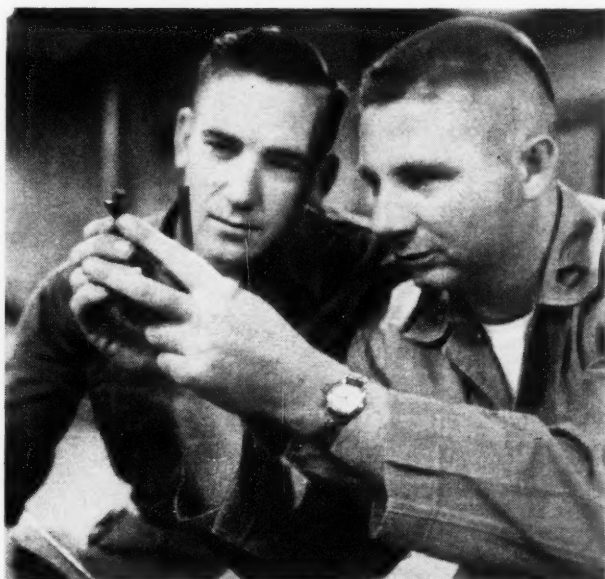
Mervosh draws 100 rifles at a time for the unit and the conditioning begins with a complete detail stripping. The parts are placed in a common stock with the exception of the barrel and receiver. The barrel is left in the receiver until it is tested. If it is faulty, it is replaced from a stock of already-tested barrels.

If there is more than .0003 of an inch discrepancy from the muzzle to the chamber, the barrel is rejected. The shop uses the Sheffield "Precisionnaire" unit to check for bore variations. Two gauges are used, one for the lands and one for the grooves. The testing tool resembles a cleaning rod and works by air pressure.

Once the barrel is accepted it is checked for proper seating in the receiver. A barrel which is incorrectly seated causes the front sight to cant. This can be disastrous to a shooter when he is firing on the long ranges. The gas cylinder, gas cylinder lock and the lock screw are fitted next. The gas cylinder lock must fit perfectly on the shoulders of the barrel in order to ensure a perfect (continued on page 94)



Mervosh will chisel away the excess stock for a perfect fit



SSgt. Bounds inspected the work of Sgt. Bobby R. Young, one of the RTE shop's three, apprentices



Mervosh and SSgt. H. L. Johnson use a hydraulic cell when test-firing weapons they have conditioned





Capt. James M. Ranck was commanding officer of Motor Transport Co., Fourth Marines, when

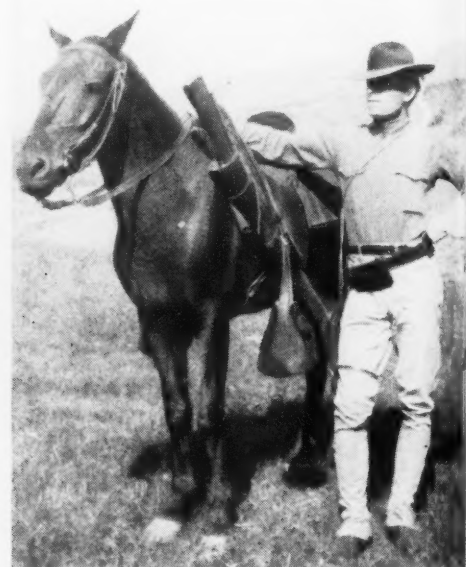
*Submitted by Major G. L. Pines*  
this 1936 photo was taken in Shanghai. Site was practice jai alai court, Haiphong Road Barracks

# CORPS ALBUM

**H**ERE ARE some more of the Old Corps photos which we will print as a regular feature. *Leatherneck* will pay \$15.00 for old photos of this type accepted for publication. Please include date, outfit, or any other available identification. Mail your Old Corps photos to CORPS ALBUM EDITOR, *Leatherneck Magazine*, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. All photos will be returned.



*Submitted by MSgt. O. R. Thomas, (Ret.)*  
In 1919, Marines in Peking had a blues-outfitted monkey mascot



*Submitted by J. B. Neysea*  
A typical "Horse Marine" on duty, Peking, China, circa 1914



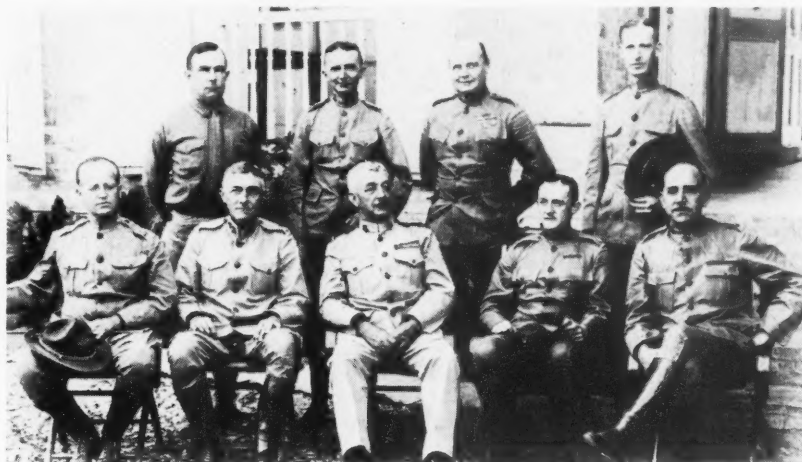
No, it's not Halloween. It was Christmas at Parris Island, S.C., back in the early Twenties. Personnel

celebrated the occasion by decking themselves out in varied costumes to enliven the holiday festivities



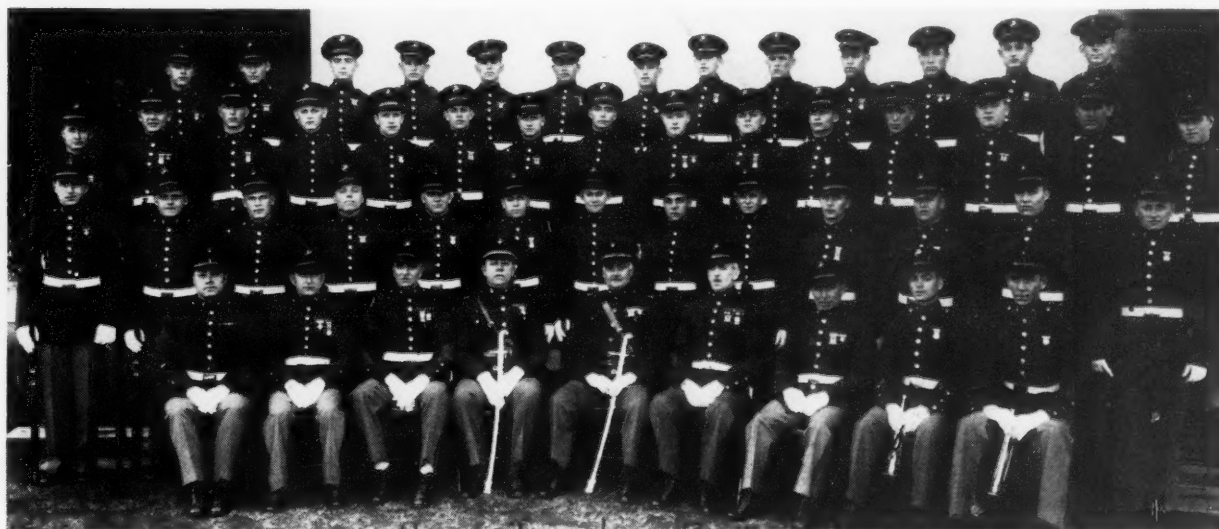
The avalanche of interesting, rare and unique photographs we have received for this department has been both overwhelming and gratifying. However, among the submitted pictures we are finding that many readers are sending old photo postcards and clippings from magazines and other publications. Unfortunately, we cannot undertake to reprint this type of material because, in most cases, it is protected by prior copyright.

Then, too, readers have been sending fragile, brittle photos. Although every care is given to these age-old mementos here at the office, some of them have been damaged in the mails before they reach us. For this reason, we suggest that all submitted photos for Corps Album be carefully wrapped and well-protected by heavy cardboard backing or tubing.



*Submitted by J. A. Rossell*

Colonel (later Brigadier General) L. W. T. Waller, who commanded the First Brigade, Port Au Prince, Haiti, in 1915, posed with his staff



Marines at the Naval Mine Depot, Yorktown, Va., broke out blitz cloths and shoe polish to prepare for

*Submitted by MSgt. John R. Lindsey, USMC (Ret.)*  
this unit photo taken in 1939. Capt. W. W. Paca was the C.O.; Capt. T. W. P. Murphy, the exec



*Submitted by Alfred Windham*





by MSgt. Robert E. Johnson  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by  
TSgt. Charles B. Tyler  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

# OPERATION *BUSY* *WEEK*





Pendleton's Second Infantry Training Regiment demonstrated regimental crew-served weapons to

Reservists and their guests. Part of the Cone Hill show was the use of the flame-throwing M-48 tank

## It was the first time a battalion of Reservists had made an amphibious landing on their own

**A** NEW TYPE of training unfolded this Summer for Marine Reservists at Camp Pendleton and because of its successful field application, it will have a direct bearing on future two-week encampments by "Citizen Marines."

Nicknamed "Operation Busy Week," the Battalion Landing Team exercise included Marine Corps Reservists from seven states. The ship-to-shore movement marked a "first" in the Corps' history in that a battalion of Marine Reservists had made an amphibious landing unaccompanied by Regular troops. All the weapons of modern mechanical warfare, including tanks, artillery and armored land-water tractors, were thrown into the mock battle.

Major General Alan Shapley, Direc-

tor of the Marine Corps Reserve, and Brigadier General Russell N. Jordahl, Commander of the Landing Force Training Unit, Coronado, Calif., witnessed the landing. They were visibly impressed.

"It was fantastic how the Reservists pulled this off when they had only five days of preparation in which to mold together as a Battalion Landing Team," Gen. Shapley commented.

Next year, the recently appointed Reserve Director indicated, similar landings will be scheduled for both the East and West coasts. Also, Reservists who train at Camp Pendleton can expect another "first" by participating in an all-Reserve air-to-ground (vertical envelopment) maneuver.

"Operation Busy Week" went into the planning stage more than a year

ago when Marine Corps Headquarters announced its intentions to stage an amphibious landing. "The ship-to-shore landing was ordered to test the Reservists' knowledge of battle tactics and amphibious techniques," said Colonel Paul E. Wallace, Officer-in-charge of the Reserve Liaison and Training Unit, Camp Pendleton.

In September, 1956, the Reserve units that were to take part in the operation were named. They included the 7th Infantry Battalion, San Bruno, Calif.; 8th Rifle Company, Oklahoma City, Okla.; 1st Shore Party Group Company, South Bend, Ind.; 3d 105-mm. Howitzer Battery, Fort Worth, Texas; 1st Tank Battalion, San Diego, Calif.; 2d Armored Amphibian Company, San Francisco, Calif.; 24th Rifle Company, Corpus Christi, Texas; 1st Communi-

TURN PAGE





Members of the 8th Rifle Company, Oklahoma City, who made the landing, quickly learned about shipboard living

◀ The dungaree-clad Reservists were taught abandon ship techniques as part of the survival swimming training

## BUSY WEEK (cont.)

cation Battalion, Alameda, Calif.; 1st Truck Company, Tulsa, Okla.; 9th Engineer Company, Phoenix, Ariz.; a segment of 1st Anglico, New York City; and the 57th Special Infantry Company, Albuquerque, N. M.

Lieutenant Colonel Burt B. Sorensen, Commanding Officer of the 7th Infantry Battalion, San Bruno, was named as the Battalion Landing Team commander. The 57th Special Infantry Company was chosen by HQMC as the "aggressor," to provide resistance against the Landing Team during the operation.

Five months went into planning the operation order through letters, dispatches, telephone conversations and brief meetings between liaison personnel from Camp Pendleton and the Landing Force Training Unit. "It was a unique operation, indeed, to coordinate our plan of action when units were spread throughout seven states," said Col. Sorensen, a Purple Heart veteran of the Bougainville campaign in World War II. He revealed also that all Reserve personnel underwent 20 hours of basic classroom work at their home armories months before the landing took place.

On the 4th of August, 2000 Marine Reservists and Inspector-Instructor staff members descended on Camp Pendleton by aircraft, bus and train.

One unit, the San Francisco 2d Armored Amphibian Company, made the movement to Summer camp, down the coast, aboard the *USS Cabildo*, a Navy Landing Ship (Dock).

Members of the Reserve Liaison and Training Unit at Camp Pendleton met each group and moved them quickly to Camp Pulgas, where they were billeted in Quonset huts and briefed on their two-week encampment and training.

Guided by the principle that "the planners must be the doers," the first week of training was devoted to basic amphibious training, shipboard procedures, net exercises, rifle marksmanship and infantry tactics. All phases of amphibious training were taught by instructors from the Landing Force Training Unit, Coronado. Safety was stressed throughout the first-week training phase and during the actual landing operation. It paid off; no one was hurt in the ship-to-shore assault.

In addition to climbing up and down cargo nets, running through obstacle courses and attending classes in scouting and patrolling, map reading, and tactics, the Reservists received three hours of instruction in survival swimming. They were taught safe methods of leaving a ship in distress, how to use available equipment and clothing to keep afloat and how to assist a fellow Marine who might be injured. Non-swimmers were not allowed to board ship at San Diego, but were phased into

the Battalion Landing Team Exercise following the initial assault on Red Beach.

The Reservists also had the opportunity to observe the firing of all weapons available to a Marine regiment. For some, it was the first time they had seen the Ontos, mortars, machine guns, bazookas and flamethrowers in action.

At the rifle range, 82 percent qualified over the "B" Course. Major Carlos R. Hulse, Executive Officer of the 7th Infantry Battalion, San Bruno, "bull's-eyed" a blistering 241x250 score. He was high shooter of the six units that fired for record.

Monday morning, with five training days behind them, the reinforced battalion loaded aboard four Navy vessels at the Naval Station, San Diego; the command ship was the amphibious troop transport, *USS Noble*. The *Epping Forest* (LSD) and the *Duval County* and *Hillsborough County* (LSTs) also transported troops and equipment to the landing site. The troops were outwardly confident that their impending amphibious assault on Red Beach, six miles north of Ocean-side, would be successful.

Debarcation was rehearsed at dockside and again while at sea off the Silver Strand Beach, Coronado. Then the convoy continued north toward its objective.

While the Battalion Landing Team assault force was making its approach, the "aggressors" prepared their posi-



tions. They were outnumbered 10 to 1, but to them, it made no difference. Their only question was, "Why is it they figure we're gonna lose?" They boasted of a beach party following the assault and they almost made good their intention. They wore appropriate attire: camouflage suits of World War II days and helmets with distinctive wooden crests.

Whistle, smoke and bomb type booby traps were planted along the expected avenues of approach to slow down the attacking force. Water was hidden for later use and positions were dug along the seven-mile "no-man's land"—Las Pulgas Canyon area.

The 1st Platoon, composed of 45 Indians representing 21 tribes in New Mexico and Arizona, held a war dance

before they took up their defensive positions. "Wright's Raiders," commanded by Major Thelton Wright, were ready for their "final exams" in the field the following morning.

D-day turned out to be a tactician's dream. The sea was calm. During the early morning hours, Navy vessels laid down destructive and neutralization fire on the enemy strong-points which were located along the 1200-yard-wide landing site.

Under simulated battle conditions, the first assault wave hit the beach precisely at H-hour, 0830. It was composed of five LVTs which immediately took up artillery fire missions. The drivers were Regulars; members of the 2d Armored Amphibian Tractor Company served as crewmen.

Minutes later, and with the precision of a "well-oiled machine," the second and third waves arrived, carrying the assault platoons (Alfa and Bravo Companies) made up of members from the 7th Infantry Battalion, the 8th Rifle Company, the 9th Engineer Company, and the 3d 105-mm. Howitzer Battery. The "aggressors" greeted them with heavy fire as they charged up the beach.

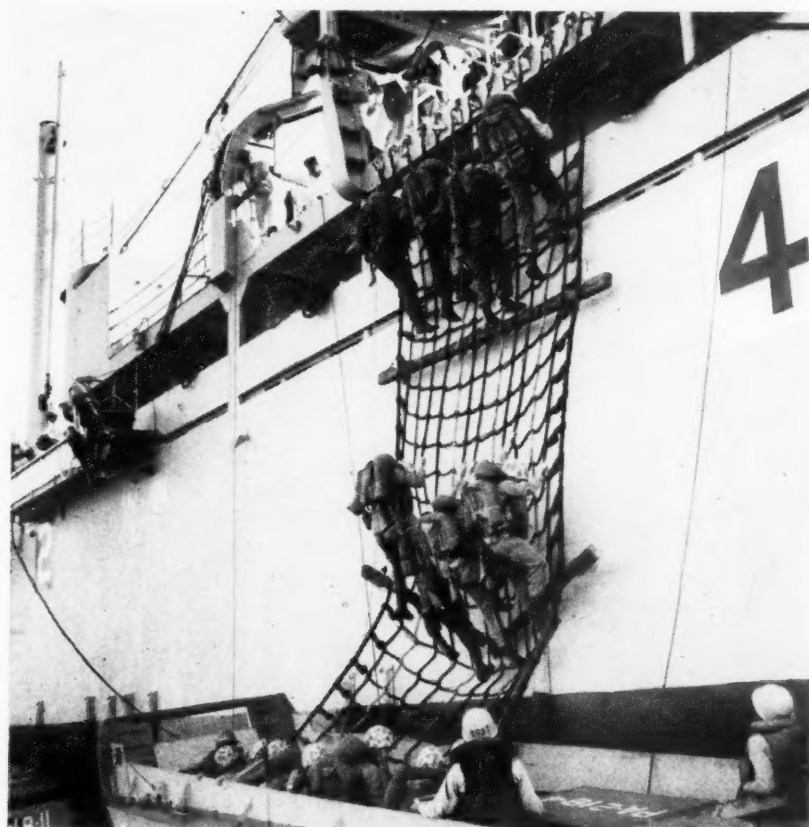
The first thing the assault forces found was a sign with a dead rattlesnake draped over it. An arrow—pointing south—read, "Oceanside." The other was aimed toward the maneuver area. It read, "Suicide."

The BLT commander, Col. Sorensen, preceded the fourth wave in a "free boat" and took control of his troops when he hit the beach.

Reservists from the 24th Rifle Company, the 1st Tank Battalion, and the remainder of the 3d 105-mm. Howitzer Battery went ashore in the fourth wave (Charlie Company) from 3000 yards out.

The fifth and sixth waves consisted

**TURN PAGE**



The Reservists made several wet-net drills at dockside before the actual landing. Many of them were combat vets of WW II and Korea



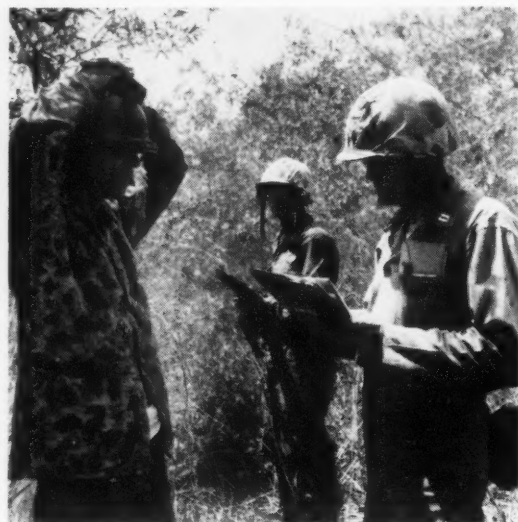
Eleven Organized Reserve Units, from company to battalion size, participated in the first all-Reserve

landing. They formed the Battalion Landing Team in five days of intensive pre-maneuver exercises





Tankers from San Diego's 1st Tank Bn. conducted their own probing for land mines as the assault moved forward



Aggressor, Sgt. Ray Flores, was captured by Capt. J. Denegree and Pvt. B. Bertucci

### BUSY WEEK (cont.)

of the 1st Shore Party Group Company and the remaining members of the 24th Rifle Company and the 7th Infantry Battalion. Elements of the 1st Communication Battalion and the 1st Truck Company were attached to all the assault units.

Not a single craft failed to make the landing within two minutes of its schedule.

Navy Underwater Demolition Team (UDT) experts acted as lifeguards during the amphibious assault. Prior to the landing, they surveyed the beach and checked the surf for hidden obstructions. As each landing craft approached the beach, the UDTs stood by to safeguard against mishaps.

In addition to water safety, two doctors and four hospitalmen were stationed on the beach. A stand-by helicopter also was available for immediate use. As the troops moved inland, so did the mobile first aid stations.

The tactical portion of the operation was interrupted shortly after the landing to allow time for an "administrative" move across Highway 101 and to give the umpires an opportunity to join their units.

"It was one of the most complete umpire set-ups I have ever seen," said Lieutenant Colonel J. R. Munday, the 1st Tank Battalion I-I, who acted as Commanding Officer of the Umpire Control Headquarters. "It reached down to the small unit levels in both the assault and aggressor forces," he pointed out.

The umpires' presence served as a "neutral" training aid to the units and not only did they use a controlled script in defining objectives and prob-

lems, but they interjected their own air strikes, enemy artillery fire, casualties, etc., into the problem by using colored flags and whistle signals. Eighty-one I-I staffers and members of the Reserve Liaison Unit were used throughout the Battalion Landing Team exercise.

Following the administrative move across 101, the maneuver became tactical again. "Alfa" Company, under the command of Captain Paul McCloskey, of the 7th Infantry Battalion, took over responsibility for the right sector flanking Las Pulgas Road. Major Kenneth J. Wilson, of the 8th Rifle Company,



Pendleton's elevator terrain—up and down—was all too familiar to the Reservists by the time they had completed their Summer maneuver

**Observers were impressed by the professional showing of the Reserve units**





led "Bravo" Company to the left sector. "Charlie," Company, commanded by Major James M. McCrocklin, of the 24th Rifle Company, was in reserve. They were prepared to assist or to assume the missions of either assault company during progress of the two-day problem.

The assault companies found themselves handicapped at the line of departure, which was located east of the highway. The Santa Margarita and Las Flores Mountains dominated the beach and there was little cover or concealment for the first 3000 yards.

The "aggressors" used this terrain feature to their advantage by digging in on the forward mountain slopes and

stationing "bandits" near the landing site. One posed as a state highway worker, while two others disguised themselves as "pea-pickers." They radioed all troop and vehicular movements back to the "aggressor" command post. After the landing, they rejoined their platoons by returning through the "enemy" lines. The "bandits" were never spotted, but their method of employment was later questioned because they operated in "neutral" ground. (In addition, post-manuever intelligence hinted that the "bandits" might actually have been "patriots" from the Seventh Marine Regiment!)

While "Charlie" Company set up a

perimeter of defense around the landing site, tanks, 'dozers and cranes were phased into the problem. A pontoon causeway was beached to assure the safe landing of heavy equipment such as tractors, trucks, jeeps, etc., as "Alfa" and "Bravo" Companies climbed the nearby mountain slopes.

Air support from the VMF (AW) 314 Squadron, El Toro, screamed overhead in airstrike missions against the "enemy." Because of heavy fog at the airstrip, the F9F6 Cougar jets arrived late from their appointed task of supporting the initial assault waves.

The move inland by "Alfa" and "Bravo" Companies was rapid. They followed a pre-arranged plan of attack and kept to the high ground. By doing so, they flanked many "aggressors."

While assault units of the Battalion Landing Team were fighting their way up Pulgas Canyon, the Shore Party Group was busy on the beach, transferring supplies and equipment from the water's edge to supply dumps located 500 yards inland. In addition, they provided beach security after "Charlie" Company moved forward.

Heavy equipment operators on cranes and bulldozers worked around the clock, building deep revetments to stock-pile fuel, food and ammo. New roads were carved out of the rugged terrain and old roads were improved as the 1st Truck Company began moving the supplies to frontline troops.

The assault troops encountered little enemy resistance and captured Phase Line One on schedule. Phase Line Two, three miles from Red Beach, was a repeat. By noon of D-day, the BLT command post had moved forward to a new position in a heavily wooded area. "Charlie" Company held a close-knit perimeter of defense around the new location. M-48 tanks were committed to support "Alfa" Company, when it reported "increasing enemy resistance."

Communications to forward units constituted a problem throughout the attack. Track vehicles frequently cut the lines and "aggressors" caused additional headaches by scrambling the wires and capturing their opponents' trouble-shooters. Runners made seemingly never-ending hikes between the forward units and the BLT command post. At times, "Alfa" Company literally ran itself out of communication range while chasing the retreating "aggressors."

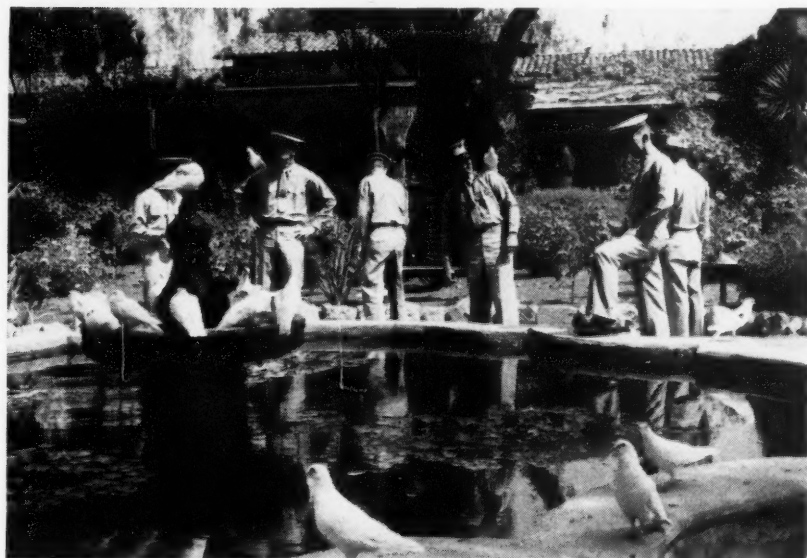
It was about mid-afternoon of D-day, when "Charlie" Company moved forward to a new position on orders from Col. Sorensen. The CP personnel followed shortly after an enemy artillery barrage lifted.

The "aggressors" used a flexible delaying action, utilizing fire team, squad and platoon (continued on page 91)



Photo by Pvt. Paul C. Stricker

The 1st Platoon, 57th Special Infantry Co., all Indians, acted as part of the aggressor force. They held a war dance before the BLT landed

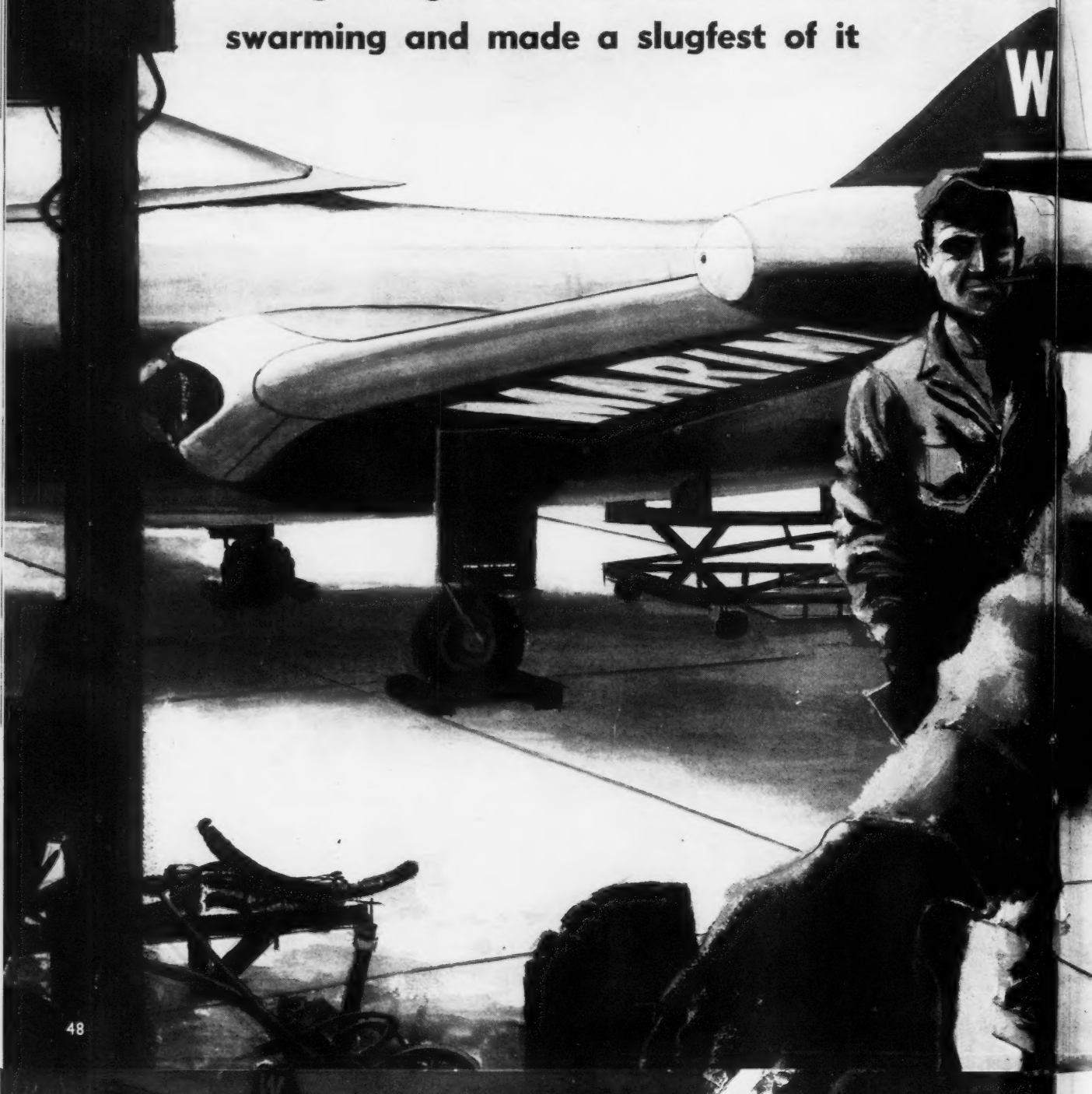


Some of the Reservists rounded out their Pendleton trip by visiting world-famous Capistrano, but couldn't wait for the swallows' return



# LEGEND FOR A

It began high over the Yalu on his first mission. The  
swarming and made a slugfest of it







# A PILOT

ission. The Migs came

W

by Frank Scott York

**A**NY COMBAT pilot will admit admiration and respect for the talented worrywarts on the ground whose devoted attentions to his ship can and do make all the difference when the chips are down. A couple of million bucks worth of hot airplane may be a comfort and a joy to the guy behind the stick, but he knows that without a good ground crew his chances can depreciate to thirty cents, in a split second.

These things are known, and not too startling. But there is another side to the coin, not so well known and perhaps even more important. It is the admiration and respect the worrywarts on the ground feel for their pilot. In the vast percentage game of combat all the little tallies add up to survival and, as in the case of Lieutenant Bill Velie, there are pilots who must be taught to add.

It began high over the Yalu on his

TURN PAGE

"I don't believe in good luck charms, in fables, or that Stan Garner can help me"





The explosion jarred Velie's teeth, then he leveled off dangerously near the deck

## LEGEND (cont.)

first mission. The Migs came swarming at them and, for a change, decided to make a slugfest of it. The Marine pilots, most of them veterans of many such brawls, turned to with deadly skill and in minutes a half-dozen of the enemy had either pinwheeled or exploded into the land of their ancestors.

Heading home, when it was over, Lt. Velie was an angry and disturbed young man. While his flying had been adequate, he realized his shooting had been plain lousy; wild, prolonged, all over the sky. It was his first mission, of course, but gunnery had been his strong point back in training and he hadn't felt a bit nervous after the first few heart-pounding moments of combat initiation. But there was no denying it, he'd frozen on the trigger like a city-boy on his first duck shoot, and done just about as much damage. The big leagues and he'd goofed.

He recalled Major Roy Pine's words the night before. "You've got everything going for you, kid. You're young, you're in the best squadron in the Corps and you started with jets. Us old crocks, relics of Henderson Field and the prop-buggies, had to learn all over again when they took away our model-Ts and gave us the Buck Rogers's special."

Velie was silent, wondering if the major had seen him overshoot that Mig a few minutes ago. Even the goony must have had a good laugh and over his rice balls tonight he'd chuckle, "I hope I meet up again with the honorable jerk Marine who chased me down to the deck and had me cold, then shot up a rice paddy a half-mile behind my tail. Ah-say, I shake him good, next time. Pass the seaweed meatballs, Chen, laughing has given me appetite."

The lieutenant was upset by the time he landed and he merely glared when a big, smiling duty mech named Sergeant Victor asked, "How'd it go, Lieutenant?"

He started to walk away but realized he was acting like a sulky kid. He turned, smiling tiredly. "How'd it go? The ship is great, Sergeant, not a shimmy or squeak and no hot spray of oil in the face like the Hun in the Fokker got in *Wings*."

The sergeant grinned broadly. "It ain't exactly like the movies, in other words?"

"Did you ever see a movie where the hero used up all his ammo on clouds, rice paddies and a couple of unidentified Korean hills, now worth their weight in lead?"

Sgt. Victor's grin faded. "Hell, Sir, that's par on the first mission. In a week or so Baron Van Richthoven himself will buzz the base and drop a

personal challenge to you. I been around a long time and . . ."

"Everybody in this outfit has been around a long time," the lieutenant said, "and after today I can surely understand why. I just hope I can learn to measure up."

"Sir, if you don't mind my saying so, you're not giving yourself a chance. One thing we got is plenty of ammo. You go ahead and shoot it up, only don't get sore at yourself if you don't murder a dozen Migs the first few times up."

"Thanks, Sarge. I'd better check in with the horrible details."

Victor called after him. "Remind me to tell you about Stanley Garner some time, Lieutenant."

Velie looked back over his shoulder. "Garner? Who was he?"

"He is a sort of legend which happened at Henderson Field on the 'Canal, a long time ago. A sort of legend who shot down an awful lot of coconuts before he got his first Zero."

"Trigger-happy?"

"Stanley Garner," the sergeant said, "was so trigger-happy he often used up all his ammo just clearing his guns."

"Thanks, Sarge," Velie said sourly, "but as you said, this was just my first mission."

That evening Roy Pine dropped around. His manner was friendly and a little too casual. "Kind of rough up there today, Bill. It doesn't usually



happen that way. We've been to the Yalu a dozen times this month without running into the stuff we saw today."

"Thanks, Major."

"You would have had that baby today if he hadn't scooted across the line."

"I don't think I had him worried," Velie said, smiling wryly.

Major Pine shook a cigarette out of his pack and fired it, his eyes level on the younger man. "Look, you're foolish to let it get you. I kept an eye on you because it was your first, but you were okay. So you were a little wild. In my first scrap I got so damned interested in just working the stick I didn't fire a round. And I didn't know it until I got home."

Velie relaxed a little. "It was the damndest thing, Major. I forgot every damned thing I learned about gunnery. I just froze on the button and if one of our boys had crossed in front of me . . ."

"Knock it off, Lieutenant, you're blowing it up all out of proportion. You had a lot of confidence when you checked in yesterday. Don't lose it, it's the best life insurance a pilot can have."

"Sir, do you know anything about the legend of Stanley Garner?"

Major Pine grinned. "You're in luck. Sgt. Victor has you marked for special attention. The sarge is a sort of mother-hen for new pilots. He knows more about the insides of an airplane than the guys who designed it."

"What's the legend all about?"

The major shook his head. "I don't know. Well, that's not quite true, I do know. But let the sarge tell you about it. I'll tell you this much, he's passed the story on to a number of pilots and the moral didn't do them any harm. In fact, it straightened out whatever problem they were having."

"You were on Guadalcanal. Was there such a character?"

Major Pine chuckled. "Let's say the name's been changed to protect the guilty."

Velie shrugged. "Well, I'll struggle along on my own for a while, without the help of a mechanic-philosopher."

"You've got a lot to learn," the major said evenly. "The first thing is, we're all in the family, from pilot right on down to the guys in the galley. All Sgt. Victor did was spot your trouble and offer to help you if you're not too proud to admit you need help. You know better than anyone else whether you do or not."

"Thank you, Major," Velie said quietly. "I figure the government has spent a lot of money on me to help me find my own answers."

"See you tomorrow," Major Pine said, with a shrug.

"Yessir. By the way, congratulations on getting that Mig today."

"Thanks. Funny, your mentioning Stanley Garner. I was thinking of him when I was chewing that Mig's wing off."

"You? That business helps you?"

Major Pine squashed his cigarette and rose to leave. "Even an old duck like me can get tense at the wrong time. And there's nothing like a good laugh to ease the pressure."

"I'll be as relaxed as an empty seabag tomorrow," Velie promised with a smile.

**I**T WAS a simple strafing mission in support of a minor ground offensive but, as far as Bill Velie was concerned, everything went wrong.

He knew it on the first pass at a convoy of six enemy trucks, caught in the open and as beautiful a target a jet-jockey could hope for. Velie followed Captain Jack Watson and Major Pine in and he whistled in soundless awe at how the first two trucks literally vanished under the slashing, compact umbrella of the veteran pilots' fire. Not a round was wasted; the first and last kicked up the road within ten feet of their target.

Then it was his turn and he felt the tension, like a strait-jacket over muscle and nerve. He opened fire too soon, paused to correct, waited too long and had flashed over the target before cutting loose another burst which walked harmlessly the length of a ravine and chewed rock from the side of a hill a hundred yards from the target. He was so fiercely angry with himself he barely pulled up in time to avoid the cragged crest of the hill.

Looking back he watched the others in the squadron chew the trucks to smoking junk, saw running figures cut down as though the pilots were firing MIs from the prone position. It was lethal precision, textbook teamwork and he felt completely left out; a presumptuous outsider standing on the sidelines.

Before they headed home, after a dozen passes in which Velie only grew progressively wilder, he was out of ammunition and chewing his lower lip with fury. What the hell was wrong with him? He had learned his trade under the best instructors in the world, he had been graduated among the top men in his class, he had especially prided himself on his gunnery when the target was a sleeve or a neatly marked area on a Stateside desert floor. He would never measure up to old-timers like Major Roy Pine. Only weeks ago he had been somewhat pa-

tronizing of the Roy Pines, the guys with salt in their beard who'd been jockeying a stick when he was in kindergarten.

Again, the first man he saw after landing was Sgt. Victor. The big, grizzled mechanic took in the young lieutenant's white, strained face, the knotted muscles in his jaw. He nodded pleasantly at Velie, smiled and said, "That was a right smart landing you made, Sir."

The lieutenant's head jerked acknowledgement. "That's for me, Sarge. I specialize in right smart landings and take-offs."

"How did it go upstairs?"

"I'm flying in right smart company."



Major Pine could knock the eye out of a gnat."

"He's great," Sgt. Victor agreed. "Sir, after chow, if you'd like . . ."

Velie shook his head. "Stanley Garner again? No, thanks, Sarge. I appreciate your concern but your Stanley Garner is becoming a cup of gall to me. I don't want to hear about him. I don't believe in good-luck-charms or fables—or that your Stanley Garner can help me."

"But, Sir . . ."

"That's enough, Sergeant." He walked away swiftly, slowed and returned to the big mechanic. "Okay, that was pride talking. But first, how do you know there's something wrong with me up there?"

"The boys and I been watching you, Sir," Sgt. Victor said. "You handle your ship like you was born in the cockpit. It could only be one other thing, your gunnery."

"The boys and you?"

"Well," the sergeant said slowly. "It's like in baseball, sometimes the guys in the dugout can spot why another guy on the team goes into a slump. The way he holds himself at the plate or something."

"You're (continued on page 90)



# Judo SCHOOL



Youthful pupils watched intently when TSgt. Delmo Esposti demonstrated the simple wrist flex on his

assistant, William Walsh. There are 60 youngsters enrolled in TSgt. Esposti's School of Self Defense

**T**WENTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD Delmo Esposti stands five feet ten inches in his socks and tips the scales at a generous 170 pounds.

Nine-year-old Jeff Escaville is about hip high to a normal adult and checks in at a skimpy 72 pounds.

An ill-matched pair for a scrap? I thought so, too, until I saw little Jeff in action. Saw him move in with lithe

confidence, grab Delmo with a lightning movement and send the big man flying head over heels through the air. Then, as Delmo hit the floor with a bone-rattling thud, little Jeff finished the job by clamping on an arm lock.

Delmo was left with two choices—admit defeat, or leave his arm behind.

The kid was using judo, and his opponent wasn't really fighting back. But it's still a fact, startling but true.

that Jeff could have done the same thing to an untrained adult who wasn't willing. And so could any one of the 59 other youngsters between the ages of 7 and 17 who are currently enrolled in Esposti's unique School of Self Defense at Larkspur, California.

Delmo, a Marine Reservist on active duty as a recruiting sergeant, runs his school on a part-time basis. Already, after three short years, it has become





Esposti is a member of the 14th Rifle Company, USMCR

**TSgt. Delmo Esposti has  
taught the art of self defense  
to more than 500 students**

by George S. Wells

Photographs by Ken Molino

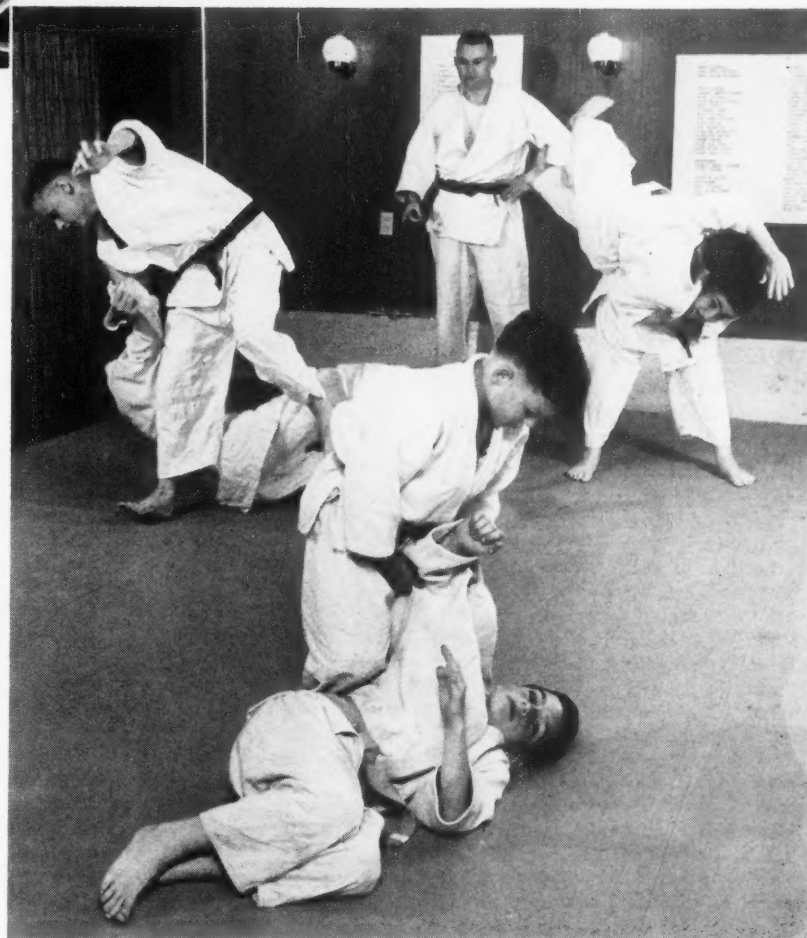
a well known institution in the San Francisco Bay Area, and more than 500 pupils have learned the art of self defense behind its doors.

It is not true, as some wag insisted, that parents in Marin county no longer dare spank the kids, for fear of suddenly being bounced off the walls. But it is true that the schoolyard bullies are beginning to suffer a mild schizophrenia, never being quite certain whether they can push a kid around without winding up abruptly in a prone position.

Not that Delmo's young pupils are vicious. In fact, he makes a point of drumming into them that "Judo is designed to develop your body and your self confidence, but never must it be used on the untrained unless it is absolutely unavoidable."

The "absolutely unavoidable" does happen on occasion. Recently a 12-year-old admitted casually during a class that he'd "used judo on a kid." Delmo drew him out and discovered that his 105-pound student had been repeatedly badgered by a schoolmate two years older and 20 pounds heavier than himself. Finally, the youngster's patience wore thin. With studied casualness, he threw the older boy to the ground and "played him like a piano" with various judo holds, including a few selected painful ones.

"The bully," said Delmo, "came right over after that to enroll in a class. But he didn't stay long. I've never seen a



Students in the nine to 14-year age group are closely supervised by Esposti during training. They are not taught any of the lethal holds

bully yet who would stick with judo."

If physical fitness is the reward of practicing judo, Delmo should be close to being the fittest in the nation. The "art of legalized mayhem" is not taught on a blackboard but by actual engagement, and it is probable that Sgt. Esposti spends more time in the air than most Marine fighter pilots.

I watched once in open-mouthed amazement as the members of his

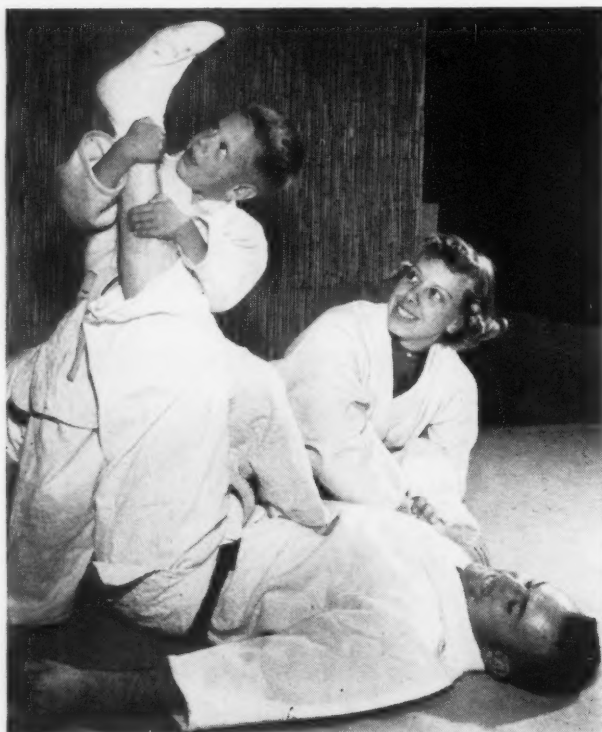
"baby" class lined up and took turns at tossing their teacher over their heads. I was half way prepared to call an ambulance to pick up whatever remains survived when Delmo bounced to his feet once more, not even breathing hard, and held up his hand for attention.

"All right, let's have a barrier. Ricky, we'll use you first."

He came over to talk with me, leav-

**TURN PAGE**





Esposti visited with some of his former judo students at College of Marin during a recent recruiting trip

◀ Esposti's stepson tried some holds of his own while Mrs. Esposti kept her husband pinned to the carpet

## JUDO (cont.)

ing the kids to their "warm up" routine, which was simply a matter of making a running leap over Ricky's kneeling form, landing on the backs of their necks and rolling on over to their feet again.

"You can take falls all day and never feel it," Delmo said. "It just looks hard, but you really don't land with any force. I'll show you . . ." Nonchalantly, he leaped into the air, did a somersault and landed with a resounding slap on the floor pad. "It's the slap that does it. The hand and forearm take up most of the shock and sort of let you down gently. The slap is the first thing I teach the kids."

At the other end of the room, the slaps came in quick succession as the young judoists went flying over each other. A few dropped out, I noticed, by the time the "barrier" was extended to five boys, lined up, side by side, on their hands and knees.

"I don't push them," Delmo explained. "Kids have a lot of natural sense and if they don't want to make the jump, it's almost a sure thing they'd get hurt if they tried it. You see, you could break your neck if you didn't tuck your head in and make sure you land on your shoulder. The kids hanging back will get the urge one of these days, after a little more

practice in rolls, and then they'll do fine."

Delmo's passion for spreading knowledge of judo among the young stems from his own early training in the Marine Corps Reserve. "When I joined in 1947," he explains, "I was almost afraid of my own shadow. I used to ask myself, 'What would you do if you got in a fight, Esposti? You can't wrestle worth a damn and you can't box for sour apples.'"

"Well, I got the answer in the Marines. They taught me judo. Real judo, not the 'dirty fighting' that so often goes under the name. And after that I knew I could take care of myself any time, any where."

This tendency of judo training to instill self confidence is a major factor in the success of his school. Scores of parents with children who were shy or backward have watched them shed their feelings of inferiority after a few weeks of lessons with Delmo. And the word spreads fast. "Too fast. I can't possibly take care of all the applicants," says Delmo regretfully.

If Esposti's classes have somewhat the atmosphere of Boot Camp about them, there's a good reason for it. Because the Korean conflict drew him into active service and his judo training destined him for the 6th Training and Replacement Command at Camp Pendleton. Before the war was over, he and five other instructors had taught some 50,000 Marines enough judo to

double their chances of victory in personal combat.

After the war, Delmo returned to his home town, Mill Valley, California, where his widely known and respected family have operated an ice cream and candy business for two generations. But dishing out ice cream to kids had somewhat less appeal than uniformed duty, so he simultaneously joined the local police force and became a teacher of judo at nearby College of Marin.

A year later, he switched uniforms again, signing up for active duty with the 14th Rifle Company, USMCR, as recruiting sergeant, with a side duty of teaching judo to his fellow Marines. A short time later, with the blessing of his inspector-instructor, Captain Francis Cushing, Jr., he opened his School of Self Defense in partnership with his former teacher, Raymond "Duke" Moore.

Delmo's off-duty activity, one which could hardly help serving as good public relations for the Corps, was immediately successful. Within a year the partners had 150 students, in every age bracket from 9 to 60—including a dozen housewives.

Last year, after Delmo discovered that the classes he most enjoyed were those of the youngest pupils, he and Duke split up, Duke to start a school of his own at Fairfax, California, and Delmo to keep the original school and concentrate upon teaching the young.

Today, he teaches 60 young students



in seven classes each week—all in addition to full time duty in his recruiting job.

"It's pretty hard to handle all those classes on top of regular duty," he admits. "But I figure it's worth it because of the kick I get out of teaching and the good it's doing for the kids."

One question frequently asked by parents is, "How safe is judo? Isn't my child running a chance of getting broken bones?"

"Perfectly safe," answers Delmo. "With proper training." And he proves it in his classes, where he has yet to encounter a mishap worse than an occasional bloody nose. Every pupil learns first how to fall without hurting himself. "Mostly a matter of relaxing," says the sergeant. "In fact, this learn-

ing to relax pays off in lots of ways. For instance, one woman student of mine recently was involved in a bad auto accident but got out of it without a scratch. She insists, and I believe her, it was because she'd learned to relax instead of stiffening up in an emergency."

The youngsters learn next how to do several simple throws, usually the hip throws. Then comes instruction in mat work, which involves some of the easier holds, used while working on the knees.

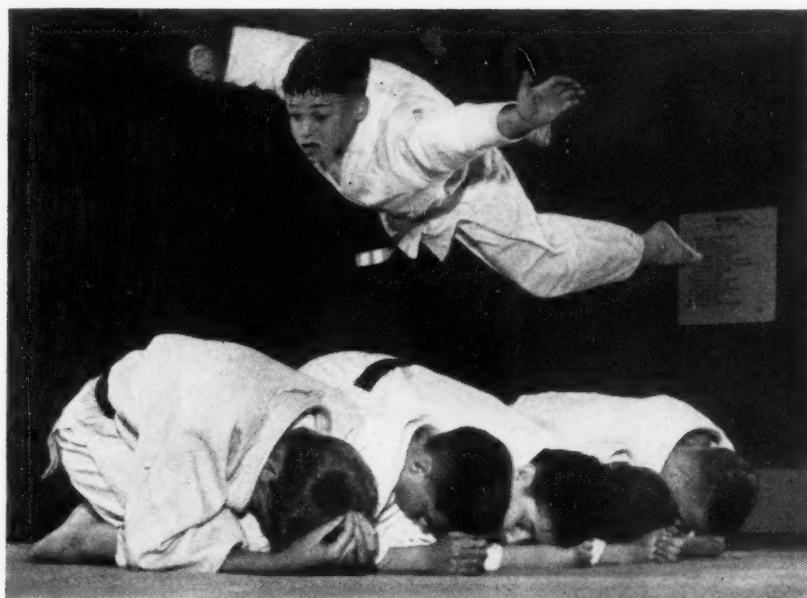
Students quickly learn the danger of carelessness. I watched as one youngster tossed Delmo's assistant, Bill Walsh, to the mat and clamped him into a hold known as *juji gatame*, or Japanese arm bar. Careful as the boy

was, Walsh winced and slapped the mat hard in the standard signal to let go. "You see," Delmo explained. "Just the slightest extra pull on Bill's arm and it would have broken. That's why we have to teach good judgment before anything else."

"When a man knows what he's doing, even the lethal holds are all right," he said. "In tournament judo, I've been choked unconscious several times. But there's no feeling of pain, you know, and I knew I was perfectly safe. If it gets too tough, you can always signal with a slap, which is one way of saying, 'Strangle me gently, brother!'"

He does not, of course, let the youngsters go that far. Nor does he teach any *karrate*, which involves blows with the edge of the palm, or any of the other judo movements usually associated with intent to maim or kill. It is an unwritten code that such practices be reserved for the elite in the field—those who have had long training and proved they will not use their art for aggression.

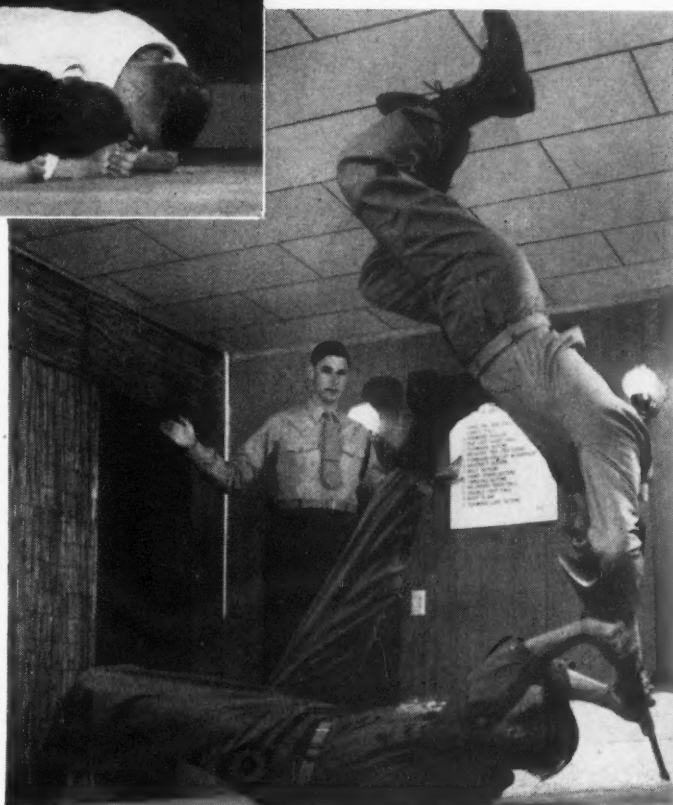
Danger does enter into the sport for Delmo, despite his offhand assurance. For example, the simple throw he teaches his pupils could, because of their short stature, drive his head into the mat and (continued on page 79)



Boys such as nine-year-old Lee Bowman are taught the proper way to leap, land and roll



Capt. F. Cushing describes the routine when Esposti (top) and Walsh appear on television





# Leatherneck Laffs

## ANNUAL POST HALLOWEENIE ROAST

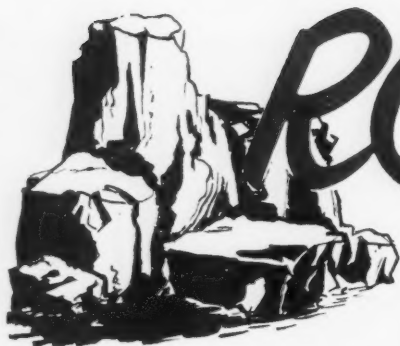
HERE COMES THE  
BREW! HERE COMES  
THE BREW!











# ROCK HOUNDS



Portable jack hammer made Major R. Bishop's job of drilling into solid rock easier. The major's mine is 35 miles south of Barstow

**Barstow Marines**

**have been hit**

**by slight cases of**

**uranium fever**

by MSgt. Robert E. Johnson  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by  
TSgt. Charles B. Tyler  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**T**WO YEARS AGO, when a prospector's Geiger counter flipped its needle in the mountains near the Marine Corps Supply Center at Barstow, Calif., an epidemic of uranium fever hit the area. For those who were afflicted, there was only one quick cure; they *had* to find uranium. Unfortunately, only a few were successful.

Of the lucky ones, some were Ma-

rines from Barstow. Major Ray H. Bishop, the center's Industrial Relations Officer, holds a partnership on six claims in the Ord Mountain range with Paul Luck and John Mathias, Civil Service employees. Captain Jesse R. Collins, formerly of the Adjutant's section, has four claims and Master Sergeant John C. Snodgrass, NCO-in-Charge of the Daggett Annex, has three. Their success came the hard way. For

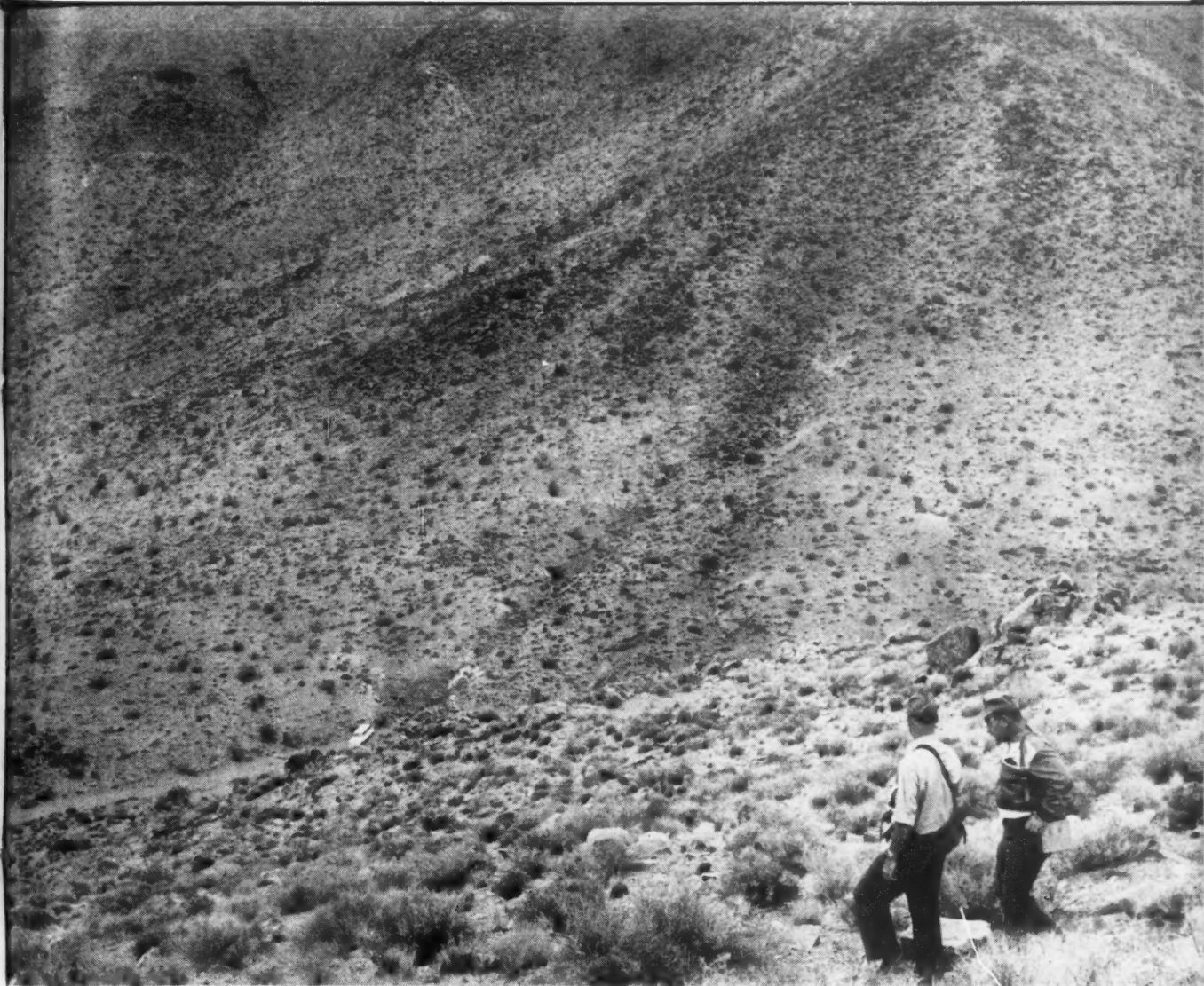
each it meant many long, tiresome hours of prospecting in the Mojave Desert and surrounding mountains. Their backs had become sore from swinging pickaxes against solid rock, they had fought off thirst and heat exhaustion in 100-degree temperatures, and they had skirmished with the desert's deadly rattlesnakes.

Was it worthwhile?

As yet, they can't be sure, but at least their claims have been filed. And the uranium fever is subsiding.

Of the Barstow "rock hounds," Major Bishop and his partners are perhaps closest to the ultimate goal of cashing in. Bordering their claims is another potentially rich strike which has interested the Atomic Energy Commission and private business. Meanwhile, the major and his friends are content to sit tight. "Just to see what





"There's uranium in them thar hills." That's what Major Bishop and MSgt. Snodgrass hope. The

climb to the diggings is a one-mile perpendicular hike over loose shale. Rattlesnakes are a hazard



happens." They're not apprehensive, but by way of adding a clincher, they call their claim the Lucky Luck Mine.

Uranium prospectors have one advantage over those who seek other minerals. Fortunately, uranium emits a ray which can be detected by a Geiger counter or a scintillator. Because of this relatively simple operation, thousands of "prospectors" have tried to capitalize on the AEC's guarantee of a minimum price schedule designed to stimulate the discovery and production of uranium. A bonus offer of \$10,000 for the first 20 tons of ore assaying 20 percent or more uranium from a single mine is encouraging, indeed.

**TURN PAGE**

◀ Major Bishop showed Snodgrass where the water hole was located





### ROCK HOUNDS (cont.)

"There are three time-consuming phases a prospector must go through in order to reach his ultimate goal," Major Bishop revealed. "They are discovery, exploration and mining. It takes many dollars to get into the mining phase, and this final step is the backbreaker which causes most prospectors to lose interest before their dreams are realized."

And there are other problems, which the major pointed out.

"We made two other rich finds before we laid claim to the Lucky Luck and five other mines, but each time the land we thought would be ours, turned out to be ground already claimed. A search of county records revealed our first error and at the second location we found a note which said, 'Get the hell off our claim.' We figured they meant business. . . ."

The Lucky Luck Mine sits on top of a mountain, overlooking gullies, barren sand, ground turned by recent flash floods, cactus and age-old volcanic mounds of earth. The snow-capped peak of Big Bear Mountain stands guard, 75 miles away.

Despite its 6000-foot elevation, the mine is accessible. It's five miles from the nearest road, but a car can easily cover four-fifths of the distance. The remaining mile is a little rougher; it's straight up a shale-covered mountain slope.

To lay claim to their mines, Major Bishop and his partners spent many week ends measuring off the property, erecting four-foot center monuments to enclose their claim papers, building boundary markers, and digging holes through solid rock to expose mineral veins. Using only hand tools, it gets



MSgt. Snodgrass (L) inspected the four-foot claim monument spotted in exact center of Major Bishop's 22-acre, mile-high Lucky Luck Mine

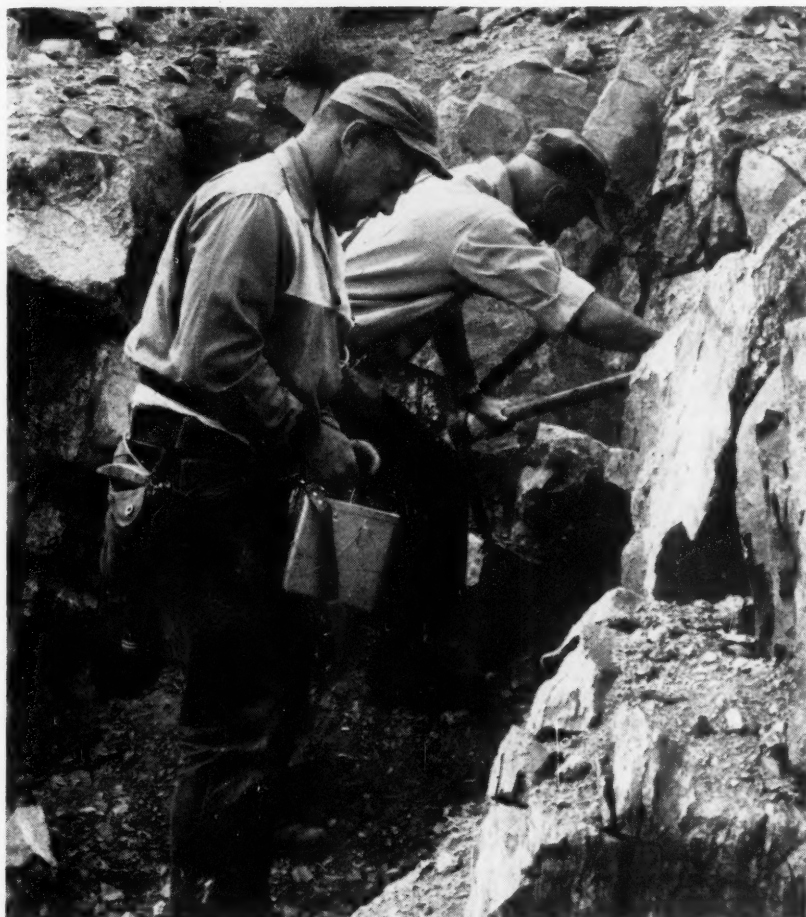
to be a little on the rough side. In order to "hand-steel" a 15-inch hole in solid rock, the prospector can figure on spending at least four hours with a steel bit and a sledge hammer. After the holes are drilled, they are dynamited to break up the rock. Prospectors call this operation, drill, blast and muck—and there is no time for wasted motion. California mining laws allow only 90 days for discovery work.

The same procedure was followed on each of their claims, and they always

managed to beat the 90-day deadline. Failure would have meant forfeiture of the claim, then others could have filed on it. Although it only costs one dollar to register a claim, the owner must invest \$100 worth of assessment work each year for the succeeding five years. After that, the property is his for life.

"It's ticklish business when you have to lug dynamite, digging tools, and other gear up a mountain," Major Bishop professed. But if you wind up at the foot of the rainbow, you forget





A jumping scintillator needle told MSgt. Snodgrass that the major's mine has a great potential. The solid rock yields slowly to the pick

about the hardships. The major was consoled when recent laboratory assays indicated there is more than just uranium in the vicinity of the Lucky Luck Mine. According to the lab report, there are varying quantities of: aluminum, gold, magnesium, iron, calcium, sodium, potassium, lead, tin, manganese, copper, zinc, titanium, thorium and uranium. The uranium content, however, is above the commercial mining level of acceptability, and is only a half-mile away. A 10 percent share has been sold to outside interests for \$30,000 and the uranium veins seem to be leading into the Lucky Luck strike.

MSgt. Snodgrass, anticipating a routine transfer to I-I duty at Yakima, Wash., planned to sell two of his mines before leaving Barstow. He'll keep the third one, which is located in the Sidewinder Mountains, 18 miles south of the Supply Center.

Prior to his arrival at Barstow, "Snod" was a tenderfoot as far as the desert was concerned. But he got checked out in a hurry when the uranium fever hit. Since then, he has spent most of his free moments examining the Ord Mountains and Mojave Desert, stone by stone.

While Barstow rock hounds admit they haven't yet made a fortune, they've at least had fun trying out the old-time prospectors' claim that "gold is where you find it."

There's no one squawking about the fact they found uranium, instead. **END**



MSgt. Snodgrass carries a stone hammer while searching for precious gems to mount in jewelry



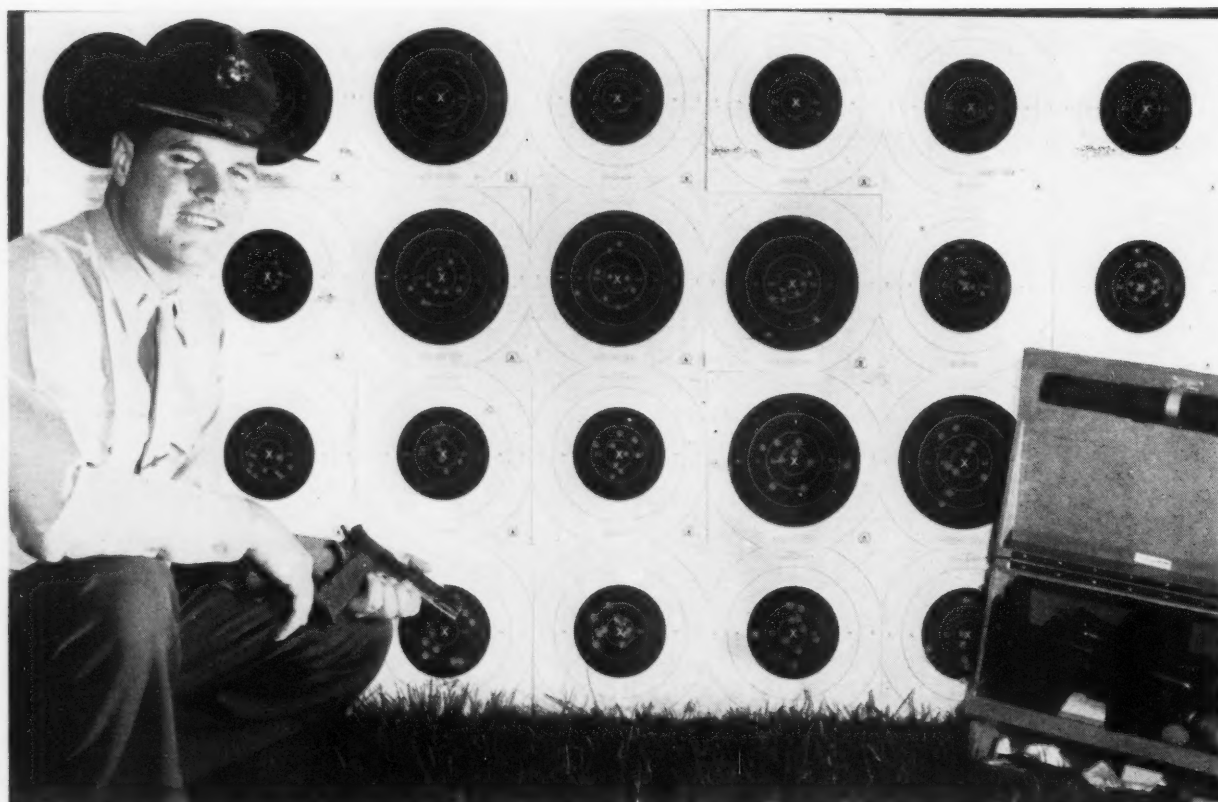
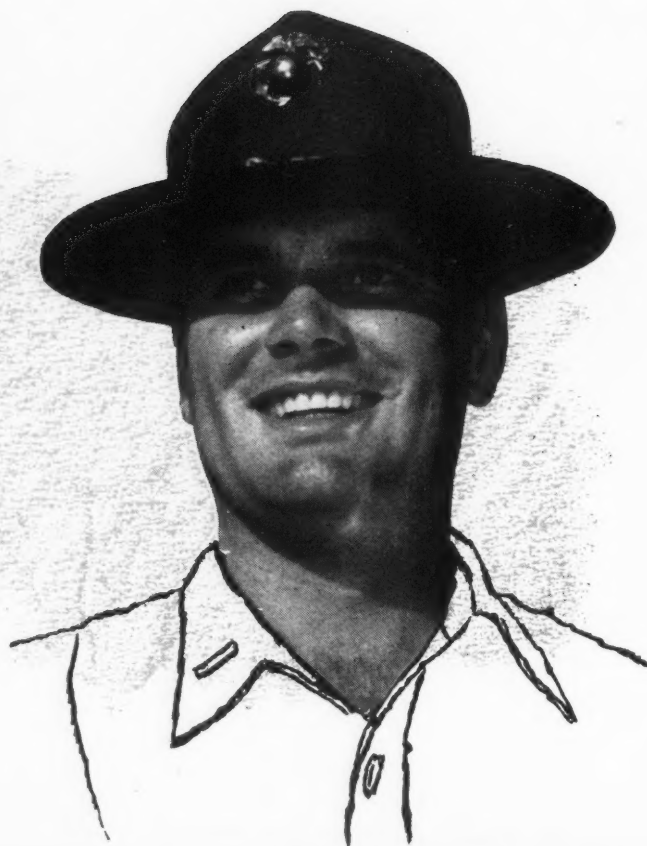
The sergeant used a highly sensitive scintillator to record the radioactivity of a rock found in the mine



# RECORD SHOT

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by  
MSgt. H. B. Wells  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Hundreds of bull's-eyes have been mutilated by Lt. McMullan since he began shooting the pistol in 1949.

He's blasted targets from Quantico, Va., to Helsinki, Finland, where he placed in the 1952 Olympic shoot



## McMillan once dodged a "brass"

detail; became our best pistol shooter

**O**N APRIL 7, AT the San Diego, Calif., police pistol range, the last loud report to fade from the firing line was lost in the excitement triggered by First Lieutenant William W. McMillan. The 28-year-old Marine had accomplished what pistol patriarchs consider impossible. He had set a new national pistol record of 2645x2700, one point better than the previous mark holed by Army Master Sergeant Huelet Benner in 1951. And while Benner's score, according to veteran pistoliers, would never be surpassed, it stood for six years. McMillan's record—definitely "unbeatable" the same expert gentlemen agreed—had a much shorter span. It lasted less than a month. On May 4, at the same range, McMillan blazed a grand aggregate of 2648x2700, topping his own old-new record by a sensational three points!

McMillan himself isn't positive which of the two remarkable performances gave him the most pleasure. Shooting records are highly prized by Marines, exceeded in value only by the Corps' battle accomplishments of the last 181 years. He was "real tickled" to bring the pistol record into the fold in the first of the two shoots. Real tickled, too, to have bettered that feat so convincingly. However, he is certain of this much—he didn't begin either match with the idea of setting any records.

In the two Southland Pistol Matches dominated by McMillan, competitors fired the national match course. That route consists of 20 rounds of slow fire at 50 yards—10 rounds off in 10 minutes, repeated for a possible 200; 20 rounds of timed fire—five rounds off in 25 seconds, four "strings" of five rounds, possible, 200; 20 rounds of rapid fire at the same distance—five shots off in 10 seconds, repeated four times for a 200 possible, and 10 rounds each of slow fire at 50 yards, timed fire and rapid fire at 25 yards for a possible 300. Possible: 900—fired in turn with .22; .38 and .45 caliber pistols for a possible 2700 three-gun aggregate. It's a rough grind on any day. When McMillan broke Benner's score, the day was dark and overcast. While everything felt good, he—and most of the other shooters—complained about the light. Oddly, the shooting was better-than-average all along the line. Big Bill knocked off his gum-beating after a bit, though.

"Kept getting 10s, so I figured I better keep my mouth shut," he said. His .22 caliber aggregate was 890x900—three points off the record but enough to take the match mark for that weapon.

With the .38, he again fell short of the aggregate record by three points, firing a surprising 882x900. Surprising, because he thought he had an 887. On one string he had failed to scope the target before shooting—an expensive oversight but he felt none the worse for it at the time. It wasn't until he was nearing the end of his .45 firing that he knew he had a chance for the record. Once he realized it, the lieutenant figures he did the worst thing possible—he started thinking about it. As the mental strain rose at the end, his score dropped—six points on the last string for an 873x900. During a Los Angeles match, he'd once fired an 874. He was satisfied with the '73. It made his grand aggregate the highest ever shot.

The police confiscated the targets he had shot up—and they've been posted

AT PRESS TIME, *Leatherneck* learned that Lt. McMillan outfired Army MSgt. Huelet L. Benner, 2612 to 2610, to win the National Pistol Championship, at Camp Perry, Ohio.

at the range for the benefit of shooting admirers. The McMillans celebrated that evening with pizzas and beer.

In recognition of the new record, the National Rifle Association—custodian of shooting statistics in the United States—presented McMillan with a .45 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver. Lieutenant General Floyd L. Parks, USA (Ret.) president of the NRA, made the award at the Southland Shooting Match the following month. The handsome match pistol came as a surprise to McMillan. He had figured there might have been a trophy forthcoming but nothing more.

"It made me feel real good," the lieutenant has a habit of remarking each time he handles the gift. Exactly how good was evident when that shoot ended and McMillan had pushed the score another three points higher.

The weather for that meet was much

TURN PAGE



Lt. McMillan uses a .38 Colt Officers' Model Special revolver, a .45 cal. Colt Service Model, and a borrowed .22 Hi-Standard Supermatic



## RECORD SHOT (cont.)

better; more like the balmy days famous to San Diego. "Light was perfect, weather was perfect. Everything was 100 percent better," McMillan said. He hadn't thought about breaking his own achievement but knew he was in for a good score. When he was down to his last 20 rounds at 25 yards, he knew there was a chance. His last 10 shots were all 10s.

Aggregate scores for the three guns that day were 888x900 on the .22; 880x900 on the .38 and 880x900 on the .45—a grand aggregate of 2648x2700. The new record almost never came off, though. During one event in the "no-alibi" match, he had a jam but oil, hurriedly poured on the slide, took care of it and he went on firing.

After breaking the record initially, the lieutenant had been the target of some good-natured chiding from his comrades at Camp Matthews where the Marksmanship Training Unit is based. After the second shoot, they ceased ribbing him as "Lucky." Twenty-six-forty-eight, amazing in any shooter's scorebook, is, perhaps, even more so in McMillan's case. He began his association with the pistol merely to get out of policing brass on the rifle range.

That was in 1949, a year after he had re-entered the Corps after a short hitch on the "outside." While stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, he signed up

with the Marine Barracks rifle team and tripped to Quantico for the Eastern Division Matches that year. Other than a little rabbit hunting around hometown Turtle Creek, Pa., he hadn't done any shooting to speak of before enlisting in 1946. That was quite evident when the matches ended.

"I didn't get zilch with the rifle," he recalled. "But I got a first gold with the pistol. First time I'd tried it, too. But it was either fire the pistol in the afternoon or pick up brass."

And, he admits, he had the average Marine's disdain for work details.

McMillan picked up another "leg" toward becoming a distinguished pistol shooter in the Marine Corps Matches which followed the Eastern Division shoot. When he returned to the range wars the next year, he was a member of Quantico's pistol team. Between matches, he coached on the rifle range, but the acquaintance with hand guns never diminished. Rather, it grew steadily, with each new shoot seemingly holding a higher reward than the one preceding it.

A large part of his attention for the next few years was deployed toward anti-tank guns—first at Camp Pendleton's Tent Camp #2, later in Korea. In 1952, he shot his way aboard the United States Olympic team, finishing seventh in the rapid fire event, at Helsinki, Finland. Two weeks prior to that, he had copped the championship badge match at Oslo, Norway, during the International World Matches held



McMillan drew a target prior to a three-times-a-week practice session



When McMillan shoots a pistol, there's always an audience. Lt. M. Warholak, TSgt. J. Zahm and Capt. H. Witkowski (L to R) watched

there. He was also a member of the four-man team which set records in .22 and .38 caliber matches during the Internationals.

Commissioned in 1953, he went from Basic School at Quantico to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot at Parris Island, S. C. His prowess improved along the way. The "way" for a match shooter can be world-wide. There's plenty of travel involved.

In 1954, the International World Matches were held at Caracas, Venezuela. The big event for McMillan was the "Host Match." Each country where the shooting is staged is entitled to designate one event of its choice as the Host Match. He won Venezuela's. The following year he participated in the Pan-American Games.

There's also plenty of traveling within the continental limits for match shooters. In 1950, he was a member of the Quantico team which won close to 50 straight matches up and down the East Coast. Since its inception last October, MTU has been journeying throughout the southwest on week ends, leaving a path of new records wherever it aims in. McMillan has been leading the way with the pistol. He won the Arizona pistol championship recently and set two range records while doing it. He took the championship with a 2671x



2700 and became the world record holder of the 20-shot timed fire event with a 200x200—a possible. He also nailed the .38 caliber event with a 297x300.

In the Flamingo pistol competition in Florida, he became the 13th man to enter the charmed circle of 2600 shooters. The 2600 Club is the pistolers' equivalent of the four-minute mile. In 1950, only four shooters had ever fired that high but like the mile, once the barrier was broken, others followed. The club has approximately two dozen members nowadays. When McMillan joined the elite club, his 2603 was only good enough for third place in Flamingo. Benner won the match with Elmer Hilden, of the Border Patrol, in second place.

The new champ insists that weapons, ammo — and shooters — are constantly improving. The day McMillan lifted Benner's record, the three shooters behind him were across the 2600 line. John Hurst, of the Los Angeles police department posted a 2633; Hilden, a 2621, and Technical Sergeant Fred Filkins, of MTU, a 2620.

McMillan likes his hand guns in this order: .45; .38 and .22. He uses standard grips, although his .38 Colt Officers Model Special revolver has been embellished with black friction tape for a better grip. He also uses a borrowed .22 Hi-Standard Supermatic and a .45 Colt Service Model with K-38 Smith and Wesson sights. Nothing fancy, even in the ammunition

department. He shoots factory commercial ammo.

He no longer gets "zilch" with the rifle—he's distinguished in both and took the Lauchheimer Trophy in 1955 to prove it.

The "coveted" Lauchheimer Trophy is awarded to the Marine who fires the highest combined total score in both rifle and pistol competition during the Marine Corps Matches. McMillan shot 576x600 with the M-1—a new record—and 547x600 with the pistol to establish a new trophy mark of 1123, three more than the old Lauchheimer high. Had he bagged four more counters with the pistol, McMillan would have become the first Marine to earn the trophy by winning both the rifle and pistol events.

Last year, at Camp Perry, Ohio, annually the scene of the National Matches—the World Series of the shooting fraternity—McMillan rewrote the record books. He won the National Trophy Individual Pistol Match and set a new 291x300 record in doing it; fired top score in the National Trophy Team Match, won the Any Center Fire Pistol Championship and the International Rapid Fire Silhouette Match and the .45 Caliber Timed Fire Match.

He departed Camp Perry with a large amount of loot. He received the General Custer Trophy for the first above-mentioned event, the Military Police Competition Trophy for the second, the Clark Trophy for the third and a pile of NRA silverware for the last two. The haul caused a bit of con-

sternation in the McMillan household at Pacific Beach, near San Diego. Three large cartons of silver bowls, steins, plates, platters and assorted trophies collected in previous shoots had already overloaded the premises.

Local matches now offer medals or coupons redeemable for merchandise and the lieutenant now accepts the latter. With a collection of more than 200 medals for shooting, he's glad to get the coupons, which he trades in for camera equipment. "Wild Bill" McMillan, born March 17, 1956, at Parris Island, and Mary (Mrs. McMillan) are favorite subjects.

While firing with Quantico during Basic School training, McMillan met Mr. Melwood Van Scoyoc, from the Washington, D.C., Pistol Club, through other Marine shooters. The lieutenant met Mary via her dad. Mary became Mrs. McMillan in January, 1954.

Mary "plinks" as Bill describes it. He keeps a tight rein on her shooting for fear "she might outshoot me."

The lieutenant likes to claim he forgets about shooting when he leaves the range but that isn't exactly true according to his taste in television. Favorite programs are *Gunsmoke*, *Cheyenne* and *Wyatt Earp*! But unlike some shooters who expend a case of ammo a day to stay in shape, McMillan practices only three days a week when he's got a match pending. Pistol shooting, he believes, is 80 percent mental, anyway. A tremendous amount of natural ability (continued on page 94)



An NRA award pistol was shown to Lt. Col. J. Chambers. The same day, "Mac" fired 2648x2700



A carton of trophy silverware couldn't be sorted without young "Wild Bill" McMillan's valuable aid



# Leatherneck

## SALUTES . . . Sgt. Maj. Austin J. Ross

**Ross enlisted in the Navy  
in May, 1917. In December, 1920,  
he switched to the Corps**

**O**N FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, a special sunset parade at the Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Base, Norfolk, Va., honored Sergeant Major Austin J. Ross, USMC, the Marine Corps' senior enlisted man in years of service.

Ross, who is also the number one Marine in lineal precedence, was promoted to Sergeant Major, the recently restored enlisted rank of precedence, honor and prestige. Lieutenant General R. A. Robinson, USMC, Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, U. S. Atlantic Fleet, reviewed the ceremony along with an honorary group of senior enlisted personnel from the various Marine Corps commands in the Norfolk area.

Ross first enlisted in the Naval Service in May, 1917. In December, 1920, he switched from the Navy to the Marine Corps, where he has served during the past 37 years.

He was previously appointed Sergeant Major in November, 1940, and held that position until 1946, when the rank was abolished. The title, which identifies Ross as the senior enlisted assistant to his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel L. W. Smith, Jr., Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Base, Norfolk, was re-established last year.

Early in his career, Ross was making a name for himself in the field of sports. In 1922, while he was assigned to the old Third Company at Quantico,

Va., he was an active member of the football team, a top squad of the early twenties.

After duty at Quantico, Ross was transferred to the West Coast, where for three years he was a star first baseman for the Marine baseball team at Mare Island. In 1926, he was sent to Peking, China and from there to Tientsin. In 1928, he returned to the States and was again assigned to Mare Island where he both captained and managed the baseball team.

The early '30s found him in Cavite, Shanghai, Olongapo and back at Quantico, and from 1937 to 1941, he again served in Shanghai. He was active in sports at nearly every station where he served.

After leaving China, Ross reported to Quantico, and then to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. From there he went to Camp Lejeune, N. C., then to Crane, Ind., and to Port Lyautey in January, 1953. Prior to reporting to the Marine Barracks, Norfolk, last year, he was



*Photo by MSgt. Paul Sarokin*

**Sergeant Major Austin J. Ross, with 40 years  
of military service, holds precedence number one**

assigned to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot at Parris Island, S. C.

Although 1957 doesn't find Ross swinging a bat or fighting to win on the gridiron, he still displays a keen interest in physical fitness and good sportsmanship while coaching the Marine Barracks varsity baseball team.

The 57-year-old Marine, who has almost 40 years of active military duty to his credit, is a native of San Francisco, Calif. He is married to the former Miss Eris S. Pouleris, of Baltimore, Md. Sergeant Major and Mrs. Ross are the parents of one son, Derby J., and twin daughters, Eris and Iris.

**END**



## SOUND OFF

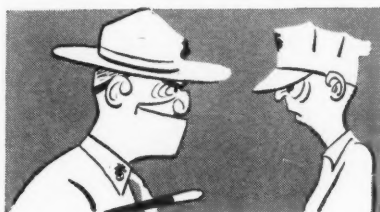
[continued from page 13]

SSAFA Searchlight Tattoo at White City Stadium, in London. This Air Force band has appeared at the White City Tattoo since that time.

Last year, for a part of the tattoo, the U. S. Air Force Drum and Bugle Corps from Bolling Field, Washington, D. C., also appeared at White City.

Henry I. Shaw, Jr.  
17 Tuckerman St., N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

● Thanks for the information, Mr. Shaw.—Ed.



### YOU . . . A D. I.?

Dear Sir:

This letter wouldn't be written if your magazine didn't have such a high standard of getting all the facts straight.

In the July issue you printed a splendid article concerning the D. I. School at Parris Island. Having been a D. I. and an instructor at the school prior to my present assignment to recruiting duty, I read the article with more than a passing interest. Two errors came to light, however. First, the article stated that with the exception of Technical Sergeant Skinner, all the instructors had spent years instructing recruits. You overlooked Technical Sergeant Lyday. He, too, was retained at D. I. School as an instructor, due to his exceptionally high marks, his leadership ability and his profound knowledge of the drill.

Second, you stated that TSgt. Skinner was retained due to his knowledge of the eight-man squad drill which was just being introduced when he went through the school. I think you will find that the eight-man squad drill had been taught for approximately two years prior to TSgt. Skinner's arrival. TSgt. Skinner was familiar with the Marine Corps Drill (13-man) when he arrived at the school.

All the instructors at the school are, without a doubt, the finest group of staff noncommissioned officers in the

Marine Corps, and I'll argue the point with anyone. It was a distinct pleasure for me to have been associated with them.

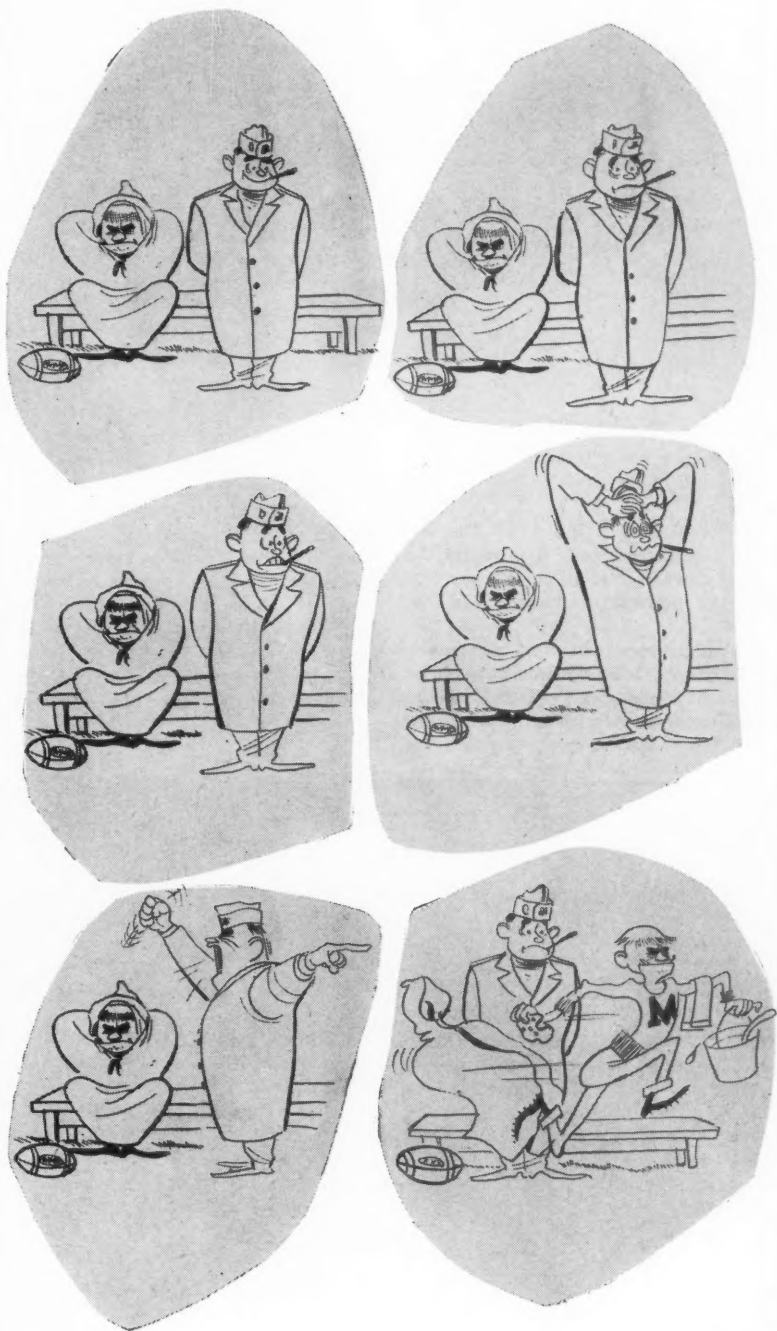
TSgt. Donald E. Guard  
Marine Corps Sub-District  
Recruiting Sta.

Columbus, Ind.

● Sound off Editor Curtis apologizes for Leatherneck Staff Writer Curtis and the errors which you uncovered in "You . . . A. D. I.?" While TSgt. Lyday was on hand and available for interview, we did not talk with him as extensively as the other instructors.

—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85)



Leatherneck Magazine



# In Reserve



Edited by TSgt. Allen G. Mainard

## "Aggressors"

The 76th Special Infantry Company, Steubenville, Ohio, has its own aggressor force.

Conceived and manned by the Inspector-Instructor staff, it provides the company with a realistic "enemy" to form the opposition during field exercises.

The aggressors' uniforms are easily distinguished from Marine Corps gear since they consist of old Navy dungarees dyed black, with red collar

and shoulder patches. The collar patches signify the unit's "Regimental" number while the shoulder patches denote each person's rank.

Members of the staff made the uniforms and fashioned black aggressor helmets with a wooden ridge down the middle. The force consists of one lieutenant, two sergeants, a lance corporal and two privates. They are "armed" with Springfield rifles and a water-cooled machine gun mounted on wheels.

Fourth District Newsletter  
Philadelphia, Pa.



Official USMC Photo

Sgt. Shirley Traylor received her certificate from Brig. Gen. Victor Krulak upon completing the Women Marine Officer's Junior Course



Official USMC Photo

Capt. S. Olmstead escorted '57 Miss America, Marion McKnight

## Reserve Hero

Pfc I. W. Washington, 1st Cargo Co., Houston, Texas, recently saved six small children from their burning home during the absence of their mother.

Returning from a drive-in theater, the 18-year-old Reservist noticed the fire and immediately went to the rescue. Unable to break down the door, Washington entered a window and brought out six youngsters.

Thinking there were more children upstairs, Washington ran topside and was almost overcome by smoke. He blacked out as he was going downstairs and an unidentified serviceman rescued him.

Pfc Washington has been a member of the 1st Cargo Company, since May, 1956.

1st Cargo Company  
Houston, Texas





Reservists at TTU, Little Creek, felt that TSgt. William Daum's pup, Corky, had mastered the moods and expressions of a typical sergeant



"Smells like beans for chow."



"Which way's the main gate?"



"I heard that remark, Boot!"

### New Medal

Four hundred and thirty Marine Corps Reservists are due to receive official honors for service before June, 1958, according to estimates at Headquarters, Marine Corps.

Each member of this group will receive either a medal or a ribbon for his service contribution. More than half the medals to be awarded will be Organized Marine Corps Reserve Medals. Twenty Reservists are entitled to Armed Forces Reserve Medals and 160 will be presented Marine Corps Reserve Ribbons.

The Organized Reserve Medal is presented to any Marine Corps Reservist who, within any four-year period of service, attends four annual field training periods with an organized unit and also attends 80 percent of all drills for four years.

The Armed Forces Reserve Medal is a comparative newcomer. The 13-stripe buff and blue ribbon was authorized by the President in September, 1950. Colonel Charles H. Cox, holder of all three Reserve service awards, was the first Marine to receive the ribbon.

MSgt. Robert W. Tallent, USMCR

### New Status

The Spokane, Wash., Air Reservists realized their big ambition recently when their unit was authorized full squadron status by Brigadier General Frank C. Croft, Commander, Marine Air Reserve Training.

The unit was attending annual training maneuvers at Cherry Point, N.C., when the authorization came through.

The organization had been a sub-unit of VMF-216 since its activation in June, 1952. In its new status, the Spokane unit has been designated VMF-541. The squadron flies F9F Cougar jets. The original 541 had an outstanding record in the Pacific during WW II.

Informational Services Office  
MCAS, Cherry Point, N.C.

### Scholarship

Captain Alvin Marks, administrative officer of the Reserve Liaison Section at MCB, 29 Palms, Calif., has been awarded a National Institute of Mental Health Fellowship to the University of Southern California.

Basis for the Fellowship is his unusual research ability and promise in the field of mental health. Capt. Marks completed a graduate year of research in experimental psycho-pathology. His work has concerned the problem of equating the effect of psychological stress with physiological stress. Such research could help to clarify the "brain washing" picture, and provide reasons for mental breakdown during combat.

Reserve Liaison Training Section  
MCB, 29 Palms, Calif.

END



# We-the Marines

Edited by

MSgt. Paul Sarokin



Photo by SSgt. W. Neel  
Colonel L. Walt (L) was congratulated by Gen. J. Keating (ret.), after being elected President of the 1stMarDiv Assoc., at Chicago reunion

## A Life is Saved

Marines and sailors recently teamed up to help save the life of a Japanese laborer at a small village hospital in Japan.

Kenichi Shio was in the Otake City Hospital near the Naval Air Station, Iwakuni. Doctors placed him on the critical list because of a gangrene infection. To save him, they needed an antigangrene serum. But their hospital

had none. An urgent request for the life-saving serum went out to the Navy at Iwakuni. Their supplies were depleted too. Next, the Navy hospital at Yokosuka was contacted. In minutes, the serum was on its way.

A Navy helicopter sped the serum to Atsugi where an F3D Skynight jet from MAG-11 stood by for the second lap to Iwakuni. It made the usual hour and a half run in less than 55 minutes. The plane was piloted by

First Lieutenant Theodore Chambon, of Palos Heights, Ill. His Airborne Radar Operator was Staff Sergeant James J. Schreiner, of Columbus, Ohio.

Today, Kenichi Shio is back on his job, thanks to some swift cooperation between Japanese and American doctors, and the Navy and Marine Corps.

TSgt. Ed Barnum  
ISO 1st MAW

## PI Revisited

A former Marine, who helped build the Parris Island causeway 29 years ago, recently visited the Recruit Depot to see how things are coming along. At the end of his visit, he expressed his approval by saying, "What I've seen here today convinces me that the Marine Corps is still training the finest fighting men in the world."

Mr. John Dunn of Savannah, Ga., went through boot camp at PI in 1927, and was then assigned to the rifle range as a coach. The following year, he and three other Marines were ordered to supervise the construction of the new causeway.

As a Pfc in 1928, Mr. Dunn recalled that he also operated a gasoline locomotive when PI was designated a Naval Disciplinary Barracks.

"Three other Marines and I supervised two or three hundred military prisoners who worked on the causeway leading to PI."

Since the post was established in 1891, until 1929, when the Horse Island bridge was completed, all transportation to the island was carried on by a "kicker" which operated between the docks near the Lyceum and Port Royal.

Mr. Dunn recalled that the water transportation era went out in 1929 when the causeway was completed. That marked the end of an era.

As Mr. Dunn and his family left Parris Island, following their visit, he remarked, "It was one of the greatest thrills of my life to revisit here."

TSgt. Jack Sheehan  
ISO PI





Official USMC Photo  
John Dunn, of Savannah, Ga., checked his marksmanship with Lt. W. Royston, Jr., at P.I. Mr. Dunn went through boot camp in 1927



Photo by Sgt. R. E. Wilson  
Sgt. R. J. Ippoliti posed with his prize-winning oil painting

### "Trapeze" Artist

When Sergeant Ralph J. Ippoliti started painting pictures less than two years ago, he had only one thought in mind: to find a hobby which would help fill his off-duty hours while he completed his overseas tour in Japan.

Under the name "Rippe," Ippoliti entered his oil painting entitled "Trapeze," in the 7th Fujisawa City Art Exhibit. It competed against 2000

photographs, drawings, paintings and floral arrangements. Sgt. Ippoliti's "Trapeze" was judged the best in its group and won the Peach Blossom Award, one of the eight awards made during the exhibition.

According to the judges, Ippoliti's award marked the first time a "foreigner" had won a prize in the Fujisawa City Exhibit.

TSgt. Ed Barnum  
ISO 1st MAW

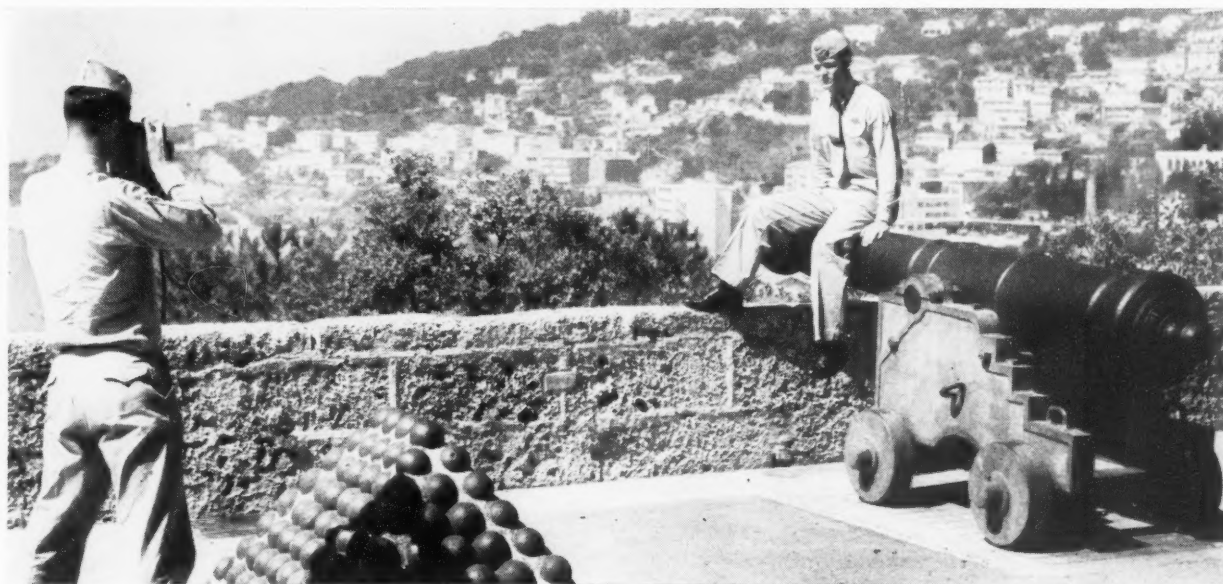
### Corps' Best

Camp Pendleton's weekly newspaper, *The Scout*, has won its third Marine Corps Journalism award.

The annual prize, presented to the outstanding Marine Corps post newspaper, also went to *The Scout* in 1953-54. The *Camp Lejeune Globe* was adjudged best in 1955-56.

Newspapers were considered on the basis of promoting efficiency, content-

TURN PAGE



Pfc James S. Dettlinger snapped a photograph of Pfc Leon M. Doerr, with the scenic kingdom of

Monaco serving as a backdrop. They visited the Riviera while serving with the Second Regiment





Official USMC Photo  
Medal of Honor winner, SSgt. A. McLaughlin, and Miss Savannah publicized Beaufort's water festival



Official USMC Photo  
SSgt. C. Ramsay (R) helped Cook County Sheriff J. Lohman destroy a narcotics field near Chicago

## WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

ment and welfare aboard their station. They were also judged in general news coverage, informational value, quality of writing, format and use of photo-

graphs and service rendered to Marines.

Fifteen newspapers competed for the award. A board headed by Colonel Donald L. Dickson, Editor and Publisher of *Leatherneck Magazine*, voted *The Scout* first place.

The paper is edited by Master Sergeant Eddie Green.

## Charge

Four combat-clad Marines wielded their flamethrowers against an unusual target recently when they helped Cook County Sheriff Joseph Lohman and his deputies destroy a marijuana field on Chicago's southwest side. The nar-



Determined Marines of the 2d Bn., Ninth Regiment, plodded along the Yoshida trail, past station seven,

en route to conquering snow-capped Mount Fuji. The famous Japanese landmark is 12,365 feet high

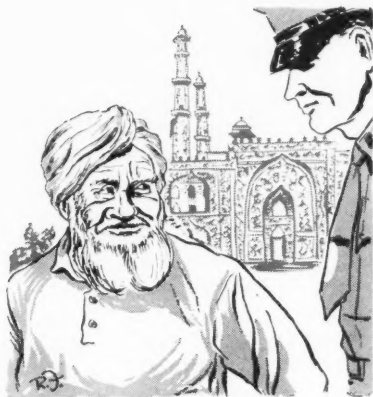


cotics were estimated to have a value of \$500,000 in the underworld.

Technical Sergeant Marvin A. Delgado and Sergeant John W. Everett of the Inspector-Instructor Staff of Evanston's 18th Special Infantry Co., USMCR, and Staff Sergeants Charles J. Ramsay and Donald L. Dolan of the I-I staff at Gary, Ind., were behind the flamethrowers.

This was the second time in three years that Chicago Marines have been called upon to aid in destroying narcotic crops. In 1955, \$200,000 worth of the narcotic was destroyed at another location.

MSgt. A. A. Slocumb  
ISO, Chicago, Ill.



### India Duty

Sergeant Hubert R. Turpin is now a Marine recruiter at Clarksburg, W. Va. Two years ago he served with the security guard detachment at the American Consulate in Madras, India. While in the ancient country, he not only learned the Indian language: he also made several staunch friends. Turpin parlayed his knowledge and friendliness to become a popular, self-styled "ambassador."

At Bangalore, a town 200 miles north of Madras he was at his best. The people were friendly and the town seemed quite cordial. He later married one of the city's attractive residents, Gean Florence Allen, an Anglo-Indian-Irish lass. He also formed a fast friendship with Ramaswami Chetanad, one of India's wealthiest young Maharajas, who holds vast coffee, cashew nut and tea plantations. It was only a matter of time until the potentate offered Turpin a position as overseer. The overwhelmed sergeant had to take a raincheck. He plans to use it, though, when he's 37 and retires from the Corps.

For the present however, the Turpins and their dreams are at home in a Clarksburg house trailer. . . waiting.

HQMC  
DivInfo  
END

## JULY CRAZY CAPTION WINNER



SUBMITTED BY  
Pfc L. A. Wood  
Ward 30-A  
U.S.N.H.  
Camp Pendleton, Calif.



"Just how far south did your  
patrol go, Dixon?"

Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay \$25 for the craziest caption received before December 1. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the cartoon below, print it on the line under the cartoon and fill in your name and complete address. Tear out the cartoon and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the January, 1958, issue.



NAME .....

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

1057



# SPORT SHORTS

by MSgt. Woody Jones  
Leatherneck Staff Writer



TSgt. **Pat Donahue**, H&S Co., Fourth Marine Regiment, competed in the Oahu (Hawaii) Championship Rodeo, pocketed \$524.85 as the top money winner . . . **Jim Donnelly**, now a pitcher for the Second Marine Division, Marine Corps Base, Camp Lejeune, N. C., team, was named on an all-star high school squad picked last year by the *New York Journal-American* . . . Capt. **Guy Miller**, USMCR, defeated **R. N. Johnson**, 6-1, 6-0, for the tennis singles title at the Naval Amphibious Base, Coronado, Calif.

Lt. **William W. McMillan, Jr.**, Marine Corps Marksmanship Training Unit, shot a 2652 x 2700 score to break the national pistol open aggregate record for the third time in as many months, while competing in a National Rifle Association-sponsored match at San Diego, Calif. . . . **Bob Gutowski**, Occidental College (Calif.) student who cleared 15 feet, 8 1/4 inches to break **Cornelius "Dutch" Warmerdam's** long-standing outdoor pole vault mark, is a member of the

Marine Corps Platoon Leaders Class program, attended Summer training at Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va.

Marine Reservist **Jack Nichols**, center and forward for the professional basketball champions, the Boston Celtics, is scheduled to graduate from the School of Dentistry, Tufts College, Medford, Mass., in 1958. While on active duty a few years ago, Nichols starred at Quantico, later Camp Lejeune . . . **Helen**, wife of Marine Major **Alfred Thomas**, has voluntarily, and without pay, taught hundreds of children to swim at Marine Corps Base, Camp Pendleton, Calif. She was a member of the 1940 U. S. Olympic team.

**Ron Perry**, Hawaii Marine baseball pitcher, had, at last reports, won 22 games. His 21st win broke a league record set four years ago by **Gordon Jones**, of the Hawaii Coast Guard team . . . **Don Neidringhaus**, former catcher for Quantico and Pearl Harbor Marine baseball teams, is employed by a construction firm in the Washington, D. C., area.

**Joe Bell**, who fanned 20 of 23 batsmen, was the third Camp Lejeune Little League pitcher credited with a no-hit game this year . . . Major **Marvin M. Hewlett** (Auburn) is the new Hawaii Marine football coach . . . Lt. **James Fraser**, MSgt. **John Goodfellow**, MSgt. **Robert Pow**, TSgt. **William Gibson** and Sgt. **L. W. Frair** are members of the Miami Marine Corps Air Station pistol team which has won the Coral Gables (Fla.) Police Pistol Club matches, monthly affairs, 10 consecutive times.

MSgt. **George Williams**, Second Division, was elected president of the new Camp Lejeune Rifle and Pistol Club . . . Lt. **G. H. Fairbanks**, Sgts. **Lena Morsdorf** and **Helen Wolfe**, Cpl. **Jean Josephson**, and Pfc. **Lois Colhoff**, **Mary Dodd** and **Dorothy Lund** were members of a Woman Marine swimming team from the Supply Forwarding Annex, San Francisco, which finished second in the 12th Naval District Swimming Championships, Treasure Island, Calif.

At the Cherry Point, N. C., Marine Corps Air Station, the pitching of "Tim" **Timmons** and the hitting of shortstop "Memphis" **Martin** enabled H&MC-35 to defeat MABS-27 for the station intramural softball title . . . Cpl. **John Boyd** pitched his fourth no-hit game of the season, as the Hawaii Marine softball team defeated Pearl Harbor Naval Base, 10-0 . . . The Second Marine Division baseball team finally began to win, stopped two strong teams, the Norfolk Tars and the Norfolk Naval Air Station.

Cpl. **Jerry Davis**, San Diego sports photographer, was discharged, planned to study law at the University of Oregon . . . The First Marine Aircraft Wing, for the first time since arriving in the Far East in 1950, will have a varsity basketball team during the approaching season . . . A four-over-par 292 was good enough to defeat a field of 29, win the Fleet Marine Force, Atlantic, golf title for the Second Marine Division's **Bob Benning**, at Lejeune.

Pfc. **Percy Price** (heavyweight), Cpl. **Oliver Henry** (light heavyweight), and Cpl. **Luis Molina** (lightweight) were three Hawaii Marine boxers on the Territorial A.A.U. team which went to Seattle, Wash., for the International A.A.U. tourney . . . With TSgt. **Harold Gallagher** and Pfc. **Bill Higginbotham** each earning five place awards, the Second Marine Divi-



sion rifle team took 29 places at the Mid-Atlantic Rifle and Pistol Matches, Quantico.

MSgt. **Ralph Whaley**, in charge of the trap and skeet range at the Marine Corps Base, Twentynine Palms, Calif., is a past California State Trap Champion . . . Three unearned runs were costly to Woman Marine softball pitcher "**Tennessee**" **Worthman**, of El Toro Marine Corps Air Station, Calif. She limited the San Diego team to two hits, but lost a 4-3 game . . . Pfc **John F. Harper**, First Marine Aircraft Wing, teaches basketball to Marines, students of the Iwakuni High School, Japan, and members of a commercial Japanese team, the Sanyo Pulp Company. **Harper** has played frosh ball at Arizona State; varsity at Phoenix College.

#### WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Two former Parris Island, S. C., Marine Corps Recruit Depot sports publicists are now college students, and still active in public relations. **David McHam** is a senior at Baylor University, Waco, Texas; **Paul LaRocque** is a sophomore at Michigan State University, East Lansing, Mich. . . **Stan Horvatin**, former Parris Island and Camp Lejeune baseball pitcher, is doing well with Abilene, Texas, in the Class "B" Big State League . . . **Bill Abernathie**, who pitched excellent baseball for the San Diego and Hawaii Marine teams, took the mound on July 27 for the San Francisco Seals, limited Vancouver to six hits, won 3-1, for his 10th win against one loss.

When Quantico meets the University of Detroit, at Detroit, Saturday afternoon, November 16, three members of the 1955 Quantico football team will be playing for the collegiates. They are **Steve Piskash**, **Bill Dando** and **Jim Drumgold** . . . **Frank Morze**, giant 1956 All-Marine tackle (Camp Lejeune), reported to the San Francisco 49'ers training camp, in July, at St. Mary's College, Calif. . . Halfback **Don Daly**, teammate of **Morze** at Lejeune and on the '56 All-Marine first squad, reported for a tryout with the Detroit Lions.

Transferred: Basketball player **Don Lange**, from Quantico, and boxing coach **Freddie Lenn**, from Hawaii, both to San Diego . . . **Pete Benson**, boxing coach, from Camp Lejeune to the Inspector-Instructor staff, 90th Special Infantry Co., USMCR, Hartford, Conn.

#### ASSORTED NOTES

Competing against 520 shooters, on 104 teams, from around the world, Marines from Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii, had a score of 494 x 500 in an International Telegraphic (skeet) Shoot, missed the big prize, won by the Belmont (Calif.) Sportsman Club, by only four points. The Marine score was good enough to win the U. S. Service Team title for Hawaii, and another Marine team, from El Toro, Calif., was second to Kaneohe in the military class with a 492 x 500 score.

In late July, the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, baseball team had won 76, lost 7. While four pitchers had all-winning records, none had lost more than two games. Seven batsmen were hitting over .300, and the team average was .315. The pitching records: **Kenway**, 17-0; **Wilson**, 15-0; **McCullum**, 4-0; **Dunton**, 1-0; **Ellis**, 13-2; **Walker**, 11-2; **Osborn**, 8-2, and "Others" had won 2, lost 1.

#### RESULTS, ALL-MARINE SWIMMING AND TENNIS

Lt. **Lee B. Holmes** and Sgt. **Robert Axt** led the Hawaii Marine swimming team to its second successive All-Marine title at El Toro. **Holmes** set new marks in the 400-meter individual medley (6:15.9) and the 200-meter butterfly stroke (2:49.3). **Axt** set records in the 100-meter breast stroke (1:18.8) and the 200-meter breast stroke (2:59.4). Their teammate, Pfc. **John Manion**, swam the 400-meter freestyle in 5:15.1 for another new record. The Hawaii team won the 800-meter freestyle relay in 9:51.1, also a record.

Lt. **Sandy Gideonse**, a one-man team from the Marine Air Detachment, Pensacola, Fla., won the 100-meter back stroke and 100-meter freestyle events.

Team scores: Hawaii Marines, 215; Camp Lejeune, 73; Twentynine Palms, 31; Pensacola (Gideonse), 19; Camp Pendleton, 18; Marine Corps Supply Center, Barstow, Calif., 9, and El Toro 8.

At Quantico, in the tennis championships, the hosts did their best to take all. Second Lieutenant **Tom Bradford** dethroned the defending champion, 1st Lt. **Bill Demas**, First Marine Division, 7-5, 6-3, 6-2. **Bradford** and 2nd Lt. **Bruce Gustafson** teamed to defeat their Quantico teammates, 1st Lt. **Frank Spears** and 2nd

Lt. **James Williamson**, 0-6, 4-6, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3 for the doubles crown.

In the Senior Division, in a round robin, "choose-up-sides" affair among three teams, Col. **Charles M. Dehority**, Fleet Marine Force, Atlantic, and Major **Jack Smith**, Barstow, teamed to win the doubles honors. **Dehority** had previously defeated CWO **Mark Billing**, Quantico, 6-4, 6-4 for the Senior singles championship.



#### IN CALIFORNIA?

Complimenting the San Diego Woman Marine softball team, Pfc **Ed McHale**, *Chevron* columnist, wrote: "Through rain, snow or sleet . . . trying circumstances . . . this group of girls never falters."

#### OCTOBER FOOTBALL

- Saturday, Oct. 5: Quantico at Boston College, San Diego at Fresno State, Pomona College at Barstow.
- Saturday, Oct. 12: Fort Eustis at Quantico, Camp Lejeune at Eglin A.F.B., San Diego State at San Diego Marines, Barstow at Whittier College.
- Saturday, Oct. 19: Quantico at Fort Knox, Camp Lejeune at Fort Eustis, Fresno State Frosh at Barstow.
- Saturday, Oct. 26: Eglin A.F.B. at Quantico, Univ. of San Diego at San Diego Marines, Barstow at Occidental College.
- Sunday, Oct. 27: Camp Lejeune at Shaw A.F.B.



Compiled by  
MSgt. Donald F. Ball

# BULLETIN

## REQUIREMENTS FOR USMOF

PROGRAM TITLE	AGE	RANK	TIME IN SERVICE	SERVICE OBLIGATION	EDUCATION	MA
REGULAR UNRESTRICTED OFFICER	Over 20 Under 29 on 1 Jul of Cal. yr apptd.	Sgt or above enlisted grades only.	Not less than 3 years —Normally not more than 8.			Married
LIMITED DUTY OFFICER	Under 43 on 1 Jul of fiscal yr apptd.	TSgt and above includes Tem- porary and Warrant Officers.	At least 10 but less than 12 yrs Active Naval Service on 1 Jul of fiscal yr apptd.			Married
WARRANT OFFICER MC	Under 46 on 1 Jul of fiscal yr apptd.	TSgt and above Includes Tem- porary and Reserve Officers who were reg. enl.	Less than 19½ yrs active service— Normally less than 15 yrs.			Married
WARRANT OFFICER MCR	Under 46 on 1 Jul of fiscal yr apptd.	TSgt and MSgt Org Res and TSgt and MSgt on EAD.	Less than 19½ yrs serv for retirement —Normally less than 15 years.			Married
OFFICER CANDIDATE COURSE	Over 20 Under 27 on 1 Jul of Cal yr apptd. (Aviation under 26)		Open to enlisted Marines, Regular or Reserve, on Active or Inactive duty.	Must agree to serve at least 3 yrs after commissioned Aviation candidates, 2 yrs after flight training.	4 yrs college bac- calaureate degree in field other than Theology, Medicine, Veterinary, Dentistry Pharmacy, Music and Art.	Married
NAVAL AVIATION CADET	Over 18 Under 25 on date of appli- cation.			Must sign contract to remain on active duty 4 yrs from date of reporting as NAVCAD unless sooner released by SECNAV	2 yrs college or 1 yr college or service equivalent plus GCT 120 and PA 116.	Married Main Miss
NAVAL RESERVE OFFICER TRAINING CORPS (NROTC)	Over 17 Under 21 unless man has college.		Be on an enlistment which will not expire prior 1 Sep of yr in which college is entered.	Agree to serve 4 yrs after commissioned.	High School Grad or GED Test equiva- lent. Pass Navy college aptitude Test.	Married Main Miss
NAVAL ACADEMY (SECNAV Appointments)	Over 17. Under 22.		Have enlisted by 1 Jul of calendar year of screening exam.	Must not expire prior to time of appointment to Naval Academy, Agree to serve 4 yrs after commission.	3 yrs High School 2 yrs Algebra or Geometry or 1 yr each.	Married We be

### Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps

The Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps (NROTC) provides you with an opportunity to obtain both a college education and a commission, according to MCO 1111.23.

The program provides up to four years sub-sidized education at any one of 52 colleges and universities throughout the country. All tuition, books, drill uniforms and fees are provided, plus a retainer pay of \$50.00 a month to help pay room and board.

Most college courses leading to a baccalaureate degree may be taken. In addition, certain military subjects are required. Uniforms are worn during a weekly drill session.

Midshipmen are required to participate in three Summer sessions of six to eight weeks in duration.

Upon graduation from college, NROTC midshipmen are commissioned either as second lieutenants, USMC, or ensigns, USN, depending upon their choice, and ordered to active duty for four years. During this time they may request retention as career officers.

In general, applicants for the 200 annual en-listed appointments must:

- Be on an enlistment or extension of an enlistment which will not expire before 1 September of the year in which they will enter college.
- Be at least 17 but less than 21 on 1 July of



# N BOARD

## USM OFFICER PROGRAMS

AVIATION	MARITAL STATUS	SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS, WAIVERS AND REMARKS	REFERENCE
	Married or Unmarried.	Selection of outstanding NCO's for appointment to this officer category accomplished by board action at Headquarters, Marine Corps from those recommended. Must pass Officer Selection Test and General Military Proficiency Test. Those selected must complete Officer Candidate Course. Appointments accomplished on Annual basis. Minimum GCT 110.	MCO 1401.3
	Married or Unmarried.	Restricted to technical occupational fields and limited to certain MOS's. Must pass combined Technical and General Military Proficiency Test. Must be U. S. Citizen. Appointments accomplished on Annual basis.	MCO 1040.1A
	Married or Unmarried.	Composed of two general groups—Those appointed to technical fields and those appointed to general duty (Marine Gunner) Must attain satisfactory score on such tests as may be prescribed. Must be U. S. Citizen. Appointments are accomplished annually. Nominations invited on Annual basis by separate directive.	MCO 1040.1A
	Married or Unmarried.	Must attain satisfactory score on General Military Proficiency test. Must be U. S. Citizen. Appointments are accomplished annually. Nominations invited on annual basis.	Announced Annually
College baccalaureate degree in field other than Medicine, Dentistry, Music	Married or Unmarried.	Applies to two general groups—Officer candidates and Aviation Officer candidates. Courses normally convene in Jan, Mar, and Oct. of each yr. Applicants must be male U. S. Citizen. Must not be sole surviving son or must execute waiver. Must not have previously failed to complete any Officer candidate course.	MCO 1111.1A
College or university graduate or equivalent	Married and agree to remain unmarried until commissioned.	Applicants under 21 must have consent of parents or guardian. Must attain the following minimum grades: Flight Aptitude Rating—3; Aviation Qualification Test—3; Physical Requirements in accordance with Naval Medical Dept. Manual—No waivers will be granted on any requirements. Must be strongly motivated to fly and possess Officer-like qualities.	MCO 1120.1A
College Graduate or equivalent	Married and agree to remain unmarried until commissioned.	Accepted candidates are paid \$50.00 monthly while in college in addition to having all tuition, books, drill uniforms and fees paid. 200 applicants are accepted annually throughout the Naval Service.	BUPERS INST. 1111.4B
Prep School or other	Married and never been married.	Applicants will be given a preliminary written examination, selected applicants will be ordered to the Prep School at Bainbridge, Md. Applicants are invited annually by separate directives.	BUPERS Manual Art. C-1203

the calendar year in which they enter the program. As members of the naval service, the upper age limit will be waived if you have previous college credits, provided you will not have reached 25 by 1 July of the year in which you complete four years of college. To establish this waiver, you will have to submit a college transcript.

- Be a male citizen of the United States.
- Be unmarried and agree to remain unmarried until commissioned.
- Be of good moral character, have demonstrated leadership potential, and be recommended by your commanding officer.
- Be a high school graduate or possess the equiv-

alent educational background or high school certificate which would be acceptable for admission to an NROTC college or university.

BuPers Instruction 1111.4B contains the administrative procedures for participation in the Navy College Aptitude Test for enlisted personnel on active duty who apply to their commanding officers for an NROTC nomination.

The service-wide examination is conducted annually in December. This examination and the applicant's physical qualifications are the controlling factors in determining whether the application will be given further consideration.

Commanding officers' nominations are now be-

TURN PAGE



## BULLETIN BOARD (cont.)

ing accepted by the Bureau of Naval Personnel from all commands for appointment to the class convening in the Fall of 1958. The deadline this year for receipt of nominations in the Bureau is 18 October, 1957.

If you are interested in applying for this program you should take immediate steps to submit your application before the deadline. If you are

considered qualified, your commanding officer will receive a copy of the Navy College Aptitude Test before the national test date of 14 December, 1957.

A list of those who are successful in the test will be published in February. Candidates will then be ordered to the Naval Preparatory School, Bainbridge, Md., in May for pre-college preparation.

Every effort is made to assure assignment to the NROTC college of your choice, based on your standing in the competitive test and college quotas. No one is assigned to any college against his wishes.

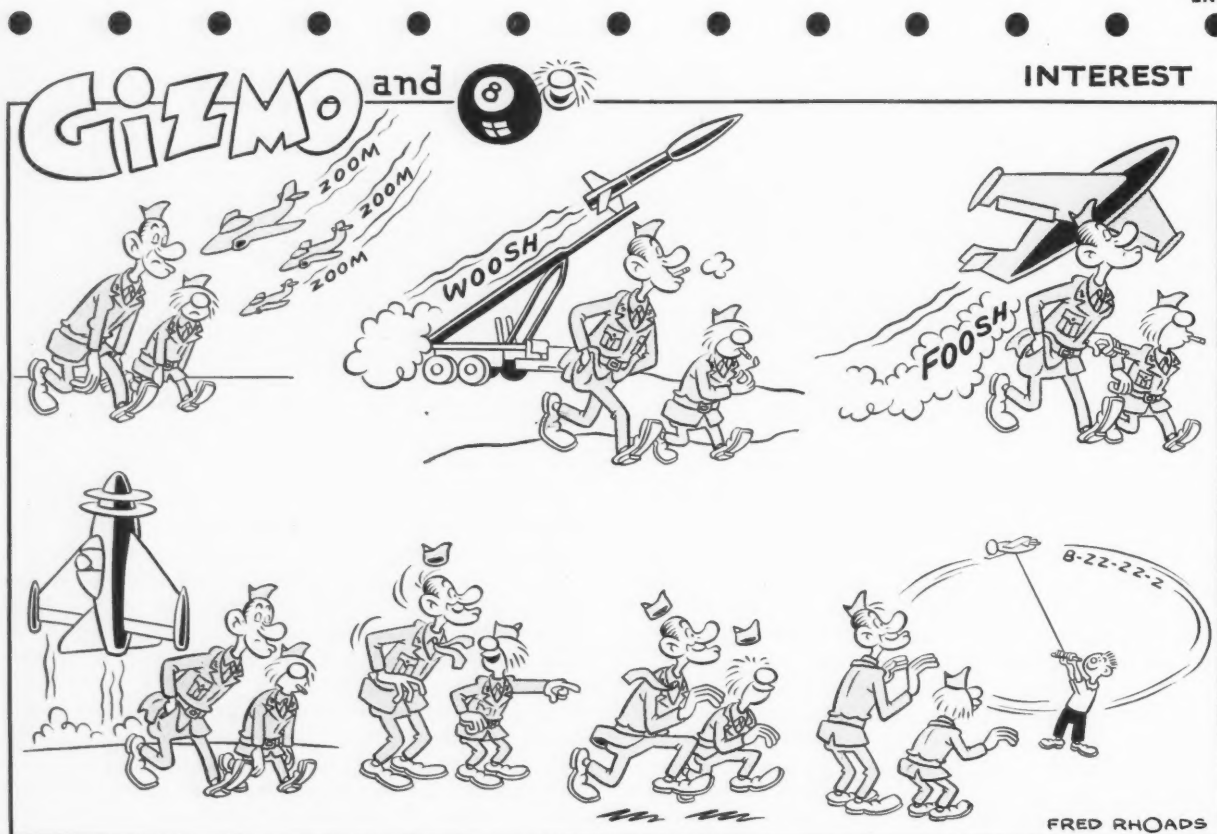
### Location of NROTC Units

Alabama Polytechnic Institute  
Brown University  
California, Univ (Berkeley)  
California, Univ (Los Angeles)  
Colorado, University of  
Columbia University  
Cornell University  
Dartmouth College  
Duke University  
Georgia Institute of Technology  
Harvard University  
Holy Cross College  
Idaho, University of  
Illinois Institute of Technology  
Illinois, University of  
Iowa State College of A & M  
Kansas, University of

Louisville, University of  
Marquette University  
Miami University (Ohio)  
Michigan, University of  
Minnesota, University of  
Mississippi, University of  
Missouri, University of  
Nebraska, University of  
New Mexico, University of  
North Carolina, University  
Northwestern University  
Notre Dame, University of  
Ohio State University  
Oklahoma, University of  
Oregon State College  
Pennsylvania State Univ.  
Pennsylvania, University

Princeton University  
Purdue University  
Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst.  
Rice Institute  
Rochester, University of  
South Carolina, University  
Southern California, Univ.  
Stanford University  
Texas, University of  
Tufts College  
Tulane University  
Vanderbilt University  
Villanova College  
Virginia, University of  
Washington, University of  
Wisconsin, University of  
Yale University  
Utah, University of

END





## JUDO SCHOOL

[continued from page 55]

injure him seriously if they did not go through the motions perfectly.

Delmo has taught housewives, as well as teen-age girls, and plans in the future to open a special class for women. He frankly admits, however, that women are not often good judoists. "They're inclined to be either too feminine or the very opposite."

But once in a while he runs into a really top practitioner of the art, like Mrs. Brian Beckstrand, a dainty, very feminine Navy wife who took up judo to while away time during her husband's long absences at sea. "Just about the best student I ever had," says Delmo. "I feel sorry for the man who tries to tangle with her."

In lectures to his students, the sergeant always makes it a point to build up the sporting aspects of judo over its use in self defense. "Judo wasn't introduced in the United States until 1937," I heard him explain to his young charges, "and except for a few special courses in the colleges, there are

still practically no young people being trained. So you can consider yourselves pioneers."

His students take their "pioneering" seriously, in response to the seriousness which Delmo injects into his teaching. Each proudly wears his *judo-gi*, a white uniform imported from Japan and essential for most of the judo holds, and a belt designating his pro-



ficiency. White belts are beginners. A green belt denotes the next rung on the ladder. Following this are three grades of brown belts. The champions are the black belts, who can earn up to ten degrees. At present, the highest in America is a 6th degree black belter.

Esposti, himself, is a 3rd degree black belt judoist and one of only 700 black belts in the nation. He proved his right to wear it when he came out tenth in the first AAU national judo championship match. He was also selected to join one team in California's annual North-South tournament, but could not make it because of his Marine duties.

Delmo hopes soon to have his "baby" classes, as well as those of the teen-agers, far enough along to set up a local tournament and interest still more people in the sport. One thing is certain—he'll have plenty of support from parents, who have watched shy children suddenly blossom into self-confidence on Esposti's judo mat, and who have seen overly aggressive boys suddenly cease to be troublemakers as their energies were channeled into supervised self-defense.

The "Marine with a mission" is trusted by children and adults alike and, he is doing a good deal toward putting delinquency on the downgrade among Marin County's juveniles.

Certainly there is no question about this rough, tough Marine being an influence for good. One needs only to watch the youngsters come in for a class, spotlessly clean and scrubbed looking, to realize how he operates as a sort of "second parent." Mothers often report little incidents like being chided for forgetting to wash junior's white judo socks. And one parent confessed, "I wish I could even approach at home the discipline you keep in your classes."

The sergeant obviously loves his charges as much as he loves judo and his teaching is larded with parent-like little lectures on the importance of cleanliness and the need for polite behavior—like bowing before and after every contest.

Softness, however, is taboo when it comes to injuries like bruises and bloody noses. I saw one such incident and marvelled at the smooth way he handled it, giving a sign to his assistant to take over while he led the boy in businesslike fashion upstairs for the cold water treatment. In a few moments, the boy was back at the mat again, wreathed in smiles.

Sgt. Esposti's charges recently indicated their devotion by chipping in for a fancy silver piece—a wedding present for their teacher and his bride, Flo. Naturally, one of the first things they wanted to know after the event was, "Are you going to teach her judo, too?"

His Marine friends asked the question with a slight difference. "Are you going to *risk* teaching her?"

"It's all right," observes Delmo. "I can always remind her that I'm a black belt!"

END



Leatherneck Magazine



# Once a Marine...



**E**ACH MONTH *Leatherneck* will publish the names of officer and enlisted personnel who are retired from the Marine Corps. Newsworthy items concerning retired personnel will also be published. Names of retired personnel are furnished by the Separation and Retirement Branch, HQMC, and are not to be considered as orders to retirement or transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Edited by  
MSgt. Woody Jones

## CWO Gebhardt Retired

Marine Chief Warrant Officer Charles H. Gebhardt retired at the Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., after 21 years service. He enlisted in December, 1935, and after service in Alaska, San Diego, Calif., and Parris Island, S. C., he was promoted to the rank of sergeant major in 1943, while in Samoa.

He received his commission as a warrant officer at Camp Lejeune, N. C., in 1944, between action in the Tarawa and Okinawa campaigns of World War II. Back in the States in 1946, competitive shooting caught his interest, and he won his first and second silver medals at the Western Division matches in 1949 and 1953, after time out for service in Korea. While a member of the Third Marine Division in 1955, he returned to the Western matches to win a bronze medal, and a distinguished rifleman's medal.

In 1956 he helped the Third Division annex the 10-man Marine Corps championship, and sweep the Western matches. In August, 1956, at the National Rifle and Pistol Matches, Camp Perry, Ohio, he placed 20 consecutive shots in the bull's-eye—16 in the coveted "V" ring—at a range of 1000 yards to win the Leech Cup, his first major marksmanship trophy. His feat tied the match record set in 1951 by Arthur Jackson, a civilian.



CWO Charles Gebhardt won the Leech Cup at Camp Perry, Ohio, last year by firing a "possible"—with 16 V's—at a range of 1000 yards

Mr. Gebhardt, his wife, Margaret, and their daughter, Andrea, will reside in Santa Rosa, Calif. Mr. Gebhardt plans to major in mechanical engineering at Santa Rosa Junior College.

Informational Services Office  
D of P, San Francisco, Calif.

## More Than 50 Years

Chief Warrant Officer Joseph H. Malone and Sergeant Major William G. Ferrigno were retired at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S. C., with more than half a century of Marine Corps ser-



vice between them. They had served together at least five times since 1930.

Ferrigno completed recruit training at Parris Island in 1927, and after sea duty aboard the *USS Wyoming*, participated in landings in Nicaragua. Malone finished recruit training in 1930, and arrived in Nicaragua in time to join Ferrigno for the campaign.

Two years later they were in China. Ferrigno was on the Yangtze River patrol, and Malone was a member of the Legation Guard in Peiping. Malone left China in 1933 for duty in San Francisco. Ferrigno was transferred to the nearby Naval Prison Detachment, Mare Island, Calif., for duty.

Both served overseas during World War II, but didn't meet. Fifteen years and two wars later their trails crossed again. They were serving with the Second Marine Division when hostilities began in Korea, and were ordered together to the First Marine Division, at Camp Pendleton, Calif. Before returning to the States, they participated in the Inchon landing and some of the heaviest action in Korea.

Malone served at Camp Lejeune, N. C., and Albany, Ga., prior to his assignment to Parris Island for duty as the depot laundry officer. Ferrigno was transferred to Parris Island to assume the duties of field sergeant major, Recruit Training Command, from Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., where he had been associated with the Reserve Officer Training program.

CWO Malone has returned to his home in Phoenix, Ariz., and Sgt.

Maj. Ferrigno will reside in Orlando, Fla.

#### Placed on Retired List (30 Years)

ROBERTS, Deane C.	Col.
MADEY, Joseph H.	Major
ZIEGLER, Adolph	Major
AGNONE, Frank C.	CWO
HARRISON, Willie S.	CWO

#### Placed on Retired List (20 Years)

GALER, Robert E.	Brig. Gen.
SAPP, Jr., John W.	Brig. Gen.
MAC INTYRE, Neil R.	Col.
ROSSITER, William M.	Lt. Col.
KNOPE, Henry L.	Major
BUNKER, Wallace B.	Capt.
FOSTER, John E.	Capt.
MANGOGNA, Peter	Capt.
MC DONALD, James E.	Capt.
YODER, Walter A.	Capt.
BARTUCK, Frank A.	1st Lt.
MIMS, Charles A.	2d Lt.
BEATTY, William T.	CWO
BETTS, Lawrence	CWO
BOWERS, Orville S.	CWO
GILL, James S.	CWO
MALONE, Joseph H.	CWO
MIZE, Alton M.	CWO
WRIGHT, William L.	CWO

#### Placed on Temporary Disability Retired List

MATHENY, Gallais "E"	Col.
SCHMITZ, Harry A.	Lt. Col.
BADEN, John P.	Major
MONTAGUE, Paul G.	1st Lt.
JAMES, Harold F.	CWO
REYNOLDS, Lionel S.	CWO
WINN, Rayford M.	CWO

#### Placed on Permanent Disability Retired List

ROSENBERG, Philip	Major
CRAWFORD, Jr., Lamar G.	Capt.
HERRICK, Charles N.	Capt.
SMITH, Jr., Richard H.	Capt.
HARMON, Ione J.	2d Lt.
CLAYTON, John A.	CWO
TAYLOR, Aubrey D.	CWO

#### Placed on Retired List (Public Law 810)

LARISON, Leon	Lt. Col.
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#### Placed on Retired List (Statutory Age)

FORTUNE, Harry G.	Col.
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#### Placed on Retired List (30 Years)

##### SERGEANT MAJOR

FERRIGNO, William G.	211684	0369
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#### Transferred to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve

##### FIRST SERGEANTS

AKINS, Sherrill	262706	6511
STOUT, Lawrence W.	255008	0398

##### MASTER SERGEANTS

BLANCO, Ventura C.	261300	2639
BUTCHER, Jr., Fred "H"	260591	2111
COSTNER, Garvice A.	245645	2111
DANARD, Charles A.	262803	1371
DUNLAP, Jr., Robert E.	263111	0369
EDDINS, Noble A.	244317	0161
EDENFIELD, Lloyd E.	260461	0369
EDMUNDSON, Norwood	258913	7041
ELLIS, Alvin V.	250003	2639
FLANAGAN, Cecil J.	269210	0811
FOOTE, Levi N.	252436	0369
GILBERTSON, Robert M.	260150	0369
GOMM, Jr., Lloyd E.	252595	0141
GRAY, Pete H.	263372	3049
GUERRERO, Michael	259564	3121
GULICK, Nicholas	263196	0369
GULLEY, Ernest O.	263090	3051
HALL, Robert S.	187544	0141
HESTER, Floyd E.	262475	6621
HODGES, William B.	261814	0141
HOWELL, Corbett	260740	3411
KOWALEWSKI, John O.	263123	0111
MC DEVITT, Homer J.	263083	3051
MARSHALL, Joe K.	263243	0369
MORSE, Joseph W.	262036	3049
MORSE, Jr., Ralph G.	249368	6413
MUNN, Carmel	260053	1871
RAY, Emery A.	259685	0369
REARICK, Jack	256821	0369
ROBBINS, Burr W.	240585	0141
SEWELL, Charles R.	260574	6621
SMITH, Jesse T.	256503	3371
SMITH, John H.	261497	6511
SPEAR, Eugene	241528	3537
SPENCER, Edward L.	256446	6413
STONE, Joseph H.	262017	1831
STRICKLING, Bertrum E.	263199	0811
THOMAS, Floyd F.	262362	0369
TORGESON, Melvin P.	257653	0369
WERNER, Harry J.	237166	0141
ZAHN, William A.	261161	0231

##### TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

CONLEY, Paul	263263	2131
WILKINSON, John L.	260303	0141

##### STAFF SERGEANT

SPARKS, George W.	263060	0369
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#### Placed on Disability Retired List

##### MASTER SERGEANTS

BARB, Ralph C.	247823	0141
BUZBEE, Sidney J.	248898	4131
CRAWFORD, Willie F.	291843	0141
HISEL, Clifford B.	887945	7113
VAYO, Joseph	326143	3537

##### TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

BULGARELLA, Dominic M.	670530	0369
CUNNINGHAM, Jr., Frank C.	594796	6431
FEASER, Herman L.	1065492	2645
MC KAY, Alan	171216	3049
OWENS, James K.	549598	1871

##### STAFF SERGEANTS

FRANCIS, Edward R.	1193775	1316
MULDER, Thomas W.	1132922	3041
REAGAN, James J.	1084124	0141

END



After his retirement at Parris Island, S. C., Sergeant Major W. G. Ferrigno, and his family, said good-bye to Brig. Gen. G. R. E. Shell



## SAN DIEGO

[continued from page 23]

comes to actual "housekeeping," retired Marine Ted Sasiadek, is the champ aboard the depot. "Sas" enlisted originally in 1920, and retired three times—after 16, 20 and 30 years—before he began looking after the administration building. A one-time boxer, Sas spends his evenings quietly reading ring history. There was a reunion of sorts when Gen. Wornham assumed command of the depot. On MP duty in the Caribbean in the "old Corps," Sas once had given the then Lieutenant Wornham a parking ticket!

Internal security of the depot comes under the surveillance of Guard Company and begins at the gate. There are six gates aboard the depot but what was formerly the main gate—Gate #3, near the junction of Barnett avenue and 101—was locked tight a while back when a highway overpass-underpass was constructed to relieve traffic congestion.

Gate #4 serves most of the traffic on and off the base now, with Gate #2—near the Ad building—second. Gate #1, as always, is the Officers' Club gate while Gate #5—at the far end of the depot near the Convair aircraft plant—is put to use during rush hours. Gate #6, in the back fence, is opened only for convoys.

Marines who have come back to the depot after many years shake their heads at Gate #3's inactivity but quickly discover there have been other changes. The depot incinerator, a huge, black carbuncle which once stood at the edge of the boondocks is gone. The camouflage paint slapped on depot buildings at the outbreak of War II was blasted off five years ago. Even the parade ground has been turned around for the acoustic benefit of the band—merely by switching the reviewing stand to the opposite side of the grinder. When the fire department acquired two new engines recently, the barn had to be lengthened.

But the burp horn by which the people of San Diego have been known to set their timepieces, still toots a 20-second warning before it blares mightily at 0800 for "Colors" and honks twice for "Carry On." The horn was featured once as a "Personality of the Week" in the *CheVron*, the depot newspaper.

The ancient pushcarts, with their wooden spokes and iron rims, are still in use by the depot police section. They may have been built to last forever, but their future is in jeopardy. The depot maintenance section has abandoned

its pushcarts in favor of three-wheeled electric runabouts.

Mild weather, with temperatures ranging from 62° in January to 78° in August, has enticed more than one career Marine to plant his seabag in San Diego upon retirement.

Retired personnel retain their Marine Exchange privileges when they mothball their uniforms and the hundreds of retired families in and around San Diego have helped make the depot's Exchange a modern department store.

Two latest additions to the enterprise include a radio-TV department and a new gas station offering pickup and delivery service for lubrication and minor repairs.



Profits from the Exchange are funneled back into a vast recreation program. Depot-sponsored varsity athletic teams in football, basketball and baseball, plus tennis, handball, golf, bowling and boxing, compete within the 11th Naval District and with several small colleges in California and Arizona. The San Diego Marines swept the past season's All-Marine championships in baseball and basketball.

Despite its small, compact area, the depot has a 5500-seat football stadium, a 3000-seat baseball park, an Olympic-size swimming pool, 16-lane bowling alley, 12 tennis courts, 12 volleyball courts, eight softball diamonds, four touch football fields and a golf driving range. For those less athletically inclined, there is a hobby shop, amateur radio station and five service clubs.

Southern California's coastal waters offer some of the finest sport fishing found anywhere. Depot Marines ride the *Alibi Run*, a Special Services boat which ventures out four times a week. In port, the *Alibi Run* is tied up at the depot boat docks where early FMF Marines shoved off on practice amphib-

ious landings. One of the most active rod and gun clubs in the Corps currently makes its headquarters at the docks.

Permanent personnel would probably just as soon settle for a work-and-play routine but all hands are expected to be on the grinder on weekday mornings for a session with the 13-man squad drill. Friday afternoons are reserved for parades, either regimental or battalion size—to which the public has a standing invitation. But the "paradingest" outfit on the depot is the Marine band whose dress blues appearances are always in demand throughout Southern California. So much, in fact, that the band has had to ask other Marine outfits in the area to bear a hand with its overwhelming requests. Until recently, the depot musicians were under the direction of Chief Warrant Officer Frank S. Zam, who is now Assistant Supervisor of Marine Corps Bands in Washington, D.C.

The San Diego band, which is featured on two of the four weekly radio shows taped by the depot's radio-TV section, has become one of the station's foremost public relations agencies.

In the early 1940s, San Diego was a liberty port overrun by servicemen gathering to ship out for the Pacific. Today, Broadway is still a moving stream of white uniforms when "the fleet's in" but San Diego, grown to a population of nearly half a million, is more concerned with developing its tourist potentials. As anyone who's recently been ashore in San Diego will agree, it is still a good liberty town, offering a wide variety of entertainment and enough watering spots to quench any thirst.

Married Marines stationed at the San Diego recruit depot usually have to fend for themselves when it comes to finding quarters. Rentals in town can be had at reasonable prices but not without a bit of searching. Commissary facilities are available from the Navy.

The parade ground is fringed with shiny, late model autos these days in contrast to the one or two old-timers parked there nearly 30 years ago. But the troops billeted along the second deck of the thick-walled buildings still drape their mattresses over the parapet above the arcade to air them and boots, scurrying somewhere on a mission, still screech to a halt with a dubious, "By your leave, Sir!" when they approach a salty Marine.

There is no other base quite like San Diego. Despite a few passing years, it is still a post where good duty and pleasant surroundings are embellished with a generous amount of "old Corps" nostalgia.

END



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## Jackie Lane





## HELPING HAM

[continued from page 29]

begins house-hunting at his forthcoming duty station via ham.

While Special Services sponsors the station, Colonel Albert J. Keller, commanding officer of the Communication-Electronics School Battalion, is custodian of what is probably the latest and best-equipped amateur radio set-up in the Marine Corps. The custodian—a role assigned to the skipper of the C&E Battalion since the station began operating at Camp Del Mar in the post-war II days—does not necessarily have to be a licensed ham although Col. Keller is—call letters, K6UEI. When C&E moved from Del Mar to San Diego, W6YDK went with it.

Today the station's equipment includes two Collins KW6I transmitters of 1000 watts each and a "home built" transmitter, plus two Collins 75A4 receivers. The latter items cost \$2100 apiece but W6YDK personnel broadcast on the theory, "If you can't hear 'em, you can't talk to 'em." An automatic mike that stops sending when the operator stops talking and cuts in the receiver, speeds the job of taking messages on a typewriter. The depot's ham set is a member of MARS—the Military Amateur Radio Service, organized by the Army.

Studer—the San Diego station's only full-duty operator at present—tries for daily contact with other Marine hams at Albany, Ga., Norfolk and Quantico, Va., Camp Pendleton, Twentynine

Palms and Barstow, Calif., and Camp Smith and Kaneohe Bay, in Hawaii, but Buck and the other hams operating from W6YDK feel that the Marine stations should be better organized.

"At least to the point where they'll maintain their schedules," Captain William R. Clifton, of Wyandotte, Mich., assistant director of the Communication Material School and officer-in-charge of the station, said. Capt. Clifton has been hamming for 10 years; he has his own station—W8AUC—stashed in his auto. Master Sergeant Nevin R. Kitterer, of LaJolla, Calif., supply chief on the Inspector-Instructor staff of the 1st Tank Battalion, USMCR, has two sets, one in his car and one at home, but both answer to the same call letters—K6BVV.

Staff Sergeant Fred T. Hill, of Birmingham, Ala., sometimes helps Studer with the traffic during the mornings. He teaches aviation radio repair at C&E battalion in the afternoons. Like the others, he has his own set—K6MIY.

"Amateur" is an unjust word when it is applied to hams. It takes plenty of radio knowledge to pass a Federal Communications Commission test. All hams—more than 100,000 of them in this country—must be licensed. While the exam isn't a snap, hams usually have little trouble with it. They're somewhat fanatical in their love for radio and retain an amazing understanding of its theories and applications. It's a growing business, too. The FCC receives more than 5000 applications for operator and station licenses each month.

"And the Marine Corps is always in need of ham operators," 19-year-old Studer said. Buck is a good example of the feeling hams harbor for radio. He claims he's "married" to the set because it never talks back unless he flips the switch.

Kitterer and O'Neil are not as emphatic about hamming—they're both married men. They do, however, eat their brown-bag lunches at the San Diego ham station. Col. Keller used to do quite a bit of ham operating over W6YDK a while back before his other duties began demanding more of his time.

Hams were busy during the Korean war, particularly when the Chinese communists sprang the Chosin trap. Amateur radio stations throughout the country worked overtime to pass along information about those men who fought their way out of the trap. It is the same way whenever disaster in the form of fire, flood or storm strikes somewhere in the United States. Calls pour into ham stations from persons all over the country—many of them servicemen—seeking word about the safety of relatives.

All hams are subject to the Amateurs' Code. This "constitution" demands a standard of conduct and service which raises the status of a ham station from an expensive toy to a useful hobby. When disaster does strike an area, radio becomes a life line to the community. Often, the amateur station is the only link between a devastated district and the outside world. The code also provides that the amateur will keep his station abreast of science; his set must be well constructed and efficient. Hams pledge never to use the air for their own amusement in any way which might lessen the pleasure of others. They agree to uphold the promises made to the public and the government by the American Radio Relay League on behalf of ham operators. It's a strict set of rules, which is rarely disregarded by hams who respect their interesting pastime. Despite its heavy load of traffic, W6YDK has never been reprimanded by the FCC.

Buck Studer figures W6YDK talks with at least 1000 hams a month in the course of transmitting messages from eight-to-four each day and just plain "rag chewing" in the evenings. It's a combination of duty and recreation he enjoys, but once in a while it springs a surprise on him even though he has held a license—W4TPA—for six years. Hams—by custom—identify themselves to other hams by first names only. After he had spent half an hour yakking with an operator named "Butch," Buck learned that Butch was an Army general.

END



"No, dear . . . it's not exactly a leave. . . !"

Leatherneck Magazine



## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 67]

### LOW SERVICE NUMBER

Dear Sir:

While reading the June issue of *Leatherneck*, a question arose pertaining to the service number of Master Sergeant Frank M. Stone, 70336/0369. He was listed as having been transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.



Is this serial number correct? If so, what was MSgt. Stone's date of enlistment? Please clarify this as we have never seen a service number this low.

SSgt. R. Butler

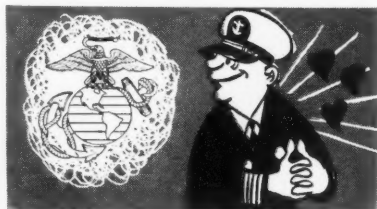
Guard Company, H&SBn.,  
Marine Corps Recruit Depot  
Parris Island, S. C.

● The five digit service number is correct. The records at Headquarters, Marine Corps show that Master Sergeant Stone was accepted for enlistment on May 24, 1915, at Chicago, Ill., and was subsequently enlisted at Norfolk, Va., on May 29, 1915.—Ed.

### DUAL STATUS

Dear Sir:

I am writing in regard to the status of enlisted Marines after they have been sworn in as Midshipmen, U. S. Naval Academy.



I understand that under the present system, I was not eligible for release from active duty until the completion of my enlistment. My enlistment terminated on 15 March, 1957. Since then I have been curious as to why I have not received the release or even heard

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 93)

JOIN THE  
U.S. MARINES



"Do you have your parents' consent?"

*Leatherneck Magazine*



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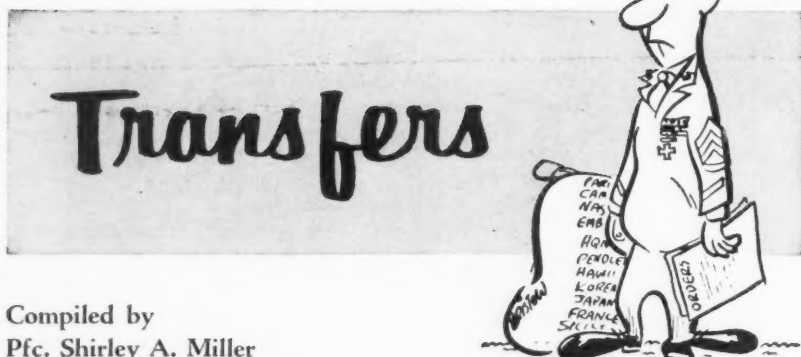
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Mail To: **LEATHERNECK Magazine**  
P.O. Box 1918  
Washington 13, D. C.





Compiled by  
Pfc. Shirley A. Miller

Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations. This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

#### SERGEANTS MAJOR FIRST SERGEANTS MASTER SERGEANTS

ABERNATHY, Carl W (3049) FMFPac to MCAS El Toro  
ADKINS, Lloyd B (2529) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
ALLCORN, Emmett D (3049) 9th MCRDD Chicago to MCAS, CherPt  
AVERY, George E (0141) 2d15mmGun Btry Eugene Ore to MCAS El Toro  
BARKER, James E (4131) HQMC to MCRDep PI  
BEAN, Donald W (0141) 20thSpInfCo Rockford Ill to MarPac Sfran  
BELL, Johnny (3516) MCB CamLej to MCRDep PI  
BREEN Jr., William G (3411) 2dMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
BROOKS, Robert D (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
BRUCE, Ernest (3371) 1stMarDiv to MB NB Pearl Harbor  
BUCKEES, William J (3049) 24thRRCo CorpChc to MCB 29 Palms  
BUTCH, Peter (1833) 3dMarDiv to MCB CampPen  
CAHALL, Clement E (0141) 4th MCRDD Phila to MCAS CherPt  
CAPPOZZOLI, John A (6412) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
CAPPS, William M (3049) MCSC Albany to Camp H M Smith  
CARRUTHERS, Sherman E (0369) 8th MCRDD Norlins to MCB CampPen FFT  
CHESLEY, Ervin (6521) MCRDep SDiego to 1stMarBrig  
CHRISTIANSEN, Edwin R (3516) 1stMarDiv to MCAS El Toro  
CHRISTOPHER, John H (0141) MD USS Kearsarge to MCB CampPen  
COLEMAN, Edward L (0141) 2dMAW to MB NRC NB NorVa  
COLLIER, John T (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
CRAWFORD, James W (6671) MAD NATTC Jax to MCAS El Toro  
CRONK, Robert A (1300) MCAS El Toro to 1stMarDiv  
CULWELL, Thomas F (6441) 1stMarBrig to MCAS El Toro  
DRAKE, George S (0141) 8th MCRDD Norlins to MCSC Albany  
DOWDY, Robert E (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
ELLIOTT, Robert V (3516) MCB 29 Palms to MCS Quant  
FERNANDEZ, John J (0369) 1stMarBrig to 2dWpnsBn Kansas City  
FERRELL, George (3516) ForTrps FMF-Lant to Treas to Sfran  
FRENZEL Sr., George W (0141) 1stMarBrig to 5thWpnsBtry Pico Cal  
GAIZAT, Theodore P (6641) MCRDep SDiego to MCAS CherPt  
GEORGE, Dan R (6731) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
GIBSON, Loure L (1347) 4thEngrCo So Charleston SC to MCB CampPen FFT  
GOSS, William L (0141) MARTD MARC NAS Atlanta to ForTrps 29 Palms  
GRANT, Theodore O (0398) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
HALL Jr., Frederick G (0811) MD NRC NB Ptsmh Va to ForTrps CamLej

HAMILTON, Charles E (3431) 1st MAW to MCAS CherPt  
HANDLEY, Theodore A (3411) MCRDep PI to MCB CampPen FFT  
HART, John F (6441) 1stMAW to MCAS Miami  
HAWK, Charles M (0141) 2dCommCo Bklyn to MCAS Miami  
HEAD, Thomas L (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCRDep PI  
HOBBS, William (0898) HQMC to ForTrps 29 Palms  
HOLT, Wilburn E (5519) MCAS Miami to MCRDep PI  
INCOSKY, Francis J (3537) 1stMAW to MCAS Miami  
JOHNSON, George A (0369) MARTD MARTC NAS Olathe to MCB CampPen FFT  
JONES, Harry W (7113) AirFMFPac to 1stMarBrig  
JUNKINS, Joseph L (1371) 2dEngrCo Lynn Mass to ForTrps CamLej  
KANE, Raymond P (0141) MARTD MARTC NAS St Louis to HQMC  
KELLEY, Lewis S (6413) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
KINNARD, Charles E (3411) MCB CamLej to MCAS Kaneohe Bay  
LITTLE, Billy (3516) MarCorComp Nav-AdvGru Korea to MCAS CherPt  
LITTON, Roy B (6511) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt  
LORAH, Darrel C (0141) MARTD MARF Spokane to MCB CampPen  
LOXTERMAN, Clifford T (3121) 1stMAW to ForTrps 29 Palms  
MAGUIRE, Joseph F (0811) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
MALTBIE, Henry (3049) 98thSpInfCo Clarkburg WVa to MarCorComp Nav Adv Gru Korea  
MARTIN, McLoyd (0141) ForTrps FMF-Lant to 98thSpInfCo Clarkburg WVa  
MASSEY, Jr. James L (0369) 8th MCRDD Norlins to MCB CampPen FFT  
MATCHELL, Melvin M (1371) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
MATTHEWS, Render M (6413) 1st MAW to MCAS El Toro  
MATTHIESEN, Jess H (4029) MCB CamLej to HQMC  
MC CALLUM, Jr., Leroy M (6441) 1st MAW to MCAS El Toro  
MC CLELLAN, Donald G (0369) 12th MCRDD Sfran to MCB CampPen  
MC GONIGLE, Thomas E (6511) 1st MAW to MCAS CherPt  
MC GREEVY, Arthur V (3411) MCAS Kaneohe to MCS Quant  
MC JUNKINS, Eugene R (0111) HQMC to MCAS El Toro  
MEADOWS, Luther (0111) 9th MCRDD Chicago to NAAS Edenton  
MOTLEY, Edward W (0141) 28thSpInfCo Lafayette La to MCAS El Toro  
MURPHY Jr., James F (0141) 1stMarDiv to 9thEngrCo Phoenix  
MUTT Jr., Samuel (2529) 4thCommCo Cincinnati to 2dMarDiv  
NORTH, Harry N (6641) MCRDep SDiego to MCAS El Toro  
OLKOWSKI, Steve (3598) AirFMFLant to MCB CampPen FFT  
PETROWSKI, Stanley J (0141) MCS Quant to 9th MCRDD Chicago  
POLAK, Joseph P (6511) MAD NATTC Jax to MCRDep PI

PRESTWOOD, Dewey J (0811) MCRDep PI to ForTrps CamLej  
QUINN, Joseph J (6715) 2dMAW to MCAS Miami  
RAHNER, Andrew H (6511) MCAS El Toro to 1stMarBrig  
RASOR, Herman L (3537) 2dMAW to 1stTrkCo Tulsa  
REYNOLDS, Paul D (0141) 4th MCRDD Phila to MCRDep PI  
RINEHARD, Lawrence R (3411) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
ROSS, Karr (0141) 5th MCRDD Wash-DC to MCS Quant  
RUBENACKER, George J (2131) MCS Quant to MB WashDC  
SANCHEZ, Ismael (0369) HQMC to 1stMarDiv  
SCHULTZ, Clement D (0369) 9th MCRDD Chicago to MCB CampPen FFT  
SHELTON, James D (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
SKINNER, James R (0369) 1stMarDiv to 33thSpInfCo Santa Rosa  
SMITH, Leonard V (2111) MCB 29 Palms to MCB CampPen  
SMITH, William W (6641) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
SPRING, Earl R (0141) HQMC to MCAS CherPt  
STANLEY, Delbert L (6413) 1stMAW to MB NB Mare Island  
STEVENS, Ralph E (6412) 1stMarBrig to MCAS El Toro  
STODDARD, Charles A (6614) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
STRATTON, Clair R (3051) ForTrps FMFPac to MCAS El Toro  
STROUD, Luther P (3371) MCAS Kaneohe to 2dMarDiv  
STUART, James L (4131) MarCorCold-WeaTrAcn Bridgeport to MCB CampPen FFT  
TAYLOR, Donald C (0141) Coronado SDiego to MCRDep PI  
TAYLOR, Herbert M (0369) 1st MCRDD GC NY to MCB CampPen FFT  
THOMPSON, Joe D (0369) 1stMarDiv to MB NB Mare Island  
TOMON, Francis C (1379) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
TURNER, Joe L (6613) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
VALENTINE, Walter G (0141) 2dEngrCo Youngstown to MB NSyd Sfran  
VAN BUSKIRK, George M (0848) ForTrps FMFPac to MCB CampPen  
VOGEL, Marvin K (4611) MCAS Miami to MCAS El Toro FFT  
VOLENTINE, John D (3311) MarPac Sfran to MCB CampPen FFT  
WALLINGFORD, Roger E (0369) MarCorComp NavAdvGru Korea to 2dMarDiv  
WATKINS, Sr., Weldon O (3516) MCB CamLej to MCB CampPen FFT  
WHEELER, Eugene M (6651) 1stMAW to MARTD MARTC NAS Olathe  
WHITE, Raymond V (4100) MCS Quant to 5th MCRDD WashDC  
WINTER, Joseph M (0141) 2dMarDiv to HQMC  
WOLF, Wilmet H (0369) 1st MCRDD GC NY to 2dMarDiv  
YOUNG, Jr., Frank P (0141) 69thSpInfCo Eddystone Pa to MB NB Subic Bay RP

#### TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

ADAMS, Jr., Albert S (0369) 4th MCRDD Phila to 2dMarDiv  
ALBRITTON, Roy S (0211) HQMC to ForTrps 29 Palms  
AMEEL, William C (0369) MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv  
ANGIL, John F (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
AURIN, Austin (0369) MCAS CherPt to 2dMarDiv  
BAIRD, William D (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
BAKER, Ferrell L (5711) 6th MCRDD Atlanta, Ga. to MCAS El Toro  
BAKER, Otis M (2529) MCB 29 Palms to MCRDep SDiego  
BARNETT, Kenneth (1371) ForTrps FMFLant to 5thEngrCo Roanoke  
BASSETT, Jack R (6641) 1stMAW to MAD NATTC Jax  
BATHE, Robert G (6641) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
BAUER, Herbert J (1169) MCS Quant to HQMC  
BLACK, William E (5537) 3dMarDiv to MCRDep SDiego  
BLAKE, Glenn J (1449) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant  
BOLTON, Richard W (0231) 3dMarDiv to MCAS CherPt  
BOYER, Jasper J (1371) ForTrps FMF-Lant to MCB CampPen FFT  
BRODIEGAN, David E (0369) HQMC to MCB CampPen FFT  
BROWN, Bobby G (0811) 1stMarDiv to MCS Quant  
BUNCE, Robert (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
BURCH, Elmer A (2529) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
CARNICHAEL, Wallace J (0369) 1stMarDiv to MB NAS Miramar SDiego  
CARR, James R (1369) 2dEngrBn Portland Me to MCB CampPen FFT  
CASE, Richard J (4131) MCS Quant to 3th MCRDD Phila  
CASEY, Jr., Gerald P (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
CATLIN, William R (2539) 1stMarBrig to MCB CampPen  
CHAPPELL, Reece F (3371) 1stMAW to MCB CamLej  
CLARK, Rodney R (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
COFFMAN, Ralph D (0141) 8th MCRDD Norlins to MCRDep PI  
COGGIN, Earnest G (2271) MCSC Barstow to Coronado SDiego  
CONDON, Jess W (0369) 1st MCRDD Garden City NY to 2dMarDiv  
CORET, William F (7041) 1stMarBrig to MCAS Miami  
COUGHLIN Jr., John J (1381) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
CRANE, Ralph L (0369) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
CROOK, Arthur B (1349) 1stEngrBn Baltimore to ForTrps CamLej  
DAVID, Hudson (7041) MCAS Miami to MCAS El Toro FFT  
DEL BOVE, Ralph A (6611) HQMC to MCAS El Toro FFT  
DELORENZO, Vito P (5711) 1stMAW to MCAS Miami  
DELUCA, Jr., Michael (2771) LCreek NorVa to MCRDep SDiego  
DENSMORE, Jr., Leonard (6412) MARTD MARTC NAS Bklyn to MCAS CherPt  
DICKINSON, Duane W (2311) 1stMarBrig to MB NPF Indian Head  
DOOLEY, Arthur E (0231) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv  
DOOLITTLE, Herbert C (6412) MAD NATTC Memphis to MCAS Miami  
DOUGHTY, Francis E (6511) MAD NATTC Jax to MCAS CherPt  
DUNSCOMB, John "H" (0369) FMFPac to MCB CampPen  
ECHERD, Earl C (3049) 2dMarDiv to MCS Barstow  
ELIA, Joseph A (0369) 12th MCRDD Sfran to 1stMarDiv  
FICZKO, Robert R (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
FINN, Arthur L (2741) MCRDep SDiego to ForTrps CamLej  
FULOP, John C (1379) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
GADD, Gene (6481) AirFMFPac to MCRDep PI  
GIACOMELLI, Bruno (0369) 1stMarBrig to MARTD MARTC NARF Spokane  
GRIMM, Richard M (6413) AirFMFPac to MAD NATTC Memphis  
GROSS, Donald R (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
HADDAD, Phillip J (3311) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt  
HARPER, Robert W (2311) 3dMarDiv to MCB 29 Palms  
HARRIS, James D (1371) 3dMarDiv to MCRDep PI  
HELLWIG, Elmer W (3441) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
HENDERSON, Stacy J (0369) 3dMarDiv to 33thSpInfCo Terre Haute  
HENRY, Merrill D (6481) 1stMAW to MCAF New River  
HENRY, Nolan G (0369) 6thInfBn Houston to MCB CampPen FFT  
HENRY, Jr., John O (0369) HQMC to 1stMarDiv  
HOURS, Harold A (3516) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt  
HUEY, Harold E (3349) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
HUNTER, Melvin W (6461) MCS Quant to 1stMarBrig  
JOHNSON, Robert A (0369) 9th MCRDD Chicago to MCB CampPen FFT  
JONES, Charles H (3049) MCSFA Sfran to 5th75mmAAABtry San Jose  
JURGENSE, Cedric L (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCSFA Portsmouth Va



KASZAR, Steve J (6411) 1stMAW to  
MAD NATTC Jax  
KELLEY, Kenneth M (1369) 2dEngrBn  
Portland Me to MCB CampPen  
KENNEDY, Rhuel W (3051) ForTrps  
FMFPac to MCB CampPen  
KEUTZER, Leon A (3049) MCB 29  
Palms to NS Treas Is Sfran  
KILLEEN, Francis H (0369) 1st MCRRD  
GC NY to MCB CampPen FFT  
KLIDONAS, James (0369) 3dMarDiv to  
2dMarDiv  
KNAPP, Roland G (4131) MCB CamLej  
to MCAS El Toro FFT  
LA BOUTE, Yvette T (3049) 11thInfBn  
Cleveland to MCB CamLej  
LAFIETTE, Glenwood (2639) 1stMAW to  
1stMarDiv  
LANG, William J (0300) 1stMarBrig to  
1stMarDiv  
LAPLACE, Jean M (0369) 2dMarDiv to  
MarPac Sfran  
LEIDICH Jr., James E (0141) 3dMarDiv  
to MD NR PB Ptsmh Va  
LEVARIO, Joe M (2511) 1stMarBrig to  
2dMarDiv  
LEWIS, Ermon T (0369) 5th MCRRD  
WashDC to MCB CampPen FFT  
LINARDI, John N (6413) 1stMAW to  
MCAS CherPt  
LOPER Jr., Sam C (6481) MAD NATTC  
Memphis to MCAF New River  
LOVE, Jackson T (1541) 3dMarDiv to  
2dMarDiv  
MALINOUSKE, Walter J (3371) MCAS  
Kaneoh to MCAS Miami  
MANLEY, Walter M (3169) 1stMAW to  
MCAS Miami  
MANTEGNA, Joseph (6441) 2dMAW to  
MAD NATTC Memphis  
MARICH, Michael (0369) MCB CamLej  
to MCB CampPen FFT  
MARRA, Chester F (6641) MCRDep  
SDiego to MCAS CherPt  
MAYER, Archie L (0369) 9th MCRRD  
Chicago to 2dMarDiv  
MC CONE, James (2336) HQMC to  
MCAS El Toro FFT  
MC GREGOR, Donald H (2741) MCRDep  
SDiego to 1stMarDiv  
MC KEE, Albert C (6413) 1stMAW to  
MCAS El Toro  
MC KINNIN, James E (6461) 1stMAW  
to MCAS Miami  
MC LELAND, Floyd E (0369) 1stMarBrig  
to MCB CampPen  
MENTZER II, John H (0369) 3dMarDiv  
to 2dMarDiv  
MILLER, Charles R (3371) 6th MCRRD  
Atlanta to MCAS CherPt  
MILLER, James W (0369) 2dWpnsBn  
Kansas City to MCB CampPen FFT  
MILLER, Warren E (0369) MCB CampPen  
to MCB 29 Palms  
MONTOUR, Frank J (0369) 3dMarDiv  
to 2dMarDiv  
MOORE, Charles G (3371) 1stMAW to  
ForTrps 29 Palms  
MOORE Jr., James W (0369) FMFPac to  
1stMarDiv  
MORGRET, Junior F (4029) MCB Cam-  
Pen to HQMC  
MORRALL, Frank E (0369) 3dMarDiv to  
MCS Quant  
MURRAY, Cornelius (0369) 1stMarBrig  
to 2dMarDiv  
NICHOLSON, Nick K (0741) 1stMarDiv  
to MCRDep PI  
OATES, Henry W (2529) 1stMarDiv to  
1stMarBrig  
O'BRIEN, Jerry T (6731) 2dMAW to  
MCAS El Toro FFT  
PADDEN, James C (0369) MCAS CherPt  
to 2dMarDiv  
PARHAM, Howard T (1391) MCAS  
CherPt to 1stMarDiv  
PATRICK, Charles C (6431) MARTD  
MARTC NAS Minneapolis to MAD  
NATTC Jax  
PATRINOS, Charles (0369) MCB Cam-  
Pen to MCB CampPen FFT  
PAVY Jr., Charles C (3100) MCS Quant  
to MCSC Albany  
PEARCE, Robert L (2741) MCRDep  
SDiego to 1stMarDiv  
PERRYMAN Jr., Charles E (3516) 1st-  
Mar Div to MCAS El Toro FFT  
PETROWSKI, Walter J (3311) 1stMAW  
to MCAS CherPt  
PETRUCK, Herman F (6441) 1stMAW  
to MCAS CherPt  
PICONE, Herman F (6511) 1stMAW to  
MCAS El Toro  
PITTMAN, De Vaughn (2741) MCRDep  
SDiego to MCSC Albany  
POPP, Calvin C (0369) 3dMarDiv to  
2dMarDiv  
POULK, Russell K (0369) 3dMarDiv to  
1stMarDiv  
POWERS Jr., William H (6811) MCB  
CampPen to MCAS El Toro FFT  
QUINTANA, Joe A (3051) 1stMarDiv to  
ForTrps 29 Palms  
RAWLS, Perry M (6413) 1stMAW to  
MCAS El Toro  
RAY, Floyd L (6441) 1stMAW to MCAS  
El Toro  
REEVES, Charles W (0369) 2dWpnsBn  
Kansas City Mo to 1stMarDiv  
REID, John F (0369) 1stMarDiv to MCB  
29 Palms  
ROBBINS, Adrian C (3049) MarCorSup-  
Acty Phila to MCB CamLej  
ROBBINS, Dennis N (2529) MCAAS  
Mojae to MCAS, El Toro  
ROBBINS, Loraine W (3049) MCB Cam-  
Lej to 24thBrfCo CorpusChristi  
ROSS, George H (1379) MarPac to 1st-  
MarDiv  
ROSZAK, George E (6441) 1stMAW to  
MAD NATTC Memphis  
RUSSELL, Frederick R (0369) 3dMarDiv  
to 1stMarDiv  
RUSTERHOLTZ, Gilbert A (6511) MAD  
NATTC Jax to MCAS El Toro  
SANCHEZ, John (6413) 1st MAW to  
MCAS El Toro  
SANFORD, Jack L (0369) 3dMarDiv to  
1stMarDiv

SELEPES Jr., Michael F (6727) 1stMAW  
to MCAS CherPt  
SELLERS, Leon (1381) 3dMarDiv to  
2dMarDiv  
SENS, William J (3231) MCSC Bar-  
stow to MCB CampPen FFT  
SHAW, Raymond B (2529) AirFMFPac  
to MCAS El Toro FFT  
SHAWD, Sam G (2511) 1stMarBrig to  
ForTrps 29 Palms  
SHERIDAN, Boyd T (1811) HQMC to  
ForTrps CamLej  
SHIELDS, William (3051) AirFMFPac  
to MCRDep SDiego  
SINCO, AIR, Henry (0369) 1stMarBrig to  
MCB CampPen  
SIX, Everette C (3371) 1stMAW to  
MCAS El Toro  
SMITH, Clayton E (6413) Air FMFPac  
to MCRDep PI  
SMITH, John E (2539) 1stMarBrig to  
ForTrps Cam Lej  
SMITH, Henrietta (3411) 13thInfBn NGF  
WashDC to MCAS CherPt  
SMITHSON, James D (6614) MCRDep  
to MCAS CherPt  
SOBYRA, George R (6641) MCRDep  
SDiego to MCAS CherPt  
SPENCER, John D (2511) 1stMAW to  
ForTrps CamLej  
STURMAN, Robert R (0369) 3dMarDiv  
to 1stMarDiv  
SULLIVAN, Dennis T (2511) 1stMarBrig  
to 1stMarDiv  
SULLIVAN, George R (0369) 1stMarBrig  
to 1stMarDiv  
SULLIVAN, Joseph A (0369) 2dMarDiv  
to MCAS Kaneoh Bay  
SUTTON, Elmer M (1391) MCAS CherPt  
to ForTrps CamLej  
TAYLOR, Kenneth B (1381) HQMC to  
2dMarDiv  
TAYLOR Jr., Wardell J (0141) MCS  
Quant to 5th MCRRD WashDC  
THERIOT, Norbert J (0369) MARTD  
MARTC Sakaka Wash to 1stMarDiv  
THOMAS, Ernest L (3371) 1stMarDiv to  
MB NAD Crane Ind  
THORNTON, Joseph O (6671) MAD  
NATTC Memphis to MCAS El Toro  
TORREY, Alden B (3049) MarCorComp  
NavAdvGru Korea to MCB CamLej  
TUCKER, Robert L (3049) MarCorComp  
NavAdvGru to ForTrps 29 Palms  
TUCKER, Vernon C (7113) MCS Quant  
to 1stMarBrig  
TUSTIN, James S (1381) 1stMarDiv to  
MCB CampPen FFT  
VAHLE, Cecil D (3371) Treas Is Sfran  
to MCSC Albany  
VANCE, William G (1369) 6th MCRRD  
Atlanta to MCB CampPen FFT  
VAN HOUT, Kenneth E (0369) 1stMar-  
Brig to MCB CampPen  
VEITCH, Elmer M (0369) MCAS CherPt  
to 2dMarDiv  
WALKER, Billy F (2741) MCRDep  
SDiego to ForTrps 29 Palms  
WEITLAUF, Alpheus H (0369) 9th  
MCRRD Chicago to MCB CampPen FFT  
WHEELER, Virgil D (2543) 1stMarBrig  
to MCB CamLej  
WHITT, Edward C (1169) 3dMarDiv to  
ForTrps CamLej  
WILLIAMS, Nathaniel F (0369) FMFPac  
to 1stMarDiv  
WISE Jr., Jess M (0369) 3dMarDiv to  
2dWpnsBn Kansas City  
WITHERS, Robert G (0369) 3dMarDiv  
to MB NRC NB NorVa  
ZALES, Bernard (1316) 2dDepSupBn  
Phila to MCAS CherPt  
ZAVODNY, Samuel (0369) HQMC to  
MCRDep SDiego

#### STAFF SERGEANTS

ABRAMS, Gerald A (6441) 1stMAW to  
MAD NATTC Memphis  
ADAMS, Harvey Q (2531) 1stMarBrig  
to ForTrps 29 Palms  
ADAMS, Richard A (0848) 2dMarDiv to  
MCB CampPen FFT  
ANDERSON, Thomas J (0741) 4th  
MCRRD Phila to 9th MCRRD Chicago  
ADKINS, Shelby (0369) 2dMarDiv to  
MB NB Pearl Harbor  
ALIZIO, Anthony W (0141) 10thRifleCo  
Grand Rapids Mich to MCRDep PI  
ALLEN, Harold L (0121) 3dMarDiv to  
1st MCRRD GC NY  
ARNOLD, Lowell E (2311) 1stMarBrig  
to MCB 29 Palms  
BAKER, Richard L (2111) 1stMarDiv to  
MarCorColdWearTraCen Bridgeport  
BAKER, Warren W (2645) MCB CamLej  
to MCB CampPen FFT  
BARNES, Glen E (6412) 1stMAW to  
MCAS CherPt  
BARTER, William E (6413) 1stMAW to  
MCAF New River  
BASHAM, William H (0369) 3dMarDiv  
to MCSC Albany  
BELCHER, Odie (3531) MCB CamLej to  
MCAS El Toro  
BELL, Richard K (1441) MarCorComp  
NavAdvGru Korea to ForTrps CamLej  
BELTON, John (6661) 1stMAW to MCAS  
CherPt  
BELYEU, William T (1381) 1stMarBrig  
to 2dMarDiv  
BENGE, James R (0369) 1stMarDiv to  
MB NB Mare Island  
BEST, James S (0141) 2dMarDiv to  
MarCorOProDfo Syracuse NY  
BLAKE Jr., Harry O (0369) 3dMarDiv  
to 2dMarDiv  
BOUDREAU, Richard C (0141) 1stMar-  
Brig to MCSC Barstow

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# TRANSFERS (cont.)

BOYLE, Joseph N (1811) 1stMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
BRADSHAW, Clifford R (4029) MCS Quant to HQMC  
BRIDGES, Raymond L (2543) 1stMarBrig to MCRD SDiego  
BROOM, Wayne J (0141) 12th MCRD SFRan to MCB CamPen FFT  
BROWN, Louis E (6511) MAD NATTC Jax to MCAS Miami  
BROWN Jr., William E (0141) 1stMarBrig to MCS Quant  
BUMPASS, Russell (0369) 1stMarDiv to MB NAD Fallbrook Calif  
BUNTIN Jr., Alford L (0848) 2dMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
BURNESSE Jr., John G (6511) 1st MCRD GC NY to MAD NATTC Jax  
BURRIS Jr., Melvin H (0369) 3dMarDiv to MarCorColdWesTraCen Bridgeport  
CAIN, Charles R (0369) MCRD SDiego to 1stMarDiv  
CAMP, Roy C (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
CANZONERI, Joseph F (6413) MARTD MARTC NAS NorIns to MAD NATTC Memphis  
CARBAJAL, Henry (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
CARROLL, Lester T (0369) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
CARSON, Milton E (3371) MB NAD Bangor Bremerton to ForTrps 29 Palms  
CASEY, Herbert J (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen  
CASTLEBERRY, Rufus N (0369) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
CHAMBERS, William D (3531) 1stMAW to MCSC Barstow  
CHAMPTION, Arthur H (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
CHAVEZ, Connie S (0761) ForTrps FMFPac to MCRD PI  
CLARK, Arthur G (0369) 1stMarBrig to 2dMarDiv  
CLARK, Robert S (6511) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt  
CLICK, Norlyn S (3537) 2dMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
CLOPTON, James L (0369) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv  
COCONIS, Peter P (1413) 4thEngrCo S Charleston WVa to MCB CamPen FFT  
COLEMAN, Kenneth G (6413) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt  
COLES, Silas (0141) LCreek NorVa to HQMC  
COLLINS, Bobby J (0369) MD USS Forrestal to 2dMarDiv  
COOK Jr., Marvin (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
COPPI, Paul J (0781) MCB 29 Palms to 1stMarDiv  
COWAN, Harry E (0141) 2dMAW to HQMC  
COX, William H (1345) 1stMarBrig to ForTrps CamLej  
CRAWFORD, Ray L (2511) 1stMarBrig to 2dMarDiv  
CRUIT, Kenneth A (3049) ForTrps FMFPac to MCSFA SFRan  
CRUMLEY, General M (3011) 53dSplCo Charleston to 2dMarDiv  
CRUZ Jr., Bennie C (1121) MCB 29 Palms to MCB CamPen FFT  
CYR, Carl N (6412) 2dMAW to MAD NATTC Memphis  
D'AMICO, Anthony S (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen  
DARON, Robert E (6441) MAD NATTC Memphis to MCAS Miami  
DAVIS, Sidney B (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
DAVIS, Ulysses N (3613) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv  
DAY, Lawrence M (0241) AirFMFPac to MCRD SDiego  
DEANE, Otis B (6511) MAD NATTC Jax to MCAS CherPt  
DEJAYNES, Hubert D (6413) AirFMFPac to MAD NATTC Memphis  
DELATORRE, Victor (0161) 3dMarDiv to MCAS El Toro  
DICKENS, Bruce A (6412) 1stMarBrig to MCAS Miami  
DILLARD, James C (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
DI TROIA, Joseph A (0141) 1st75mm-AAAGunBn Freemansburg Pa to MCB CamPen FFT  
DOCKERY, Thomas J (0369) 2dMarDiv to MB NorVa  
DOLAN, Edward F (3041) 2dTrkCo Augusta to MCAS CherPt  
DONALD, Charles W (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
DOUGLAS, Okey J (0369) MB NMD Yorktown Va to MCB CamPen FFT  
DREW, Charles L (2311) MB NAS Memphis to MCS Quant  
DUFF, Peter H (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
DUNCAN, Dorris A (6441) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt  
DUNN, Paul F (0121) 2dMAW to MCAS El Toro FFT  
DYER, Gordon C (6461) 1stMAW to MCAAS Mojave  
ELLIOTT, Richard W (0341) 5th75mm-AAABtry San Jose to Treas Is SFRan  
ELLISON, Alfred J (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCAS Kaneohe Bay  
EMMERSON, Jesse C (6441) MCS Quant to MCAS Miami  
ETTER, John E (6611) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt  
EVERETT, Zane L (0141) ForTrps FMFPac to MarCorOProDc Detroit  
FALLON, James M (0141) 34thSplInfCo Johnston Pa to MAD NATTC Jax  
FAUBION, Francis P (3441) 3dMarDiv to MB NTC GLakes  
FAUGHNAN, James C (0231) 2dMarDiv to MCAS El Toro FFT  
FEHNEL, Herbert F (0141) 1stOrdFld-Maint Columbia to 2dMarDiv  
FELTS, Philip (3011) 8th MCRD NorIns to 1stMarDiv  
FERRANTE, Frank (4131) 3dMarDiv to MB WashDC  
FERRELL, James B (2111) 1stServBn Memphis to MCB CamPen FFT  
FERRELL, Hobart L (0369) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
FIGUEROA, Frank (4131) MCB CamPen to HQMC  
FLORES Jr., Ramon R (0369) MB NAD Hawthorne Nev to 1stMarDiv  
FLUMAN, Carl E (6511) MAD NATTC Jax to 1stMarBrig  
FORSEBERG, Vernon L (6621) AirFMFPac to MCAS El Toro FFT  
FRANKS, Fred A (3311) MCRD SDiego to MCAS El Toro FFT  
FREDERICKS, Charles J (2533) 2dMarDiv to MCAS El Toro FFT  
FOX, Wallace E (0141) 2dMarDiv to MarCorOProDc Atlanta  
FUGERA, Franklin J (0141) ForTrps Brigs to ForTrps 29 Palms  
FULTON, Homer L (0141) MCAS Miami to MarCorOProDc Minneapolis  
GACHEN Jr., Frank (0141) MB NS SDiego to MCB CamPen FFT  
GAINES, Frank A (0141) 3dMarDiv to 5th MCRD WashDC  
GAINOUS, George S (0369) MB NRC NB NorVa to MCB CamPen FFT  
GARDNER, William F (0141) 5th MCRD WashDC to MCAS CherPt  
GARLAND, Charles J (0369) 4th MCRD Phila to 2dMarDiv  
GARNAND, Jimmie L (6441) MAD NATTC Memphis to MCAS CherPt  
GARRETT, Harold J (0369) 2dMarDiv to MB NB NorVa  
GEORGE, Robert R (0141) 5th MCRD WashDC to MCAS Miami  
GILBERT, Kenneth O (1371) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI  
GILLIAND, Hudson D (0231) 9th MCRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv  
GORTSAS, Donald L (0141) 8th MCRD NorIns to ForTrps 29 Palms  
GOSCH, Thomas C (1833) 12th MCRD SFRan to MCB CamPen  
GRAVENOR, Randall W (0241) 1stMarBrig to MCAS El Toro  
GREER, William N (0141) AirFMFPac to MarCorOProDc Los Angeles  
GROVER Jr., Wallace E (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen  
GUERRA, Adrian (3261) 1stMarBrig to MCAS El Toro  
GWAZDAUSKAS, Charles V (0369) 2dMarDiv to MB NRC NB NorVa  
HALE, Guy "C" (0369) 2dMarDiv to MB NRC NB NorVa  
HANDSHOE, Pard (0369) 2dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
HANKINS, Artie J (6511) 2dMAW to MCAS Miami  
HANRAHAN, Thomas J (6441) MAD NATTC Jax to 1stMarBrig  
HARMAN, Delmar R (1381) 1stMarBrig to 2dMarDiv  
HART, David R (1379) 3dMarDiv to MCRD SDiego  
HARTLEY, William L (3371) 5th MCRD WashDC to 2dMarDiv  
HARVEY, Floyd W (2511) 1stMarBrig to MCB CamPen  
HAYES, Frederick C (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
HAYS, Henry (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
HEARN, Bobby L (6412) AirFMFPac to MCRD PI  
HEBERT, Ricardo E (0569) 4th MCRD Phila to 2dMarDiv  
HENDERSON Jr., Virgil W (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
HENNINGFIELD, Leo F (0141) 3dSPCo Kalamazoo Mich to 2dMarDiv  
HINDS, Ernest W (1121) 1stMAW to ForTrps CamLej  
HOCKSTAD, Eugene F (0141) 20thSpl-InfCo Rockford Ill to 1stMarDiv  
HOPKINS, James D (0369) 1stMarBrig to MCB CamPen  
HORTTOR, Raymond E (2171) 1stMarBrig to ForTrps 29 Palms  
HOTSE, Phillip L (2511) 1stMarBrig to Ft Gordon Ga  
HOUSNICK, Bernard W (2741) 2dMarDiv to MCRD SDiego  
HOWARD, Charles T (2111) 2d155mm-HowBtry Texarkana to 1stMarDiv  
HOWARD, Frank C (3371) MB NB Newport to MCAS CherPt  
HUTCHINSON, James G (0369) 3dMarDiv to 6thInfBn Houston  
IGNAS, Joseph J (2511) 1stMarBrig to 2dMarDiv  
IVIE, Hubert L (2533) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
JACKSON, Fred (0369) MCAS CherPt to 2dMarDiv  
JACKSON, Thomas C (1121) FIActs Yokosuka to MCB CamPen  
JAMES, Luther V (0369) 1stMarBrig to MCB CamPen  
JACQUES, Rolford D (2543) 2dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
JOHNSON, Philip F (0369) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
JONES, Merton L (6511) MAD NATTC Jax to MCAS Miami  
JONES, Silas (2141) 2d155GunBtry Eugene Ore to 1stMarDiv  
JONES, Walter R (2543) 2dMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
KAISER, Jerry G (0141) 77thSplInfCo Zanesville Ohio to 2dMarDiv  
KELLEY, Brady (6511) MCAS Miami to MCAS CherPt  
KERSEY, Franklin D (0369) 2dMarDiv to MB NRC NB NorVa  
KESSLER, Thomas E (0369) 1stMarBrig to MCB 29 Palms  
KILROY, Donald J (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
KINGRY, Thomas E (4312) MCAS Miami to MCB CamPen FFT  
KLINE, Richard L (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
KNOWLES, Kenneth J (0369) 2dMarDiv to MarPac SFRan  
KOHLE, William R (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
KRIVANEK, Jean L (2539) 1stMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
KUZAN, Joseph S (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
LADSON, Ray W (0369) 2dMarDiv to MB NRC NB NorVa  
LANCE, Richard A (0369) MD USS Saratoga to MCRD PI  
LARSON, Alfred E (6511) 1stMarBrig to MAD NATTC Jax  
LASHLEY, Robert D (0369) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
LASKOVITCH, John (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
LINDEN, Russell E (2111) 3dMarDiv to MCRD SDiego  
LINDSEY, John E (3537) MCRD SDiego to MCB CamLej  
LOADHOLT, Jack R (6731) 2dMAW to MCAS El Toro FFT  
LOCKARD, Bobby J (2111) MB NB Bremerton to MCRD SDiego  
LOMBARD, James C (5581) 3dMarDiv to MCAS CherPt  
LONG, Thomas G (0369) MD USS Valley Forge to 2dMarDiv  
LONG, Thomas J (1371) 3dMAW to MCB CamPen FFT  
LYON, John L (2311) MCRD PI to MB NPF Indian Head  
LYON, William R (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant  
MAGRUM, Lowell E (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
MARLAR, Donald D (0369) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv  
MARSHALL, Leonard M (1371) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
MARTIN, Arville D (3141) 9th MCRD Chicago to MCSC Barstow  
MARTIN, Francis (3531) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
MARK Jr., Joseph G (3537) 1stMAW to MCB CamLej  
MASON, Lewis D (0141) 1stMarBrig to MCB CamPen  
MATHESON, Johnny M (1371) HQMC to 1stMarDiv  
MATT, Edward J (0141) ForTrps FMFPac to MarCorOProDc San Antonio Tex  
MAVENTE, Richard C (0369) 1st MCRD GC NY to 2dMarDiv  
MAYER, James D (0369) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
MC COY, Leason (0369) 12th MCRD SFRan to MCB CamPen FFT  
MC DONALD, Marvin L (3537) MCSFA Ptsmh Va to Ft Lee Va  
MC KENZIES, Ray B (0369) 100thSpl-InfCo Meridian Miss to MCB CamPen FFT  
MC MULLEN, Jackie F (3041) 4th-75mmAAABtry Fresno to MCB CamLej  
MEAGHER, Donald W (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv



"The weather was fine at Camp Perry. Er, take this thing out and bury it. . . ."

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END

MITCHUM, Walter (3531) 1stMAW to MCB CamLej  
MOMMAERTS, Valrie V (0141) 2dMAW to MarCorProDC Chicago  
MOREHART Jr., Charles J (3516) MCRDep PI to MCB CamLej  
MORPHEW, Thomas A (0141) 5th MCRDep WashDC to MCB CamLej  
MORRISON, Francis E (2741) MCRDep SDiego to 1stMarDiv  
MOYER, Robert B (2111) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
MULLIGAN Jr., Walter W (0431) AirFMFPac to MCRDep PI  
MULVEY, William R (0369) HQMC to 2dMarDiv  
MURPHY Jr., John W (1811) MB NB Phila to 2dMarDiv  
MURRAY, Patrick F (0141) MCRDep SDiego to MB NB LBeach  
MYERS, Edrell L (0369) 12th RII Co Springfield Mo to 1stMarDiv  
MYERS, John M (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant  
MYERS, Robert L (0369) 1stMarDiv to MarCorColdWatrCen Bridgeport  
NAJARIAN Jr., Richard (2531) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
NEWELL, Southgay E (3613) 1stMAW to MCAAS Mojave  
NEWTON, George E (2131) 3dMarDiv to MCS Albany  
NORTHCUTT, James E (2111) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
OATES, Jr., Albert L (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
O'BOYLE, John F (6431) 1stMAW to MAD NATTC Jax  
O'BRIEN, Edward J (0431) 1stMAW to MCAAS Miami  
O'HEY, John C (6715) MCAAS Mojave to MCAS El Toro FFT  
OWENS, Herman B (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
PARKER, Junior (1341) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
PARKS, Bobby J (4131) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
PARKS, Nathaniel (3261) 1stMarDiv to MCAAS CherPt  
PARUOLO, Dominick S (3371) MAD PaxRiv Md to 2dMarDiv  
PATTEN, Terry (3100) HQMC to 5th MCRDep WashDC  
PAVEY, Chester R (0300) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
PETERS, Lewis J (0369) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
PETERSON, George L (4100) HQMC to MCS Quant  
PINE III, Benjamin F (3516) 3d155mm-HwBn Tinton NJ to MCB CamLej  
PLUSKO, Albert J (7113) 1st MAW to MCAAS Miami  
POWELL, Charles B (0751) MB Clarksville Tenn to MCB 29 Palms  
POWELL, Frank M (1341) 2dMarDiv to MCAF New River  
PRATO, San J (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant  
PRESTON, Thomas R (0141) 1stCommBn Alameda to MB NB Subic Bay  
QUINN, Daniel J (6511) 1stMAW to MAD NATTC Jax  
RANDALL, Jack R (2311) 1stMarDiv to MB NPF Indian Head  
RANDOLPH, James A (0811) MB NAS Memphis to ForTrps CamLej  
RATHEUN, Raymond C (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
REECE, Samuel B (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
REED, Doyle R (2533) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms  
REED, Oscar T (0848) 2dMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
REIGLE, Robert E (0369) 2dMarDiv to MB NRC NB NorVa  
RICE Jr., Philip C (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
RICHARDSON, Jack (2771) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms  
RIFFLE, Stanley (0369) 1stMarDiv to MCB CamPen  
ROBERTS, James G (2511) 1stMarDiv to MCS Quant  
ROBERTSON, Lew S (6715) 1stMAW to MCAAS Mojave  
ROEBUCK, Herbert H (0741) MCB 29 Palms to 7th AAABtry Pasadena  
ROGERS, Francis M (1344) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv  
ROGERS, William J (3371) MB FIActs Yokosuka to MCB 29 Palms  
ROHDE, Robert T (0848) 2dMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
RUMFELT, Norris R (0141) 2d155mm-GunBn Miami to MCB CamPen  
RZESZEWSKI, Thadous V (0141) MCS Quant to HQMC  
SAMPLE, John H (3531) MB NAS Memphis to MCB CamLej  
SANDROSKI, Henry R (0141) 2dMAW to MB WashDC  
SANDS, David W (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCAF New River  
SAPP, Lowell H (6641) 1stMAW to MCAAS CherPt  
SAUSAU, Eli (0369) 1stMAW to MCB CamPen  
SCHROEDER, Robert E (0141) AirFMFPac to MarCorProDC Denver  
SEABURY, Helen E (3411) FMFPac to MCAAS CherPt  
SEARCY Jr., William L (2741) MarCor-SupActy Phila to MCRDep SDiego  
SEAY, Arthur L (1345) 1stMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
SECUNDA, Paul R (0369) 4th MCRDep Phila to 2dMarDiv  
SELF Jr., Fred G (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
SHERIDAN, John C (0369) 1stMarDiv to MarCorColdWatrCen Bridgeport  
SHERMAN, Marion M (4029) MCSFA Sfran to MCRDep PI  
SHIRAN Jr., Theodore (3531) MB NB Pearl to MCAAS CherPt

SHOOK Jr., Fred J (6727) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
SHUMAKER, Winston E (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
SIGLER, Robert F (2111) 81stSplInfCo Springfield Ill to MCB CamPen FFT  
SIMPKINS, Evan H (0141) 4thEngrCo Charleston WVa to ForTrps CamLej  
SKAGGS, William L (3071) LCreek NorVa to 2dMarDiv  
SMITH, George A (3537) AirFMFPac to MCB CamPen  
SMITH Jr., Harry J (0141) 52dSplInfCo New Bedford Mass to MCB CamPen FFT  
SMITH, Ronald E (6511) 1stMarDiv to MAD NATTC Jax  
SYDER, George D (6511) 1stMarDiv to MAD NATTC Jax  
SOWELL Jr., Edgar A (6511) MAD NATTC Jax to MCAS Miami  
SPARKS, Lee W (0369) 1stMarDiv to MCAAS CherPt  
SPIKES, Thomas E (3516) MB NAS Memphis to MCAAS CherPt  
SPRINKLE, Joe E (6411) MAD NATTC Memphis to MCAAS CherPt  
STACHEX Jr., Everett H (6431) 1stMAW to MCAAS CherPt  
STANDISH, Harold F (0141) 2dMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
STEEHLING, James C (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant  
STETSER, Daniel D (1371) 2dMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
STEVENSON, Henry C (5711) ForTrps FMFPac to MCS Albany  
STREICH Jr., Louis P (2111) 4thAW-Btry Madison Wis to MCB CamPen FFT  
STRICKLAND, George E (6441) 1stMAW to MCAS Miami  
STROGOFF, Charles W (0369) 1st MCRDep Garden City NY to 2dMarDiv  
STRONG, Donald B (2336) 1stMAW to MB NPF Indian Head Md  
STROUP, Richard W (2771) MB WashDC to MCRDep SDiego  
STUMPE, Glenn B (0349) 1stMarDiv to MCS Quant  
SULLIVAN, Melvin J (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen  
SUMMERS, James P (0369) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
TAYLOR, James W (3537) 3dMarDiv to MCAS El Toro  
TAYLOR, Reynold (3361) MCB 29 Palms to MCB CamPen  
TENNYSON, James W (2533) 1stMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
TESSEY Jr., Edward J (0369) 1st MCRDep GC NY to 2dMarDiv  
THOMAS, Robert T (3026) 1stMAW to ForTrps CamLej  
THOMPSON, Alfred W (0141) 9th MCRDep Chicago to MCRDep PI  
THOMPSON Jr., Robert H (6511) AirFMFPac to MAD NATTC Jax  
THOMPSON, William Y (6511) 1stMAW to MCAAS CherPt  
THORNTON, Loren E (6511) AirFMFPac to MAD NATTC Jax  
THURMAN, Archie E (3531) FMFLant to MCB CamLej  
TIMBERS, Francis (3516) 2dMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT  
TITTERINGTON, Jack A (2111) 1stTrCo Tulsa to 1stMarDiv  
TOWNSEND, Richard (2511) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
TOWNSEND Jr., Walter J (0369) 1stMarDiv to MCS Quant  
TRAYLOR, Jewell E (4131) MCS Quant to 1stMarDiv  
TREMANN, Orin E (0369) HQMC to 2dMarDiv  
TRUEX, Edward E (0369) FMFPac to MCB CamPen  
TUBBS, Jack (3411) HQMC to ForTrps 29 Palms  
TUCKER Jr., John C (5711) MB NS Adak AI to MCAS El Toro  
TYREE, Robert E (2631) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv  
TYSON, June (3051) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
UPTON, Ronald C (0141) 1st MCRDep GC NY to MCRDep PI  
VALTIER, Manuel (0141) 7thInfBn San Bruno Calif to 1stMarDiv  
VANSICKLE, Erwin G (2111) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
VANWINKLE, Howard R (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
VERNON, Hugo (0369) 1stMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
VIRRET Jr., Samson P (0141) 2dMarDiv to MB WashDC  
WATERS, Robert E (4029) HQMC to MCB CamPen  
WATTENBARGER, Donald L (6413) 1stMAW to MCAAS CherPt  
WEBB, Robert E (6613) 1stMAW to MCAAS CherPt  
WERLING, Frank N (0369) 2dMarDiv to MB NRC NB NorVa  
WESTGATE, Ronald W (2511) 2dMarDiv to MCRDep SDiego  
WESTON, George A (0369) MarCorComp NavAdv-Gru Korea to 1stMarDiv  
WESTON, Stanley A C (6671) MAD NATTC Memphis to MAD Pt Mugu  
WILCOX, Willie J (3613) 1stMAW to MCB CamLej  
WILKINSON, Morgan L (0141) 4th MCRDep Phila to MCB CamPen FFT  
WILLIAMS, Dale F (3537) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro  
WILSON, Charles E (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
WILSON, Louis G (0369) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
WILSON, Robert L (3441) 1stMAW to ForTrps CamLej  
WOODRUFF, Ronald L (0761) MCB CamLej to MCRDep PI  
ZUMWALT, Donald L (0141) MCRDep PI to MB NB Subic Bay



## LEGEND

[continued from page 51]

being very tactful," Velie smiled. "Okay, Sarge, let's have the legend of Stanley Garner."

"Now there was a rookie," Victor said warmly, "who turned into a four-hundred hitter. There's not much of a moral to it, it just happened and every once in a while a guy comes along who has the same problem Stanley had."

"What's that?"

"Trying too hard. Getting all tensed up and just plain trying too hard." Sgt. Victor patted the fuselage of the sleek jet. "Of course, in those days it was them stubby little Wildcats which don't compare to this, but the problem doesn't change. Stanley Garner was always a fine pilot, but in a dogfight he was as dangerous as a slap on the wrist. He'd burn the bores out of his fifties, but up to the day he learned to relax, he might just as well stayed on the ground for all the damage he did to the Japanese Air Force."

"So far," Velie said grimly, "it sounds like my case history."

"Yeah, but the day come when Lieu-

tenant Garner got fighting mad. It happened in a scrap over New Georgia. The rest of the boys had a field day, knocking down a dozen Bettys, then slapping down the Zero escort like they was mosquitos. Everybody but Garner, who, as usual, cut a lot of clouds up into sections without scoring once."

"What happened when he got mad?"

The sergeant grinned. "By then, he was out of ammo and raving like a section eight."

"I thought you were going to tell me he got twenty Japanese before going home."

"Not that day. But he took out after the last Zero with empty guns. St. Peter himself couldn't have shook Garner from his tail that day."

"But you said he was out of ammo."

"He was, but it didn't make any difference. He must have really shook that enemy pilot when he practically pulled up along side of him, pulled back his hood and shook his fist at him. And then began the screwiest dogfight in the history of the war. Because his opponent was no slouch either and he figures this wise-guy Yankee is making fun of him. I imagine he says something like, 'Okay, Marine, it's you and me all by ourselves and one of us is gonna miss the next mail call!'"

"So he kicks the Zero around the sky

like a demented yo-yo in an effort to get a shot at Garner. No dice. The Yankee hangs on like a tick. He rolls, loops, dives, right along with the enemy pilot, all the time yelling names at himself for being out of ammo. He figures that in the next three minutes he *could have* shot that Zero down about twenty times.

"The Nipponese is in a sweat by now, just waiting for the burst that cuts him in half. He gives up trying to shake the crazy Marine, he flies along resignedly and prepares to meet his ancestors. But the burst doesn't come, and when he looks back over his shoulder as though saying, 'Well, what the hell are you waiting for?' the terrible truth begins to dawn on him. The Yankee is out of ammunition and is merely toying with him, making fun of him. I imagine he says a few words in Japanese technicolor."

"And then, as the two men glare at each other, Garner pays the most unspeakable of compliment, he grins and waves mockingly at his foe and turns off for Henderson. He is probably the most unhappy man in the Corps but he's a lot happier than the poor Japanese pilot, who is out of his mind with rage and humiliation. He must realize he has been figuratively shot down several dozen times and now the enemy was flying home to make jokes about the sport he had."

"Garner looks back to be sure the Zero isn't following him. His eyes widen and he rubs them to be sure he's not imagining it. The Japanese is in a steep, hellbent, suicidal dive. His first score is strictly a psychological victory but the Zero smacks the ocean just as hard as if he was shot down and the pilot is just as much use to the enemy for the rest of the war."

"Garner is still laughing when he reaches Henderson Field. He says something peculiar to the first mech he sees after landing. 'Imagine what I'll do to those bums,' he says, 'when I have ammunition.'"

"He is as relaxed as a kitten from that day on and there was nothing psychological about the next eighteen kills he makes. In fact he has learned his lesson so well he spends those fifty-slugs like they was money and never returned to base with empty guns again, despite his record."

Lt. Velie smiled thoughtfully. "Sarge," he said finally, "are you trying to tell me that's a true story?"

"Maybe it is, and maybe it ain't," Sgt. Victor said carefully, "but hearing it has taught a lot of fine pilots how foolish it is to lean heavy on the trigger button and, more important, maybe it's brought a few of them back home."

"Well," Velie said, "thanks, and thank the guys in the dugout. If Stan-



"I just can't get over the way Junior has grown since joining the Marine Corps!"

Leatherneck Magazine



ley Garner does me any good, you'll be the first to know."

"He will," Sgt. Victor said confidently. "He will."

Three days later, over the Yalu again, Bill Velie got his first Mig. He was relaxed, sure and careful and one short burst sent the enemy down in a long, smoking spiral. It was one of the rare occasions when the Migs decided to stick around and make a fight of it and he had a second in his sights when Major Pine's voice said, quite calmly, "Will somebody please take the rice-eater off my back."

Velie saw the major below him, vainly trying to shake a Mig whose pilot evidently knew all the tricks. As he watched, a piece of the major's tail splintered explosively and his jet wavered, remained in control, tried desperately to climb. The major's voice, still calmly, "I'd like very much to see that John Wayne movie tonight, if anyone isn't busy."

The lieutenant dove steeply, his guns and cannon thumping furiously. The enemy pilot, concentrating on his target, saw Velie too late and his ship blew up with a concussion that jarred Velie's teeth when he flew through the smoke and debris of the blast. He leveled off dangerously near the deck,

hearing Major Pine's grateful words, "Thanks, Billy boy, that's one I owe you."

"Can you make it?"

"Why, sure, if you'll sit on my wing and scare the vultures off."

Velie grinned and took up position, feeling protective and very much as though he belonged. He saw the rest of the boys were heading for home too; the scattered remnants of the enemy formation breaking for sanctuary to lick their wounds.

When the Marines landed, Velie didn't speak to Sgt. Victor, he merely winked broadly and slapped the big man's shoulder.

"A very nice landing, Sir," the sergeant said.

"You guys certainly do load a guy down with ammo," Velie said, grinning. "You'll find the stuff I didn't need still in the pantry."

"A very, very nice landing, Sir!"

Major Pine joined them at a trot and punched the lieutenant lightly on the arm: "Welcome to the club, Bill, and again, thanks. It's against regulations to give you money, but have a cigarette. Sarge, you would have been proud of this guy up there today."

"I owe it all," Velie said, "to Stanley Garner."

"Oh, you told him about Stanley, Sarge?"

Victor nodded happily. "You don't mind, Major?"

"Mind? I wouldn't be here if I minded you inventing ridiculous stories to entertain my pilots."

"No, Sir."

"The only thing I do mind," the major said, winking at Velie, "is the possibility of Lieutenant Velie discovering Stanley Garner's *real name*. It's the best kept secret in the Corps." He chuckled, turned and walked off.

Velie stared after him. "No!" he said softly.

"Yessir," Sgt. Victor said, smiling after the major. "I guess the old man figured he owed you that much. I might add that makes just two of us who know the legend of Stanley Garner is a little more than just a story. It would prove very embarrassing to Major Pine if it was to get around..."

"Say no more," Velie said, with a wave of his hand. "Stanley Garner is a myth and you can't convince me otherwise. He's much more believable as a myth."

"Thank you, Lieutenant," Victor said gratefully. "On behalf of Stanley and myself." **END**

## OPERATION BUSY WEEK

[continued from page 47]

maneuvers. They numbered 130. "Leap-frog" tactics were highly successful in preventing the front line troops from advancing too fast. Their plan was to make an all-out stand at Phase Line Three, the evening objective of the Battalion Landing Team.

"We pulled every trick in the book to harass and stymie the advancing units," said Master Sergeant Harry Wugalter, First Sergeant of the 57th. "We tapped into their telephone lines, monitored radio messages and even used large two-man sling shots to throw firecrackers at the oncoming troops."

As "Alfa" and "Bravo" Companies approached Phase Line Three, an objective which was time-tabled for capture by sundown, they met the massed "aggressor" force head-on. A fierce fire-fight ensued and at times both forces were only yards apart.

"Wright's Raiders" were driven off the objective once during the fire-fight, fell back 50 yards, regrouped, and counter-attacked. At sundown, the "aggressors" stubbornly held "Hill 991"

and the high ground fronting "Alfa" and "Bravo" Companies. Both sides dug in for the night.

Under cover of darkness, a combined artillery and tank Fire Direction Center directed harassing fire on the enemy hilltop positions. This apparently sparked the "Desert Rats" into action. Patrols were sent out. One group circled behind the artillery-tank positions and located the BLT command post. Its location was given to Major Wright, who called in an artillery mission on the position. Other small patrols harassed infantrymen, artillery and air forward observers.

A tank attack against the supply dump on the beach almost made good the "aggressor" boast that they would enjoy a night swim. Fifteen raiders sneaked up on the 1st Shore Party, but were beaten off after a fire-fight. The Shore Party men had heard of the threat earlier, and were staked out in strongly fortified positions.

At dawn, the attack began. "Hill 991" was then called "Little Big Horn" by the members of the Battalion Landing Team. When "Wright's Raiders" heard the new nickname, they answered the challenge by yelling, "It may be 'Little Big Horn' all over again, but this is one war we'll win."

"Little Big Horn" changed hands twice and the "aggressors" were pounded from BLT frontal and flank

positions. Mortars and 105s also "rained heavy" on the precarious perch held by the enemy. By sheer fire superiority, "Alfa" and "Bravo" Companies moved forward again and chased the retreating enemy toward Phase Line Four, the final objective.

As the assault companies moved up, the BLT commander committed his standby helicopter assault troops. Three whirly-birds airlifted a platoon of Reservists, members of the 24th Rifle Company, to a position in front of the advancing "Bravo" Company. They consolidated their position as "Alfa" Company, on the right, reached the high ground overlooking Basilone Road, the final objective.

"Operation Busy Week" was climaxed by a "live" fire demonstration by members of the 2d Armored Amphibian Company and the 3d 105-mm. Howitzer Battery. Then, shortly before noon, Lieutenant Colonel Leo B. Case, Maneuver Director and Assistant Officer-in-Charge of the Reserve Liaison and Training Unit, rang down the curtain and secured the problem.

"Chief Highridge," a title which had been bestowed upon Col. Wallace by the 57th Special Infantry Company, praised the Reservists for the spirit and capability they had demonstrated during their two-week stay at Camp Pendleton. They had made a good landing. **END**



# IF I WERE COMMANDANT

*Checks for \$25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. Leatherneck will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Write your suggestions in the form of a double-spaced typewritten letter of not more than 300 words, and mail to Leatherneck, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Be sure to include your name, rank, and service number.*



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would cause to be instituted a program whereby a career Marine could, by process of correspondence courses and guided study, gain a recognized college degree.

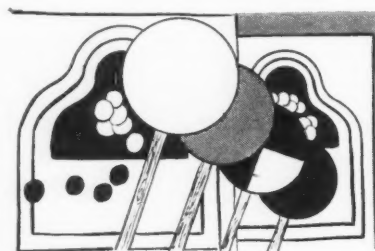
The Marine Corps Institute could be the controlling agency with base and unit Education Officers organizing the local program. At the present time, and under the present system, it is possible to get a degree by being stationed near a college and having a duty assignment which allows a regular schedule to be set up and followed. Unfortunately, most Marines cannot meet these requirements. Also, the present system requires the Marine to be stationed at one base long enough to meet the residence requirements established by most institutions.

The program I visualize would allow a baccalaureate degree to be attained in a few fields of recognized military value such as engineering, military science, history, or business administration. It could set up a curriculum consisting of certain required courses, a major subject and a minor, and selected electives. A program of self-study and group instruction with supervised testing could be initiated to conform with requirements of accreditation set up by a recognized educational authority. If a program could be instituted that

would meet these requirements, a degree could be granted by Headquarters, Marine Corps, that would be recognized as being valid by any institution of higher learning.

The requirements for this program to be instituted are complex and it would be a difficult program to initiate, but I believe that once started it would meet with enthusiasm and would be a real asset to the Marine Corps.

1st Lt. A. T. McDermott  
061237



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would initiate a change to MCO 1500.1 (Instruction for Training With Weapons), i.e., enclosure (4), 1.d. (2) (c). This change would read, "(c) In rapid fire, if a target has more than the prescribed number of hits not all of the same value, the target will be scored with the value of the ten (10) highest shots."

In the event a Marine fires rapid fire on a target and receives all ten

(10) shots in the five-ring, with another shot not in the five-ring which was fired by a Marine on another target, this Marine would lose his "possible" and must fire an alibi string. It is doubtful if this shooter would again shoot a score of fifty (50) on that rapid fire alibi string.

Any Marine who fires on another Marine's target deserves a scored miss for each shot fired on that wrong target, I agree, but the Marine whose target was fired upon should not have to be punished by this wrong act, and should be given the value of the ten (10) highest shots.

The Marine Corps is known for its great marksmen in rifle and pistol shooting. I believe this change stated herein, if made, would assure the Marine Corps of keeping up this tradition.

SSgt. Richard F. Pickett  
1034271

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would promulgate instructions for an issue of 782 gear to each Marine on a permanent basis. This would be similar to the issue of a rifle on page "20". However, the 782 gear would not be returned to an organization until the individual's discharge or release from active duty. The 782 gear would consist of the common items used throughout the Corps. The individual's name would be stamped in pre-



determined places on each piece of equipment. The resultant pride in his own personal issue should result in better care and maintenance and also cut down on careless losses.

Survey replacements would be on a battalion or regimental level, thereby taking the storage and handling problems away from lower echelons to meet TE needs, also, shipping space could be saved, resulting in a certain amount of supply economy. Marines presently on active duty could be signed with their present issue and Marines coming through Recruit Training could draw their issue then.

Capt. Robert Drowdahl  
058711

professional tactical knowledge, and performance of duties.

Should such a program ever be established on a Corps-wide basis, we could rest assured that its continuing effect would elevate the standards of the Corps and at the same time eliminate the percentage of disciplinary action.

Sgt. Noel A. John  
1365566



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would insure that a program be established within the units of the Corps to select a "Marine of the Month." I believe such a program would serve as an incentive to young and up-coming Marines, who today form the nucleus of our Corps.

Listed among the requirements should be military bearing and dress,

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant I would initiate a program whereby Staff NCOs could be assigned as unrestricted Staff NCOs. This program would be similar to the unrestricted officer category. Under this system, qualified Staff NCOs would be assigned an MOS, but they would be eligible to be assigned to any type duty in the same manner as a commis-

sioned officer. At small posts and stations, for example, they could be assigned, commensurate with their rank, any duty at the post including Post Exchange, Recreation, Guard, Police and Property, Administrative, etc. In addition, they would be eligible to be assigned to any type duty in a technical field or of a technical nature. I would also rotate them from FMF billets to other type billets so as to round out their careers in the same manner that a commissioned officer's career is planned.

To qualify for this program I would require an outstanding, unqualified recommendation from the individual's commanding officer, a minimum GCT score, minimum educational level, passing of a written exam similar to the exam for warrant officer or successful completion of certain prescribed courses. I would limit this program to Staff, Technical and Master Sergeants inasmuch as First Sergeants and Sergeants Major are filling a specific billet on the same level with the enlisted as a commanding officer would among commissioned officers.

TSgt. John P. McCarthy  
593628  
END

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 85]

about it. I have talked to my company officer and all he was able to find out is that my release will not be granted until I leave the Academy.

As I see it, I am still attached to the Corps and since it is my intention to make the Marine Corps my career after graduation, I am glad to have it that way. My primary interest in this matter is to obtain information relative to a good conduct award. My page 12 is as clean as a whistle and my time at the Academy has done nothing to mar my good conduct. It seems to me that if I am still considered as a Marine, having put in more than the required three years of service, I should be entitled to wear the Good Conduct Ribbon. I am proud to have been an enlisted Marine and I would be very proud to wear the Good Conduct Award as evidence of my service.

Midshipman F. Altergott  
U. S. Naval Academy

Annapolis, Md.

● To clarify Midshipman Altergott's dual status as a midshipman and en-

listed Marine, we contacted the Separation and Retirement Branch, Headquarters, Marine Corps. They informed us that:

"Midshipman Altergott assumed an eight-year military obligation at the time he enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1954. He will not be discharged from the Marine Corps until such time as he accepts a commission but will be carried in a dual status. In the event that he resigns his appointment as a midshipman or is dropped from the Naval Academy, he will revert to his enlisted status and inasmuch as his enlistment has expired, he would be transferred to the Marine Corps Reserve to complete the remainder of his eight-year military obligation."

Regarding his Good Conduct Award, Midshipman Altergott should write to the Commandant of the Marine Corps (Code DL). The Decorations and Medals Branch will then determine his eligibility for the aforementioned award.—Ed.

## ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 6

1. (b); 2. (a); 3. (c); 4. (b);
5. (b); 6. (a); 7. (a); 8. (a);
9. (b); 10. (c);

## SOUVENIR FOR MILLER

Dear Sir:

I am writing this letter in the hopes that you can help me locate a former Marine named D. K. Miller.

As an Organic Supply Officer, I issued a number of canteens, one of which was returned to me. On the front of the returned canteen, a First Marine Division shoulder patch was engraved. Above the patch, a Marine Corps insignia was engraved and below the patch, a scroll bearing the inscription, "Seventh Marines." There were several dates also engraved on the canteen and a couple of geographical locations; also the letters "H&S," "QM," and the name "D. K. Miller."

I believe that this man was in the Quartermaster Section, H&S Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division.

If "D. K. Miller" or some Leatherneck reader who knows him can give me his address, I would be glad to pass along the canteen as a souvenir.

Lt. David F. Baker  
Center Property Section  
Marine Corps Supply Center  
Barstow, Calif.

● Does anyone know Miller, or his whereabouts?—Ed.

END



## RECORD SHOT

[continued from page 65]

hasn't hindered the holder of 10 NRA records, either.

One of the main things in the remaining 20 percent is the location. A man has to be stationed at a place where he can shoot. Battalion level intramural programs are the best places for embryos to get started before going out for division matches.

As for getting a score, McMillan advises new shooters to keep their eyes and minds on the sights, a good tight grip on the gun and develop a trigger

"mash." Mash is his own terminology. "A squeeze is too delicate, particularly for the .45," he said. A mash? "Call it a hard squeeze to the rear," the lieutenant explained.

Stance should be good and firm, never relaxed, even a little rigid on rapid fire. McMillan's six-foot, 200-pound frame is practically immovable—and impressive, although in high school he was too small for football. It's understandable, considering that giant Leon Hart, of Notre Dame and the Detroit Lions, was a member of that high school squad.

When the Marine Corps Matches convened at Matthews in June, McMillan's activity was confined to officiating, because of a rule which

prohibits MTU personnel from firing the weapon or weapons they are distinguished with in the Corps' big shoot.

There is one prize McMillan would like to gain—the 1960 Olympics. He missed the boat to Australia in '56 when his gun malfunctioned at Perry during the trials.

Meanwhile, records are made to be broken, according to popular contention and McMillan has no doubts his 2648 will be outshot in spite of expert predictions. He's even got an idea who'll be the shooter to do it, too:

William W. McMillan, the Marine who couldn't stand guard duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1948—because he wasn't qualified with the pistol.

END

## GUNSMITHS

[continued from page 39]

seal. The RTE gunsmiths use a special reamer designed by Master Sergeant Lionel P. Williams, who is now setting up a similar shop at Barstow.

One hundred rifles are handled as a team effort in this manner. Once the preliminary stages of checking the barrels, checking the headspace and fitting the gas cylinder assembly are completed, the remainder of the work on each rifle is accomplished by one man.

The most time-consuming step in assembling a rifle is the process of stock-

ing; cutting and filing the stock for a perfect fit. First, Mervosh checks the receiver group to make sure there is no side play. If the receiver overlaps the stock at any point it must be cut away to prevent binding. A lower band is selected which fits snug to the barrel but still allows it to "float." The stock is cleared so that no moving parts bind or rub against it. Next, the front and rear hand guards are fitted, followed by the gas cylinder.

The front hand guard must be clear of the gas cylinder and the rear hand guard should be clear of the receiver. (Check these points the next time you fire for record.) The barrel "whips" with each round and if the front and rear hand guards are jammed against

the gas cylinder and receiver, the shots will be sprayed. Don't try to make any changes yourself; take your rifle to the gunsmith.

The Albany shops also turn out triggers with pre-cut sears and rear hammer hooks. A great deal of stoning is required to bring the trigger to the proper "break" and weight of trigger pull. After the final assembly, the weapon is test-fired in a hydraulic test cell, cleaned for three days and then stored.

But no matter how painstaking a master gunsmith is, he cannot help a shooter who does not care for his weapon properly or who attempts to make changes himself. Naturally, no one but a qualified armorer is authorized to alter any weapon, but all too often some "hot shot" will take it upon himself to make a few modifications. Everyone has heard the one about the guy who filed his sear. . .

Capt. Mitchell stated that improper cleaning methods cause most of the malfunctioning in weapons. He added, however, that the weapons coming into Albany for reworking showed signs of much better care than in previous years. There is no truth in the old saw that cleaning a weapon will change the dope. It's the "dope" behind the rear sight that causes the misses.

In the coming fiscal year the section expects to turn out an additional 2000 M-1s and 1000 .45s, along with special category weapons for all the teams. Forty-four Marine Corps activities are authorized to draw the match-conditioned weapons from Albany. The complete set includes .38 caliber revolvers, .22 caliber automatics and Winchester Model 70 and 52C rifles in addition to the service weapons.

The RTE shop system is a real boon to match shooters. It also means that they will have to rely on their ability to hold 'em and squeeze 'em rather than alibi a poor weapon.

END



Leatherneck Magazine



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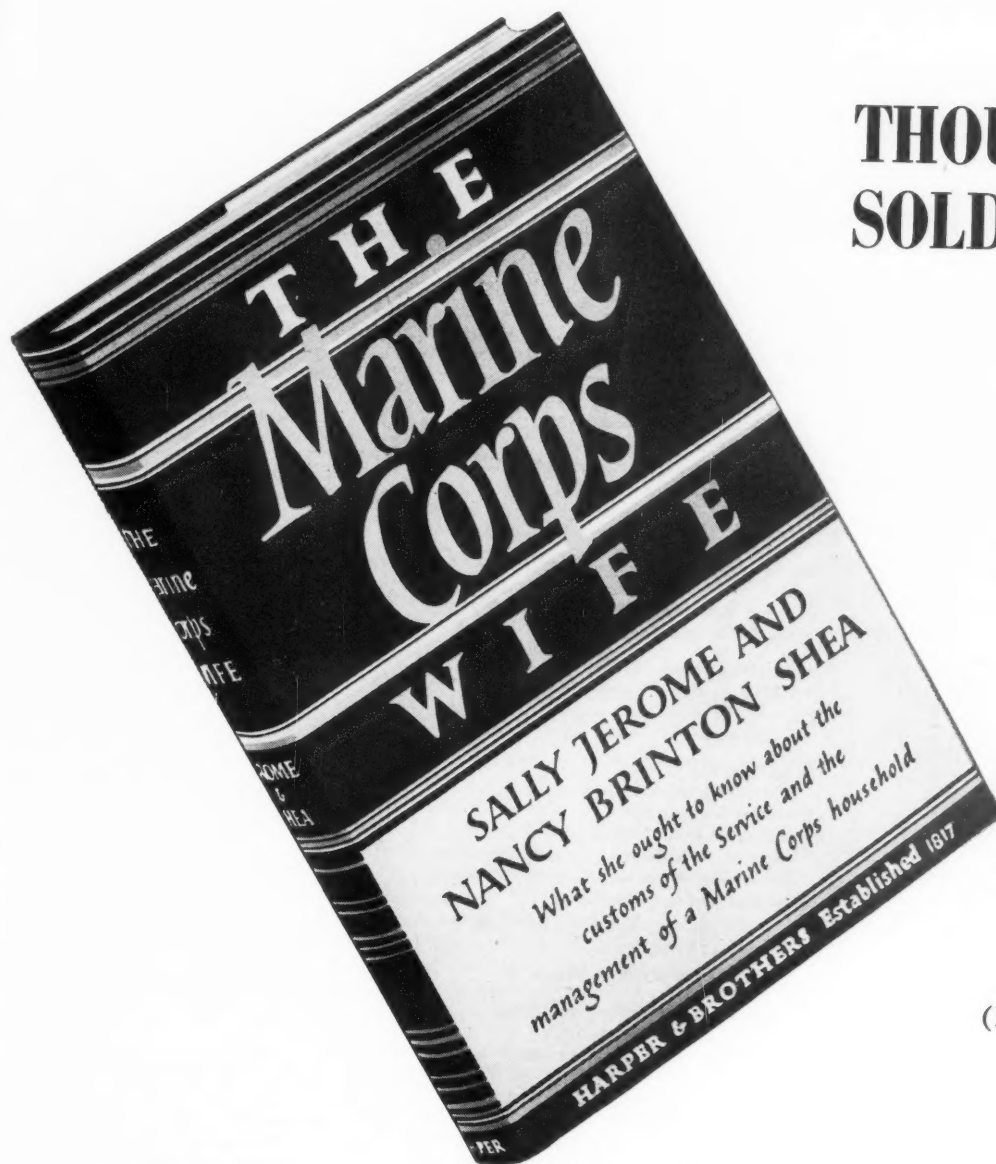
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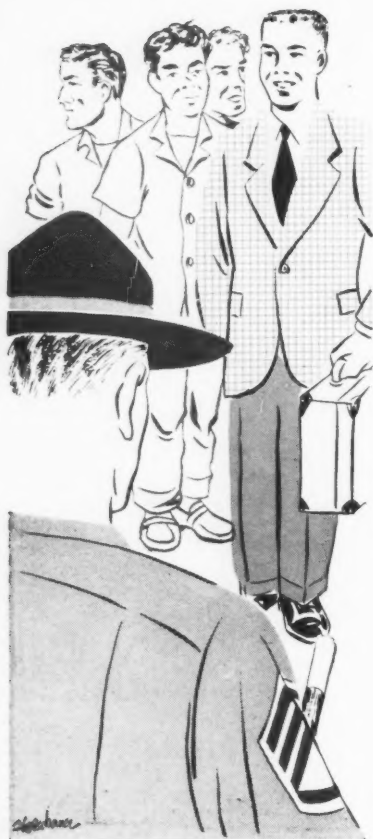
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# Gyrene Gyngles



## A Marine's Marine

His father was a master sergeant  
Whose service was tried and true.  
His mother was a WM Gunny  
With ten years' Corps time too.

He cut his teeth on fair leather brass  
Boondockers were his toys.  
At five he could do the monkey drill  
To the amazement of other boys.

At twelve the Squads, Right drill was his,  
At fifteen, some others were too,  
And at the age of ten plus seven,  
He could fire the M-1 true.

And as he entered the gates of PI  
His civilian shoes all agleam,  
The staff sergeant awakened within his bed  
For it was only a DI's dream.

Sgt. Thomas Bartlett

## Boot Leave

She gave him three sighs,  
Little Sis, with the big eyes.  
One more delicate yet,  
Came from his girl when at last  
they met.

While Mom proudly stood,  
She knew all along he could.  
And, Dad, even prouder than  
The day it first began.

In the midst of this,  
Not wanting to kiss,  
But knowing they'd expect  
Him to show that respect,  
Was Big Brother, Sweetheart and Son,  
All rolled into one.

A Marine at last—he beamed,  
Although silent, it seemed  
He told the world how proud  
It felt to be on the top-most cloud.

Since that day he left,  
He'd been thinking to himself  
How it'd be, this day  
When they would say,  
“You look so different, you look the same,  
I love you more,  
Now that you're in the Corps.”

David McHam

## Pre-Camp Woes

A Reservist's life can get real tough  
For there aren't hours enough  
In several weeks of sweat and straining,  
To square away for Summer training.

Though your arms may throb and ache  
From the shots you gotta take,  
There's a million jobs to do  
Before the hometowns bid adieu.

Crate the organizational gear  
(Same heavy stuff you did last year)  
Then begin the old rat race  
Of moving it from place to place.

Draw the uniforms you need:  
Get them tailored with jet speed.  
For it comes as no surprise,  
They “ain't got 'em in your size.”

Carefully pack your sea-bag tight,  
Glad that something has gone right.  
That is, until that thought arose:  
You forgot to stencil all the clothes.

Then there's shoes and brass to shine,  
Forms and questionnaires to sign.  
Haircut, toothpaste, stamps to get,  
And even then, you're not through yet.

A couple hectic weeks like this  
And Summer Camp will seem like bliss.  
The two weeks training I'd take steady,  
But not the blasted getting ready!

SSgt. Elmer J. Dapron, Jr.

## A Corps Wife

Before we wed,  
My sweetheart said,  
(In a way that was rehearsed),  
“It should be said  
Before we wed,  
The Marine Corps will come first!”

I understood  
He knew I would,  
(But still he seemed relieved)  
I understood  
As he knew I would  
Without my being peeved.

After we wed,  
My hubby said,  
(To him the golf greens beckoned),  
“I failed to say  
The other day  
My golfing will come second!”

It was a shock,  
A real hard knock  
(Didn't believe what I'd just heard)  
It was a shock,  
A real hard knock.  
Was it true that I'd come third?

One, two or three,  
It's okay with me.  
(I'd even be number four)  
If one, two and three  
Just happened to be  
Taken up by Ye Olde Marine Corps!

Mrs. C. J. Karas

## Replacements?

Horse Marines I've never seen,  
For they passed long ago.  
The Springfield too, has been replaced  
By a better rifle though.

The Corsair and the AD, too  
Have disappeared from our daily view.  
Seems like everything has been replaced  
Except for me and you.

Jets come in and jets go out,  
They certainly travel fast!  
But by the time they're tested  
It seems their use has passed.

I realize I'm just a boot,  
With a lot of time ahead  
But I wonder though just what's the use  
Of getting out of bed?

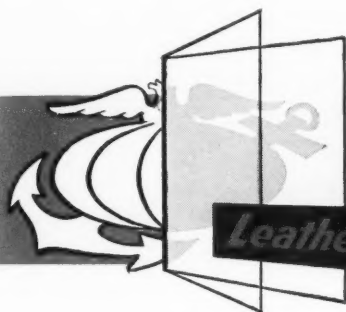
These things I work on,  
Will they be here when I leave  
To go to work? Or will they, too,  
Be obsolete by the time I get there?

I realize this doesn't rhyme,  
But I'm in an awful rush.  
I want to get my work done  
Before they get a replacement for me!

Sgt. Thomas Bartlett

END





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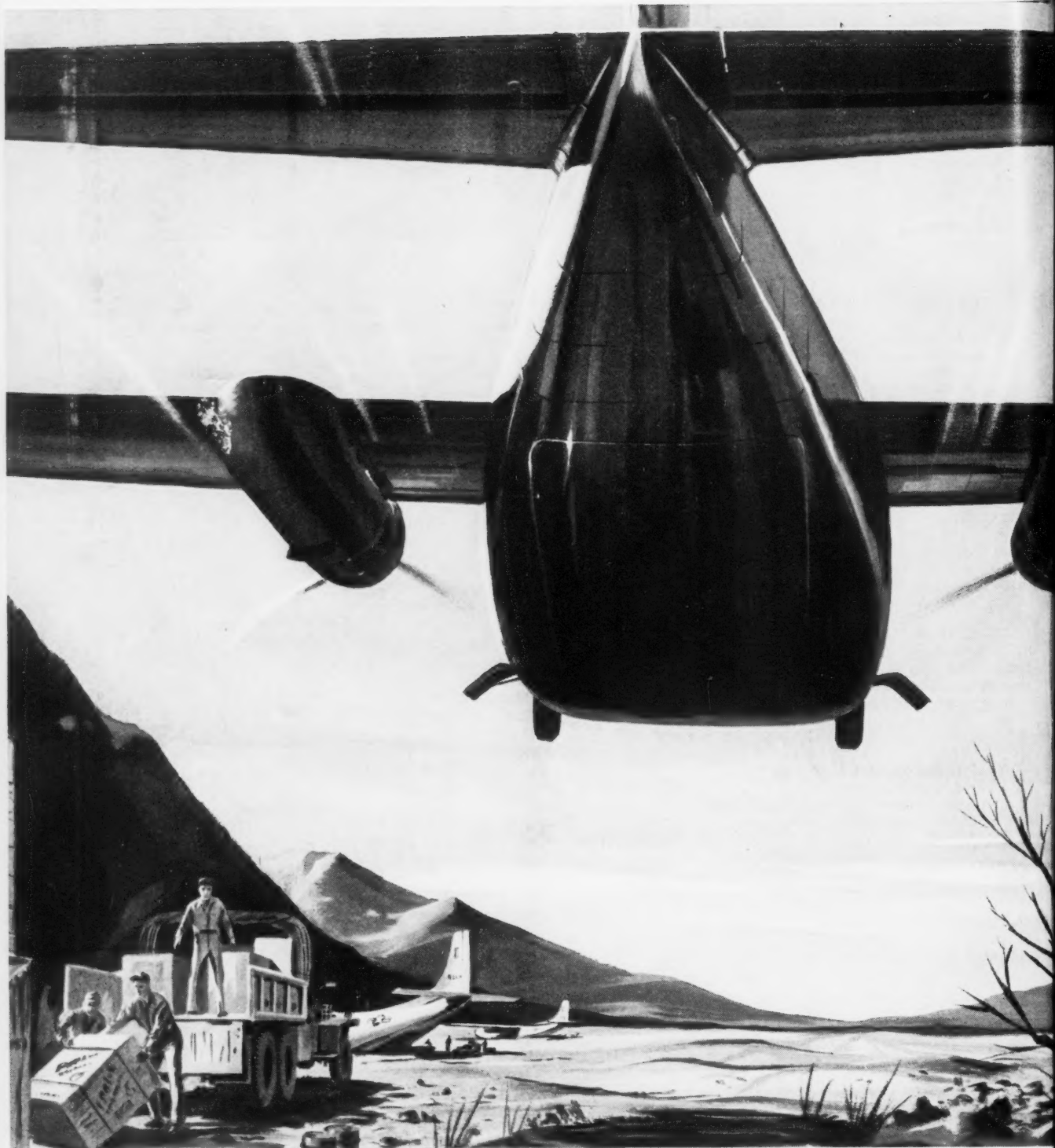
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